# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A . Franklin

OCTOBER 26, 1912 5cts. THE COPY

In This Number
Statements by
Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson

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# The Deceitful Red Herring

## By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AT THE outset I wish to explain that the Progressive platform is our covenant with the people, binding the party and its candidates in state and nation to the pledges made therein. We regard it as a contract which we wish to enter into with the American people, and if given the power it is our purpose to carry into effect every one of the proposals that constitute the obligations of this contract. Furthermore, this platform is a program in which is set forth the concrete measures that we advocate. In this it differs fundamentally from the Democratic platform, which, as the leader of that party admits, "is not a program." We Progressives are more fortunate. Our platform states explicitly what we propose and definitely what we intend to do with regard to the vital issues of the day. It is entirely sincere and practical. We do not have to apologize for it or speak of it in language so carefully guarded as to convey the impression that we are endeavoring neither to repudiate it nor to support it. We stand squarely on our platform and ask that it be adopted by the American people. And I am glad that we Progressives have the right, in view of our platform, to make the same serious and sober appeal to the women that we make to the men.

Alluding to our social-betterment program, Mr. Wilson asked: "With that program who can differ in his heart, who can divorce himself in sympathy with the great object of advancing the interests of human beings wherever it is possible?" I am very glad that Mr. Wilson should be with us in his heart; but if the Democratic party sympathizes with some of our proposals, why did they not in their platform make a program at least remotely resembling ours? Our sympathy for the program of social betterment is not alone with our hearts—it is with our heads and with our hands as well. There is no use whatsoever in harboring sympathy in one's heart for a movement, unless one is prepared actively to help that movement along. Pertinent to the discussion is the poem of the sailor who acknowledged candidly that he had twenty-one wives in various ports, but after the recital of each acquisition of a new wife added that his heart was "true to Poll." Now I do not value such purely platonic fidelity as is implied in having a heart "true to Poll" and a conscience that does not interfere with all of the other marriages; and in just the same way I am interested in, but not convinced, by the statement that the hearts of our opponents are—"true to Poll"—with our principles, though at the same time with head and hand they oppose the only platform that deals with these principles and the only party that can realize them.

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*We Will Fix it So That the People Can Decide for Themselves*

### A Platform and a Program Without "Ifs" or "Buts"

THE planks of the Progressive platform that, in my opinion, most accurately interpret the common demand, relate to the farmer and to the doing of social and industrial justice. I believe in the other planks most emphatically, particularly the proposals regarding the tariff and the regulation of trusts. As to industrial justice, our main point is this:

We do not say that we are going to get this justice—provided the courts will let us have it. We say we are going to get it! When we say that we intend to write into the law our platform regarding working women; intend to put a stop by law to the spread of occupational diseases; intend to provide for three shifts of eight hours in the continuous industries, we mean to do it. We do not do as our opponents do—that is, express a platonic sympathy in the heart for these needed reforms and then regret that the courts will not permit them to be carried out. We say that questions of fundamental justice are for the decision of the people themselves—for nobody else—and that in these matters the will of the people, deliberately expressed after full consideration, is to override the will of any or all of the servants of the people and is itself to determine what the fundamental law is to be. Therefore we insist that the people must have, wherever necessary, the right to a referendum as to whether they will accept or reverse the construction of the courts in a given case affecting social justice. Or in the language of our platform: "The Progressive party demands such restriction of the power of the court as shall leave to the people the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy."

Now there is nothing vague or indefinite about this proposal. Dean Lewis, of the Pennsylvania Law School, and Dean Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School, who prepared this plank, saw to it that there could be no mistake as to our intention; for the Progressive party pledges itself to provide: "That when an act, passed under the police power of the state, is held unconstitutional under the state constitution by the courts, the people, after an ample interval for the deliberation, shall have an opportunity to vote on the question whether they desire the act to become a law notwithstanding such decision.

"That every decision of the highest appellate court of a state declaring an act of the legislature unconstitutional on the ground of its violation of the Federal Constitution shall be subject to the same review by the Supreme Court of the United States as is now accorded to decisions sustaining such legislation."

### As to the Constitution

IT IS always easier to understand a principle if we apply it to a specific case. Our platform demands an eight-hour law for women in industries. The Massachusetts Supreme Court has already declared that the people have the right to the protection of such a law if they wish it. But the Court of Appeals of New York has said that the ten millions of people of my state have not got that right if they wish to exercise it. In New York the people did not ask for an eight-hour day—asked only for a ten-hour day for women. Then the Court of Appeals said that under their interpretation of the Constitution the small sweat-shop keeper or the big factory owner may work haggard women twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours a day, if he chooses, and we cannot stop it. Personally I will not submit to any such interpretation of the Constitution, and our proposal is this: When a court decides that we have not the power to do such an act of social and industrial justice as described, then in decent, law-abiding, orderly fashion the people shall decide for themselves whether or not the Constitution is to be a defense of vested wrong or a means of permitting the people to work for righteousness. That's all.

We Progressives mean to work unceasingly until we have achieved, in state and nation, effective legislation for the prevention of industrial accidents, occupational diseases, overwork, involuntary unemployment; minimum safety and health standards for the various occupations; prohibition of child labor; minimum wage standard for working women, such as obtains in Massachusetts; abolition of night work for women and an eight-hour day for women and young persons; one day's rest in seven for all wage-workers; three eight-hour shifts for men in the continuous industries; workmen's compensation; "and the protection of home life against the hazards of sickness, irregular employment and old age, through the adoption of a system of social insurance adapted to American use." We propose to secure these installments of social and industrial justice in both the nation and the several states when the Progressives come into power.

I never will submit to the preposterous theory that you can get and do justice under a monarchy, but that under a republic you are forbidden to do so. To say that this "sacrifice" is the price we pay for liberty is utter nonsense. We will fix it so that the people can decide for themselves. Our view is that it is their law and their constitution; that "a free people should have the power from time to time to amend their fundamental law so as to adapt it progressively to the changing needs of the people." Believing this, the Progressives are pledged to provide a more easy and expeditious method of amending the Federal Constitution. Thus Progressives are taking the position that Washington and Lincoln took, when Washington said in his last address that "the basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitution," and when Lincoln, speaking of the Dred Scott decision, said in his first inaugural that we had the right to change our government, and that if we surrendered into the hands of the Supreme Court our right to fix our own Constitution we were surrendering our right to govern ourselves into the hands of that court.

The effort to divert the attention of men and women from these great and pressing problems of social and industrial justice by advocating free trade or tariff for revenue only, is simply an effort to sidestep the big, vital issue in this campaign, and if successful, it would mean the calamitous deferring of the day when we take up these problems and settle them with wisdom and sound sense. Our proposals are definite and precise. Mr. Wilson says that his heart goes out to them, and yet he seeks at once to withdraw attention from these issues by taking up the tariff.

For years the tariff has been the red herring drawn across the trail of social reform alike by the freetraders and the protectionists, both of whom object to all real social and industrial reform. Today the tariff is the false scent designed to delay efficient steps for social and industrial progress along the lines indicated in the Progressive platform. This is precisely what is done by the ultra-protectionist on the other side, who endeavors to persuade us that the protective tariff by itself will solve all of our industrial problems. One contention is just as absurd as the other. But of all beliefs, both ludicrous and pathetic, there is none more ludicrous and pathetic than the belief that with the advent of the angel of free trade, clad in a garment of untaxed calico, the millennium will be brought about. Free trade would not in the slightest degree change the conditions that now call for the social and industrial reforms advocated by the Progressive party. England has free trade. Has that rendered unnecessary the reforms of Lloyd George?

Free trade is one of the *laissez-faire* theories that has been abandoned by every serious student of economics; free trade is one of the *laissez-faire* theories the reliance on which has reduced England to her present position of scrap-heap industrialism. The English employer and the English workman offer as fine natural material as is to be found anywhere, yet during the last forty years they have tended to fall behind their brethren in Germany, just because Germany abandoned *laissez-faire* doctrines and has taken decisive action in favor of wise organization, wise governmental supervision and intelligent coöperation as between the government and the individual.

I do not mean that we should blindly follow Germany's action, either as regards the tariff or as regards the welfare of the workingman, any more than I believe that we should blindly follow the government's action in relation to agriculture in Denmark, under which the Danish farmers have prospered to such an extraordinary degree. But I do believe that we should study carefully what has been done in Germany, Denmark, and elsewhere, and adapt to our own needs as much of it as our condition, customs, ways of life and habits of thought render available.

The welfare of the farmer, as I have repeatedly said, is a basic need of the nation. It is well to have our cities prosper, but it is not well if they prosper at the expense of the country. The Government must coöperate with the farmer to make the farm more productive; for the land should be left to the farmer's son in better and not worse condition because of its cultivation. Everything possible should be done to make life in the country profitable, so as to make it attractive from the economic standpoint and also to give an outlet among the farming people for those forms of activity which now tend to make life in the cities especially desirable for ambitious men and women.

The Democratic and Republican platforms and the candidates standing on those platforms are merely groping on the trust question, floundering hopelessly in an effort to follow still further the course which, in actual practice, has resulted in almost complete failure to solve the problem. We have heard the trust pronunciamento of the Democratic party referred to as the work of "the great Democratic thinkers." On this subject it shows as complete freedom from thought as any platform that ever was promulgated. It is as nearly pure sound and fury as any declaration possibly can be. The only tangible proposal it makes is to minimize the power of the Federal Government and give that power more to the states—which doctrine is at the root of most of the trouble we now have with the great corporations doing an interstate business. Has anything been attempted in New Jersey for the regulation of the trusts? The answer is that the states by themselves cannot cope with the problem.

There is not one remedy proposed by either of the old parties that would interfere in the least with the prosperity of Standard Oil, or would in any way help the people against the Standard Oil. On the other hand we Progressives have a definite, workable plan, which is to deal with the big industrial concerns doing an interstate business along the lines of the government control and regulation of railroads and of national banks. This regulation of industrials would be on a large and comprehensive scale.

If adopted our plan is as absolutely certain to succeed as the Interstate Commerce Commission has succeeded. I doubt if our opponents will dispute the proposition that very little was really accomplished by the Interstate Commerce Commission prior to my administration. We took hold of the problem of regulating rates and service, improved the Interstate Commerce Act—and particularly the administration of the law—and succeeded in our endeavor to an astounding degree. What was accomplished in that respect the Progressives are certain to accomplish in regulating the trusts by adopting the same methods.

We Progressives emphatically disbelieve that the needs of the general public will ever be secured without the aid of a tariff commission. Experience for nearly a century of tariff-making without such a commission has shown that nine-tenths of the congressmen and senators inevitably pay heed to special interests, so that it is definitely proved that under the system to which the Democratic party is committed the welfare of the general public will not be considered. We are advocating a commission system, which has been tried in Germany and has been one of the pieces of governmental and industrial mechanism so extraordinarily successful in building up the German Empire. Our proposition is concrete and simple—namely, that the protective tariff "shall equalize conditions of competition between the United States and foreign countries," and that if in any protected industry the conditions of life and work are not satisfactory, as the commission views it, we shall forthwith take the protection away from that industry.

The Progressive party is pledged to the establishment of a non-partisan, scientific tariff commission, reporting both to the president and to both branches of Congress, but we do not purpose to have the work of the commission prevent the immediate adoption of acts reducing those schedules in the unjust Payne-Aldrich Law generally recognized as excessive. The Progressive party favors the principle of a protective tariff, but would establish such a tariff primarily in the interests of the wage-worker and the consumer.

The Democrats will not succeed in making the tariff the paramount issue in this campaign. Issues are not made by parties. Real issues are but the forecasts of the popular will. The sincere belief of the Progressives is that the great issue in this country today is social and industrial justice—and its achievement through statutes and the administration of new law. Next, in our view, is the economic program announced by our party, which involves thorough and scientific regulation of Big Business, and downward revision of the tariff, with future tariff-making based upon the findings of a non-partisan tariff commission. But let us do justice, and not merely prate about it.

# CUT OUT PRIVILEGE

## By Woodrow Wilson

I AM glad to have an opportunity to state briefly and directly what I understand the Democratic platform and policies to mean for the people of the United States. The most striking thing, to my mind, about the present situation is that the Democratic party should at last have attracted the attention of the country to a program which it has proposed, at any rate in all its larger features, for half a generation. The Democratic party did not wait until the year 1912 to become progressive. It did not wait until the year 1912 to discover that the Government was being enslaved by the special privileges it had been granting to the beneficiaries of the tariff. It did not wait until this moment of final critical choice to foresee what the choice was ultimately going to be. The choice which the voters have now to make is simply this: Shall they have a Government free to serve them, free to serve all of them, or shall they continue to have a Government that dispenses special favors, and that is always controlled by those to whom the special favors are dispensed?

There are many things proposed in the Democratic platform upon which I suppose practically all thoughtful citizens will agree. The programs of parties are nowadays in many particulars singularly alike. We all know what ought to be done for the equalization of conditions in the United States, for the conservation of our natural resources, for the protection of the lives and health and energy of our people, for the development of transportation facilities, and for the protection of the people against extortionate charges in the service of corporations which they must all employ. All thoughtful men must concur also in the judgment that not all of the social betterment of our time must be left to voluntary effort, but that the Government itself should lend a hand to improve the conditions of life. But only the Democratic platform perceives what are the necessary first steps—namely, to cut out privilege absolutely, and absolutely prevent monopoly. Neither the Republican party nor the party that has now assumed the name "Progressive" goes straight at these matters or seems to understand that it is necessary to go straight at them. They both admit that some of the tariff duties are too high and ought to be lowered, but they fail to see the principle upon which they must be lowered. That principle is that every part of the tariff that has afforded a covert to those who have organized monopoly in this country and have thereby created high prices, shall be cut out as quickly as it can be cut out without risk of business disaster. That is the heart of that matter. And with regard to the trusts, nothing more is proposed by those two parties than this—that we shall accept the consequences of the evil developments that have characterized the last decades in this country, shall assume that it is impossible to prevent monopoly, and shall merely set the Government to preside over it, see that its processes are assuaged and rendered less cruel, see that monopoly becomes a providence for the people as well as a master over them.

PHOTO. FROM PAINTING BY SEYMOUR THOMAS

*I am a Democrat*

On such a program what the country has hoped and waited for is impossible. Apparently only the Democratic leaders know that it is impossible. They are not blind to the new developments of business. They know that modern business cannot be conducted as business was conducted a generation ago; but though they are quite aware that business must be upon a great scale, they know that the only sound way of conducting business is to let it grow big by natural growth, based upon efficiency, economy, intelligence, enterprise, and that when business is big because allowed a brutal control, based merely upon combination and monopolistic agreement, it is unwholesome and dangerous and arbitrary in all its processes.

The claim of the Democratic party to the confidence of the country is based upon its perception of these things, upon its determination to attack them frankly and directly, and upon its unhesitating courage in the enterprise. It is not embarrassed by alliances. Its leaders are absolutely free. Its purpose is clear and has been forming through half a generation. It has the impulse of conviction, and is sustained in its enterprises by demonstrable facts.

The present situation of business in this country is wholly abnormal. To carry out with soberness and discretion the program proposed by the leaders of the Democratic party will be to release American business from artificial conditions and to give it a new era of freedom and expansion and a new variety in enterprise. No government, however beneficent, can do for a people what they can do for themselves. No government, however beneficent, can safely be intrusted with the determination of the courses business should take and the enterprise of its citizens. I am a Democrat because I feel the deepest conviction that only the principles and purposes avowed by the Democratic party afford any hope or prospect of a genuine restoration of liberty, equality and justice in the United States. Who that knows the forces now in contest can question this conclusion?

# The Inside of the Singing Game

## By PIERRE V. R. KEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

I WAS eighteen when I sang to my first audience in the Slawson front parlor on Main Street. Round the room and out into the big hall ranged half a hundred of Cedarville's leading citizens, solemn in speeding Deacon Slawson's departed soul to its everlasting rest. No occasion I can recall surpassed this one for impressive dejection. All seemed trying to breathe noiselessly, making wheezy sounds of repression. Colonel Bliss, Cedarville's pompous mayor, fitted chunkily into a red-plush chair less than a yard from the spot where I stood quaking against a warped square piano. He was like a huge lump of coal in his garb of somber black, which so fascinated me that I saw little else in the ensuing trying moments.

At last it came time for me to sing. The piano gave forth a few tinny-sounding chords; and trying to subdue the lump that half choked me I began. I do not know to this day how I managed to get through or how I escaped from "breaking" on the high note near the end—a note that wavered forlornly, as though pleading for breath my lungs could not supply. Flee as a Bird, the funeral solo stand-by of a thousand communities, has held terrors for me ever since.

The rustle following the minister's Amen did not probably have the significance I attached to it. The day after I blushed under unexperienced honors, for badly as I must have sung it appeared that my effort was superior to some other singers' best. Over night, so to speak, I had become *primo tenore* of Cedarville, and thereafter I was a regular and frequent parlor and church-sociable performer.

Everybody in my home town who heard me sing enthused over my voice. Many of these people came personally to slap me familiarly on the back and, after the manner of the partially informed, to tell me that good tenors were rare birds whose plumage should be cultivated for a profitable, waiting market. Time and again persons who knew comparatively nothing about what they said counseled me to heed the crooking finger of Fate which beckoned toward a brilliant career.

Throughout the next year I studied after the fashion of most beginners who imagine themselves "called" to the ranks of vocal stars, and sang in more parlors and church auditoriums. Business held certain attractions for me, and I liked anything that had to do with selling; but the profession of singing appeared a possibility within ultimate reach and one offering an easy living in a congenial path. The culminating point arrived one night when I sang the leading tenor rôle in Erminie, given in the Cedarville Opera House by local talent. I wore tights that evening. My legs were neither bowed nor knocked at the knees, but fortunately I had other physical qualifications, the most conspicuous being a barrel-like chest—useful to the singer—and plenty of shoulder. I was barely under man's coveted six feet, and I had a man's countenance and a man's sweep of jaw.

### From Music to Business

FOR a week I lived in my Erminie triumph. I practiced vocal exercises about the house, built a few castles out of air and waited for a knock on the front door that I felt must come to summon me to singing fame and fortune. A knock did come, though different from the one expected. It was a peremptory command to sally forth and hustle to keep the family going. My father had died four winters before, leaving my mother, a sister and brother, and myself the house in which we lived and a life-insurance policy.

Mother, who was ambitious for her children's education, showed the quality of her fiber by courageously turning to account her accomplishment as a pianist.

I owe everything to that mother of mine. She was a wonder—God bless her!

Such teaching as came mother's way was precarious, however, and while I was listening for the tapping hand of Art several pupils, for one reason or another, stopped their lessons. As the oldest and only other member of the household eligible for a job I suddenly found myself shaking hands with responsibility. It was just as well, for I was nineteen, a high-school graduate, and aggressive and husky enough for the fight. I secured a place in a manufacturing concern and a year after was sent out on the road as a salesman.

Whenever I made a stop I always hunted up a singing teacher for a lesson or two. Almost every small town has some sort of a vocal instructor who gives lessons, at from fifty cents to a dollar, to the squad of singers always to be found in the tiniest hamlets. They do not know much, yet some implant a seed in the minds of raw material that occasionally develops fine artists. In every one of the larger towns, and in some cities of respectable size, there are several teachers, usually of a better grade; and as singing study has come into widespread popularity, vocal instruction has become a veritable industry.

*I Owe Everything to That Mother of Mine. She Was a Wonder!*

The habit of promiscuous tutoring brought confusion to such technical methods as I employed, for singing instructors, though aiming at one perfect result, have a marvelous difference of opinion as to how it may be attained. I would sing my high tones in a certain fashion for a little while, change teachers and be informed that everything I did was bad. Then I began all over again.

In my third year of travel I chanced to hear a first-class grand opera company in a performance of Il Trovatore. The impression left upon me fired my cherished ambition anew, and it blazed to hitherto untouched heights as I read, in the reviews printed the next day, of the big salaries some of the principals got. Near the close of summer I resigned my position.

Though the average American considers a commercial pursuit the ideal sphere of man, there should be no misunderstanding that music, though a profession, is free from a business side. Most men in this country hold an erroneous opinion that an exceptional voice alone is required to win distinction and commensurate financial rewards.

"He has a great voice," asserts the average citizen. "Why doesn't he go into grand opera? Caruso makes his two thousand a night."

Caruso does, and he earns it—but with the help of other factors besides his glorious voice. The average singer counted as successful and the celebrated prima donna alike call business sagacity to their aid, for without it they never go the distance possible otherwise. If the truth were known about some singers who win high financial recognition it would appear that their musical worth was considerably below par. With such competition to meet, the meritorious artist must be up and doing early in the morning—most particularly in a business way.

At the time I decided to take up singing as a lifework New York, as now, offered the broadest opportunities to the student and finished professional. Straightway the Eastern metropolis became the object of fascination and I prepared carefully for the journey. I had three hundred dollars saved, which I judged sufficient for the first plunge into real musical waters.

It was the luncheon hour on a late September day when I arrived at the boarding house in West Thirty-seventh Street where I planned to settle down, preliminaries having been concluded by letter before I left home, aided by the want-ad columns of a New York daily newspaper. The lunch, however, I do not remember. I ate hurriedly, agreed to pay nine dollars a week for a closet-like room on the fourth floor, with three meals daily, and then rushed out to rent a piano, which I discovered would cost three dollars a month.

These essentials disposed of I turned to the more momentous task of locating the musical conservatory that included in the faculty the teacher I had decided was to make of me a great tenor.

When one is twenty-three, strong and ambitious, obstacles, even in the path of a prospective singing career, seem insignificant. I confess, though, to some misgivings when I entered the reception room of the particular institution that undertook to mold future Melbas, Paderewskis and Mischa Elmans.

The din emanating from the various studios surrounding the point where pupils were separated from their money was anything but musical. Wailing shrieks, vigorous pianistic thumps and the scratching of helpless violins that were not of Stradivarius make, combined in the weirdest noise imaginable; and it was something new to my ears. Subsequently I discovered that this mass of discord did not filter through the walls of the individual studio in quite so distressing a manner.

Seated before a flat-top desk at the far end of the reception room was a woman of about thirty, who rose to greet me. She was gowned in a tailor-made suit that accentuated the businesslike look on her rather hard face. Had I known of the authority of my feminine receptor I might have backed apologetically out. She was the keenest person of her sex I have ever encountered. She knew the exact number of lessons every pupil had had at any period of a term, when the tuition fee was due and how much was owing the conservatory for purchased music—a department netting the owner a comfortable profit.

The thin lips of this woman parted in the barest glimpse of a smile, one that would answer equally for a possible new student or some unknown collector of an overdue amount that required further accommodation. She put one talon-like hand to the tie at her high, starched collar and bade me "Good afternoon!" The plan apparently was to draw out the nature of my visit.

### Doctor Smasher Tries My Voice

I HAD barely made it obvious when the custodian of funds and manager-extraordinary unbent as much as her frigid nature permitted. With deftness and incredible speed she extracted from me more information concerning my presence in New York and at Smasher's Conservatory of Music than I was aware I could convey. This feminine examiner also ascertained the state of my finances to the last copper.

As soon as Miss Smithers had written the data about myself and my antecedents she ordered me to follow her, and a moment later I stood in the august presence of Dr. Thaddeus Smasher. He was a short, fat little man, whose thickly bearded face suggested youthfully formed impressions of an anarchist. Doctor Smasher, however, was anything but anarchistic in his leanings.

I can see him now, seated before an immense old-fashioned desk that might have come over in the ark. He was leaning back in a massive chair, the thick cushions of which his small body scarcely dented, with the tips of his fingers dipping into the mass of beard. He frowned fiercely at me through and over his steel-rimmed spectacles, as though forming an estimate of a new pupil—the old ones seldom got inside the sacred sanctum.

The doctor, I was ultimately to learn, concerned himself principally with the executive and publicity sides of his institution, leaving the actual teaching to the corps, most of which was annually recruited from likely candidates residing in the centers of Europe. He argued that foreign teachers imparted tone to the conservatory and helped to draw new pupils. As I stood in the midst of signed portraits of musical celebrities of every sort I believed that the

moment of my professional beginning was at hand. The wily doctor must have had some knowledge of stage management, for the settings and atmosphere were fittingly appropriate to impress newcomers with those awesome things intended to be conveyed.

Doctor Smasher was really more of a business politician, it seemed, than a musician. He had been an instructor during the building-up period of the conservatory, but none of his pupils had ever left a mark in the musical world. Now he had no need to teach—or try to, which, according to the many enemies he possessed, was his limit.

If the doctor had chosen to enter politics he would have made a name. His methods for gaining his desire were as multitudinous as they were never-failing. He could be as suave as a diplomat or as rough as a bear, whichever suited his purpose; and he usually "put over" what he undertook to accomplish.

"This is Mr. William Blakeley, doctor," announced my guide in her incisive tones. "He is from Cedarville, Iowa, wants to study with Professor High and hopes to sing in grand opera."

I fidgeted a bit while Doctor Smasher continued his scrutiny of my face and figure, wondering whether he would consent to my enrollment. I need not have feared.

"Mm-m!" he mumbled, half reflectively. "So you want to sing on the big stages—eh?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Well," chuckled the head of Smasher's conservatory, "you aren't the only one. What voice have you?"

"A tenor—I think I am a robust tenor." Perhaps I was a trifle self-important, for I was thinking of some of the kind words of the people at home and in the towns where I had sung when I was a salesman.

"Mm-m—a robust tenor! Do you shout?"

"Shout?" I asked, mystified.

"Yes—yell, bawl, howl at the top notes." The doctor was peevish over my dullness at grasping his precise meaning.

"Why, I try not to," I gasped. "Of course I can't sing my extreme high notes softly ——"

### *Doctor Smasher's Verdict*

"NO," INTERRUPTED my cross-examiner impatiently; "none of them can—leastwise, not often. A robust tenor," mumbled Doctor Smasher, again burying his beard in the tips of both hands—"maybe he has. Mm-m!" Then, to me: "What do you know about music—what is your repertoire?" He leaned forward, dropping his arms, and pierced me with a gaze as though demanding proof that I could rise to a position that should bring renown to his conservatory.

"I haven't much of a repertoire," I ventured haltingly. "You see, I ——"

"That's always the way," cried the doctor excitedly. "They come here, sometimes with the voice, but never with the music in the head. For us it is to teach, teach, teach till we drop. Vot?" relapsing into the German dialect which I found he used when he grew impatient.

"Yes, sir," I agreed. "I suppose so."

"Well," observed the doctor, somewhat mollified, "you must work. Work all the time—you understand? Not for the playtime you are here, remember, if you will sing in the opera. The music—hah! You must learn him, much of him; the arias, the recitatives, and all the notes, right, with the values; and the rests, too, right, with their values—from the beginning, slowly on—on to the end where you make the great artist."

It was a long speech for Doctor Smasher, Miss Smithers later informed me. Perhaps I looked a possibility. At all events it was made plain that there was considerable ground to be covered before the operatic portals were to open. Never was my deductive reasoning more accurate.

"How old?" snapped the little man of music of a sudden. He spoke as though daring me to assert that I was a single day beyond the limit he had mentally set as the proper one for a robust tenor to start his operatic studies. I told him quickly—and he sighed a deep sigh, as though relieved of a heavy burden.

"Just the age—just the right age," he murmured, sliding far back in his seat and swinging his short, chunky legs on each side of the chair.

"I warn you," croaked the doctor solemnly, wagging a long-nailed forefinger at me, "I tolerate no nonsense from tenors. You may not be one," he resumed half despondently; "if so I care for nothing what you do."

He paused at this juncture and gathered himself as if for some mighty physical effort.

"But, Meester Blakeney"—mispronouncing my name—"if you by a chance have the real, the robust tenor, but not a necktie voice, then no foolishness by the day or night—you hear me?"

The last of the doctor's words came at me with the velocity of a halfback trying a line plunge. His whiskers suddenly seemed to stand straight out from his face, every hair converging as though to the narrowed eyes, which held a menacing light.

The man puzzled me. I couldn't figure out his twisting moods, for I was as nervous as most of the new pupils who underwent the doctor's musical third degree. I glanced at Miss Smithers to see whether my scoring was unusual. She was gazing with approval at her reflection in the pocket mirror held in one hand, her exterior unruffled. Anyway I think it would have taken a calamity to get a rise out of her.

"We see now," announced the doctor, rising to his five feet four of majestic height, for he was impressive in a way. "Tell Professor High," he directed the manageress, "that we try a voice, a tenor; then we come."

Professor High was a kindly man of ordinary appearance—which was disappointing, for I had pictured him a stalwart person, with heroic visage—and inclined to be matter of fact. He did not seem at all concerned over the prospect of hearing a possible future Jean de Reszke. His composure helped me to regain a mite of confidence, and with this small start I pulled myself together.

A young woman accompanist placed the music of the song I had selected on the piano rack before her, and swung about on her stool to see if I was ready. The song was the famous *Salut demeure*, from Faust, which I had often delivered at home to the applause of loyal townsfolk.

The accompanist played the prelude with an ease indicating her familiarity with the composition, and chewed gum with a nonchalance that was disconcerting. She struck the final notes leading directly to my opening phrase and, with body aquiver, I attacked it.

For a few moments my voice sounded strangely far away and weak. Breath was fairly jumping from my lungs and I was conscious of a futile effort to control it. Still, I sang on and presently returned to earth, having a partial grip on myself. Before my eyes burned the printed music, notes and words—nothing else was visible.

Though it seemed an hour, it was really for only a few moments that I was in a half-coma; then I saw clearly and experienced a sensation of calm. "I'm all right now," I reasoned, "and the voice sounds strong." Phrase followed phrase, and I sang what I considered a fine upper A-flat. Gradually we were approaching the climax, my accompanist and I, and the dreaded high C.

At the thought of this altitudinous note my heart started afresh on its previous downward course. I had often sung the high C—from the chest, not falsetto—and in public; but here I was dangerously uncertain. To break would never do. I argued with myself swiftly, for moments were precious; and just as a decision had to be made I chose the safe course by singing the note one-third lower—an A-flat—instead of the difficult C, either of which may be taken at the pleasure of the singer.

Happily it was a clear, resonant tone. I stood erect, shoulders thrown back, both legs planted firmly, and let myself feel the vibrancy that came from the column of air and fairly proper joining of vocal chords. I guess I was intoxicated with the vigor of the tone, because I held on for dear life, well past the point that should mark a legitimate artistic effect. A few seconds afterward and I reached for my handkerchief as an excuse to help cover my bodily shakiness, which I feared would be chalked against me.

Doctor Smasher was seated in a chair by a window, while Professor High walked leisurely back and forth. He was phlegmatic and gave no sign. I looked fearfully from one to the other for a verdict, my chest heaving under the strain it had been put to.

"A sure robust tenor!" cried the doctor in seeming glee—"big, fine; with the emotion." He threw a searching glance at the impassive face of his colleague as if to confirm the accuracy of a judgment not fully trusted.

"Yes, it's a nice voice," answered Professor High with a deliberate shake of the head. "Throaty—but we can fix that." It was not a direct contradiction of Doctor Smasher's expressed opinion, but I could see that an expert had detected flaws not apparent to the conservatory head. The professor paused before me.

"Try another," he suggested encouragingly; "not so much voice this time."

### *High's Pearls of Vocal Wisdom*

CHEERED by his manner I sang Celeste Aïda, which is put so early in Verdi's opera that fashionables never hear it, and then a sacred solo. There was abundant contrast in these numbers, and in them I at last maintained a measure of self-control. At the conclusion Professor High directed the singing of sustained tones on a single vowel, and series of ascending and descending scales—slowly, then fast. A few arpeggios completed the test of my vocal and musical resources, which were pronounced decidedly worth cultivating.

Professor High did not palaver—a custom of many teachers, scrupulous and otherwise. He told me, with a candor not always accorded young singers, of my faults and deficiencies—and they were many. I also gathered that about two years of rightly guided work lay ahead before I might hope for steady financial rewards and public recognition.

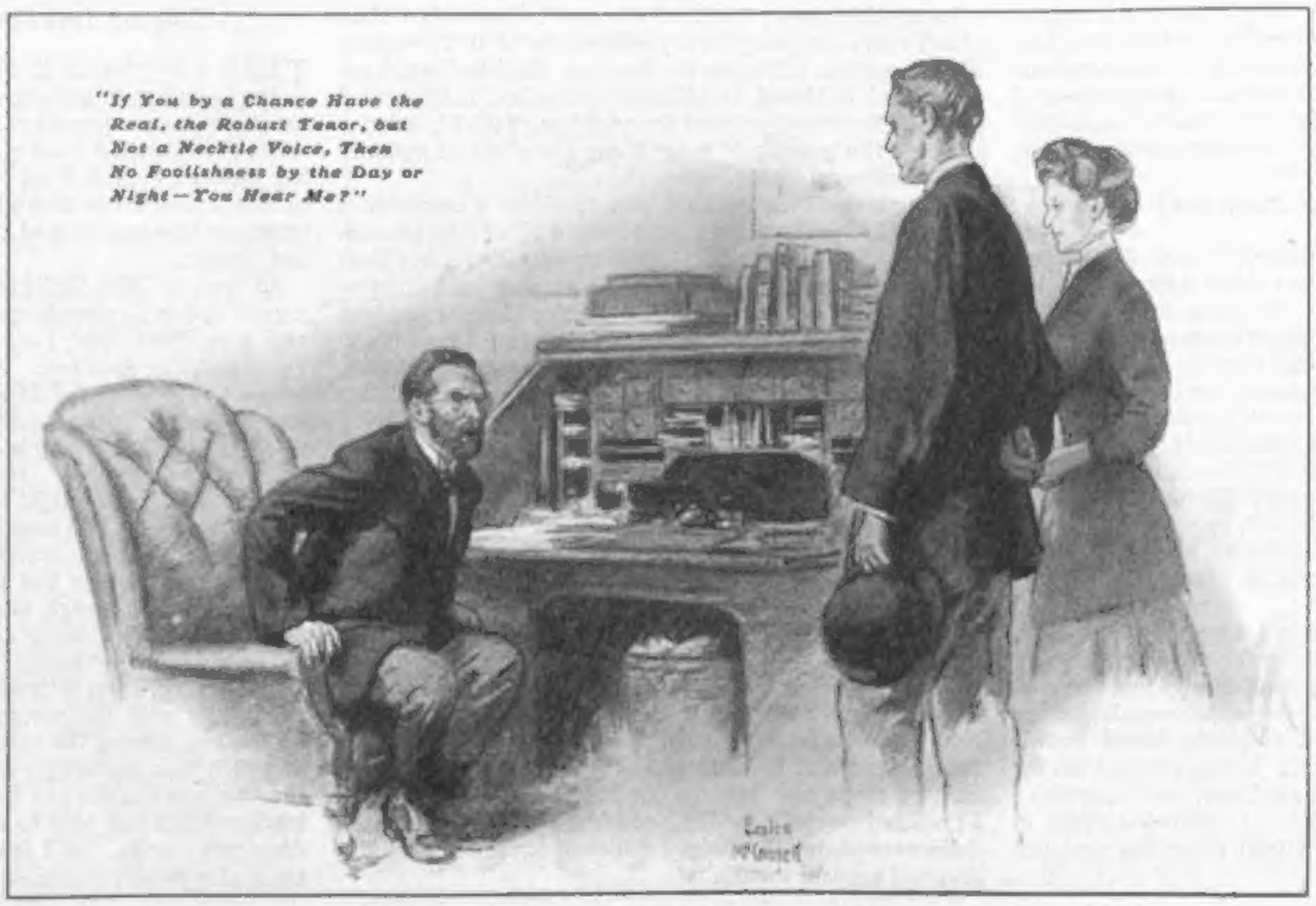
The singing teacher was a likable man; quiet and soft spoken. From his talk I felt he understood his business, a bit of judgment later discovered to be partially incorrect. It appeared that my prospective instructor was a discriminating critic, with an ear very sensitive for differentiating tone; but he sometimes failed in applying remedies intended to correct defects. In other words Professor High developed successful singers, yet occasionally missed the mark with good material at his disposal. One of his handicaps I believe to have been a negative personality. He lacked the vitality so useful in the singing studio, and the skill to make some points perfectly understandable.

Professor High's words, as he finished summing up, were pearls of vocal wisdom:

"What you accomplish, Mr. Blakeley, depends on your own intelligence to grasp what you are taught and to apply it. The instructor can only point out the shortcomings. The real work must be done by the pupil, by himself—over and over, until the difficulty has been conquered."

Young singers, who imagine that their teachers unassisted have some secret power to make them, will do well to keep the words of Professor High before their eyes during the day and repeat them aloud before retiring at night.

I left the conservatory chastened, though not discouraged. Considering the half-hour's experiences I had just encountered I fell to speculating as to



*"If You by a Chance Have the Real, the Robust Tenor, but Not a Necktie Voice, Then No Foolishness by the Day or Night—You Hear Me?"*

the wisdom of deserting a business certainty—and of those two long years ahead. In the quiet of my cramped room I took out the bill Miss Smithers had pressed insistently into my hand. It informed me that I owed the conservatory $100 in advance for twenty half-hour lessons at $5 each; and $6.25 for various incidentals.

I had one hundred and forty dollars left for two years. The Metropolitan Opera House did not look quite so easy.

Life in most large music conservatories is pretty much the same, Smasher's being no exception to the rule. The pupils, who ranged from the very shy to the very brash, managed to make things interesting. Those who studied singing, though not in the majority, were the most influential and took the lead in student affairs—a condition usually found in private-teaching studios.

This display of leadership is apparently due to the proportion of seriously inclined in singing-pupils' ranks, which is larger than in any other branch of music study. There were two hundred young men and women between the ages of eighteen and thirty enrolled in Smasher's vocal department, fully one-half avowed candidates for professional careers. Even a fair percentage of the remainder, like other similar colonies in New York and elsewhere, had hopes of some day adding to their incomes by singing in church choirs.

*I Do Not Know How I Escaped From "Breaking" on the High Note Near the End*

Half of the self-confessed seekers for public honors expected to become concert and oratorio artists; one-quarter entertained visions of winning places in light or comic opera or musical comedy; and about an eighth were preparing themselves to teach. Scarcely a dozen held to their breasts the big ambition—to sing in grand opera.

Though a few of the amateurs took only one singing lesson a week each, every one of those bent on a profession had two. Thirty minutes is the customary length of a voice lesson; and, though some independent instructors stretch the time for certain pupils where it is needed, in conservatories no excess instruction is accorded unless it is specially ordered and paid for. Students present themselves to their teachers sharp on the hour or half-hour and get down to work in a few moments. Allowing for arrivals and departures, a period never extends above twenty-seven minutes.

Two weekly lessons seem to be regarded as the minimum number for any student who would progress properly, experience having shown that most singers who come under the eye of their teachers but once in seven days either do a part of their practicing incorrectly or forget some of the essential things they have been told which should be borne in mind constantly.

Twenty-five of those studying singing at Smasher's faced teachers three times a week, while eight or ten roused the envy of their associates by entering studios every day. The advantages accruing from frequent singing lessons are unquestioned, especially in the early life of the pupil, who is likely at this period to make missteps unless constantly guided by an instructor. Some of my comrades asserted that when they had three or six lessons every seven days their vocal development was from two to four times greater than that resulting from the usual two lessons weekly.

*(Continued on Page 55)*

# THE CURE

## By WILL IRWIN

*ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING*

WHEN Mrs. Peake woke that morning she had perhaps no more reason to feel out of sorts than on any other morning of her thirty-eight years. Nor, indeed, was she at all depressed in the beginning. She slid from sleep to a comfortable half-sleep, her mind full of vague, gentle thoughts. As she reached full consciousness she turned over, tweaked the switch of the reading lamp beside her bed—for the curtains were still drawn—and consulted her little clock. It still lacked fifteen minutes of the time when her maid should come to wake her. By a touch of the electric button she could summon Hortense immediately; but it was her whim to wait. Contemplating with sleepy eyes the clock and the onyx stand that bore it, Mrs. Peake saw what caused her to smile with mild amusement. The impeccable Hortense, princess of maids, had committed a mistake at last. Beside the clock lay her own ivory-and-gold hand mirror. Its place, of course, was the dressing table.

Still smiling, Mrs. Peake reached for the mirror. She smoothed her hair back, propped herself up among the pillows and looked idly into its depths.

Now Mrs. Peake was not what you or I would have called an analytical woman. It is probable that in all her thirty-eight years she had never cerebrated a definite, clean-cut thought, just because her way of life had not involved the necessity for real thinking. Let me, therefore, describe not what Mrs. Peake saw in the mirror, but what you and I might have seen.

A pretty face, a very pretty face—smooth, regular, clean-cut, with a delicate curve to the line of the jaw, a whimsical little arch to the eyebrows, a round, low forehead all unfurrowed. One looked again before he perceived that the skin, in the searching light of electricity and early morning, was just a trifle too coarse in spots; that the perfect curve of the cheek was slightly broken by falling lines; that the little furrows that made Mrs. Peake's fine, full gray eyes crinkle so attractively when she smiled might almost be described as incipient wrinkles; that the gums did not set quite firmly above the teeth.

Artists of all sorts glorify the slightly faded woman; by catching that fleeting moment, the unnamed Greek of Melos put tear-compelling beauty into his immortal Venus. However, Mrs. Peake—you needed but glance over her elaborate boudoir to perceive that—looked not upon the world of men and women with the subtle eye of an artist, but with the conventional eye of the upper West Side.

Presently Mrs. Peake let the smooth little hand that held the mirror flutter down on the brocaded bedcover. And unaccountably a dark cloud began to color all her meditations. She thought first of her husband; and it occurred to her that he was not so devoted as of old. A dozen little incipient quarrels with Tom floated in and out of her mind—tiny inattentions, minute causes of friction. Did she think of her son and daughter, now being educated in correct private establishments, it was only to remember their failures of devotion. Her niece, Helen, at present visiting in the house, appealed to her at the moment as a little raw and hoidenish; her presence was a subtly disturbing element. The very latest gown had been a great, expensive failure. The new butler was incompetent. Even Hortense had begun to make her mistakes. Besides—oh, the whole world was wrong! The dark cloud settled down and entirely enveloped the spirit of Mrs. Peake.

Shaking herself together with an effort, Mrs. Peake brought to memory an extract from the latest sayings of her spiritual adviser and personal friend, the Rev. Dr. Oscar Leighton, Guide of the Modern Thought Congregation, which met every Sunday afternoon in Music Hall for the accumulation of thought force. Bound in Nile-green buckram, lettered in early English, tooled in gold, his book, A Harvest of Good Thoughts, lay now as always on her dressing table. She turned her eyes toward it and recalled with a little effort the formula in sheaf four, designed to comfort one who undergoes an "impalpable spiritual crisis": "I am I; inner strength is happiness." She set herself, as she had been instructed, to repeat that saying again and again. When Hortense knocked and entered with the tools of a breakfast-in-bed toilet, Mrs. Peake was whispering it aloud:

"I am I; inner strength is happiness." And while Hortense pasted and brushed and fluffed, she still said it over in her mind. The dark cloud began to lift a little. Possibly it was the deft, cleanly touch of Hortense; more likely, Mrs. Peake reflected, it was the strength gathered from the Harvest of Good Thoughts. "That which speaks through these poor words is not I," the Rev. Dr. Oscar Leighton was fond of saying in his Sunday afternoon discourses; "it is the flowing wisdom of mankind." How modest he was, and yet how wonderfully helpful!

"Is that all, madame?" asked Hortense, and, as of custom, she handed over the mirror that Mrs. Peake might judge whether the work was good. Before Mrs. Peake languidly raised the glass, Hortense took advantage of the diversion to clip out a gray hair and deposit it deftly in the pocket of her black satin apron.

Mrs. Peake looked into her mirror; and directly afterward the black cloud settled down again. Even "I am I" did not serve to dispel it. She felt unaccountably languid, devoid of energy and zest. Perhaps she wasn't well, she reflected; and she turned inward the eye of her mind. But nothing seemed wrong with that well-nourished body of hers; the whiff of coffee, as Hortense reëntered, struck pleasantly on her senses. This thing was spiritual, and she must fight it with spiritual weapons.

"Hand me the book, Hortense," she said. Between them "the book" meant only one thing—A Harvest of Good Thoughts. As she sipped her coffee she opened at random on sheaf three, and read:

"Sink yourself in Cosmatmos. Words are but symbols, vague, deceptive. The important thing is the apprehension. Yet since I must convey The Message through words, I have chosen these symbols: Cosmos, the all-thing, and Atmos, the air. The all-thing which gives understanding; the air which vivifies with inner force. If you have apprehended the thought in its real meaning—and you should know by the refreshment of your spirit—perform this exercise. Repeat many times: 'Cosmos, the all-thing; Atmos, that which revivifies; I am revivified by the all-thing ——'"

"Oh, fudge!" exclaimed Mrs. Peake audibly; and with a gesture that might be described as a half-throw she dropped the Harvest of Good Thoughts on her brocaded bedcover. If you knew how seldom, since she began to absorb the philosophy of Cosmatmos, Mrs. Peake permitted herself the luxury of an impatient thought, you would understand that her "fudge" carried all the force and fervor of a thorough, decorated "damn." Profanity in a man is a counterirritant. Being perplexed or enraged, he says something that causes him to fear for his own salvation or refinement, and the shock relieves the lesser irritation. Precisely so it went with Mrs. Peake. To say "fudge" to

the Rev. Dr. Oscar Leighton was a violation of all the highest in her. For the moment it helped.

So the cloud had again lifted a very little when a familiar triple tap sounded at the door, and Mr. Peake entered for his morning hail and farewell. In one thing Thomas Peake held to old-fashioned notions. He preferred to breakfast at a table, with the morning newspaper propped before him on its rack. So, also, he held that day incomplete that did not begin with a morning visit to his wife. Mr. Peake was middle-aged but fit. He had never given the matter of preserving his youth the slightest thought. He ate and drank according to the demands and temperances of a well-ordered stomach; he exercised for the pure joy of it. Consequently his youth had taken care of itself. His front elevation was that of a boy; his chest rose full toward his chin; his hair lay thick on his temples. Freshly exercised, bathed, shaved, laundered and pressed he entered like a clean breeze of the morning.

Kissing her with the perfunctory caress of fifteen married years he asked as usual:

"Well, Pettie, and what's the program for today?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Peake; and then again, softly but also peevishly, "I—don't know."

Mr. Peake put his hands on her lace and linen shoulders and held her off at arm's length.

"Anything the matter?" he asked. "Feeling all right?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Peake shortly.

"Oh, all right! Seemed to me you looked a little drawn—sallow, perhaps. Didn't know, Pettie, but you'd better stay in bed today. Well"—he kissed her again—"goodby. Lots doing at the shop this morning! Oh, while I think of it"—he called this hastily from the door—"I'm playing squash with Peebles at four-thirty. First round for the club championship! If it drags out—I can't leave in the middle of a set, you know—I'll dine at the club. At any rate I'll have the hall-boy telephone."

"Very well—goodby," replied Mrs. Peake.

As she settled back to her coffee Mrs. Peake sighed. No, Tom didn't understand her. How could she tell him that her soul was in the depths? He would ask her "Why?" Why! That wasn't a thing one could express. She didn't know herself. If he was all to her that he should be he would perceive instantly that things were going wrong, lay his finger on the sore spot and say the one word that would set everything right. He had never understood. No one understood—except Dr. Oscar Leighton. She turned her eyes toward the Harvest of Good Thoughts with a mute apology for that impatient "fudge."

Hortense had entered again.

"I think I'll get up now," said Mrs. Peake. She might as well rise and face—what? Everything!

Shrouded in swan's-down, bathed in soft warmth, Mrs. Peake sat listlessly looking out over the flurrying snow of Riverside Drive while Hortense prepared her hair for the day. Hooked on her third finger Hortense carried a little pair of manicure scissors. Thrice she took advantage of a tiny diversion, which she had created herself, to slip the point of the scissors delicately under a gray hair and to deposit it in her apron pocket against its private destruction.

"What are you doing there?" asked Mrs. Peake presently.

"The cold cream, madame—it must be kneaded in this weather," said Hortense.

Mrs. Peake turned a languid eye away. Else she might have perceived that a tiny spot of rouge in the middle of the mass was giving a delicate blush to the whole. One would have said, indeed, that Mrs. Peake's air was of one who looks away because she fears what she may see.

Hortense had Mrs. Peake laid back on the big armchair and was working industriously at the wrinkles in an eye-corner with one hand, while distracting attention by lightly whipping the cheek with the other, when the door was tapped again. This time the knock was lighter but more staccato, and a little voice cried without:

"Don't say I can't come in, Aunt Bessie!"

"Yes, if you wish, Helen!" replied Mrs. Peake, still indifferently. The door fairly flew open and Helen plumped herself down on the settee.

"I won't kiss that, Aunt Bessie," said Helen, waving her hand across the cold cream, "but just your littlest, prettiest fingertip." She suited the action to the words. "I should think," Helen went on, "that every man you ever saw would have trampled over crowds to get at that hand."

"Would you?" asked Mrs. Peake, still indifferently.

"I only hope mine will be as firm at your age," said Helen. "And oh, Aunt Bessie," she pursued, following, young-girl-like, her own fancy and ignoring the sudden drop in her aunt's countenance, "there's a beautiful sale at the Deidrick, and Uncle Tom gave me ten dollars for my own, and I want to bring back something to mother. Let's go on a spending toot with my ten—this morning."

Mrs. Peake swept her eye again over the snow.

"I think I shan't be going out this morning," she said. "Sherrill will take you in the car if you wish to go."

"But I wanted you along, Aunt Bessie," said Helen, giving a half-sincere pout. "It won't be any fun alone. And we just haven't time this afternoon, for I've got to carry you to the highbrow musicale of Mrs. Barnes', which is a fierce proposition and must be faced; and besides there are those washdresses—you promised them, you know, so it isn't grafting to make mention of them, now is it?—I thought we might get them at the same time."

"I've been thinking," replied Mrs. Peake, turning her face so that Hortense might get the more easily at her deepening collar of Venus, "that I shan't go today to Mrs. Barnes'; but you must go. It's a perfectly proper thing for you to attend alone."

"Why, what's the matter, Aunt Bessie?" asked Helen, perception dawning for the first time that morning.

"Nothing—I have some reading I want to do," replied Mrs. Peake, jumping suddenly at the first excuse.

"But there is something," replied Helen, fixing her gaze on her aunt's face. In that shift of glance, however, something else had happened. Out of the corner of her eye Helen had caught a glimpse of Hortense's apron pocket. From it, like a little silver wire, ran the end of a gray hair. Helen started to speak.

"Why ——" she said and checked herself—too late. Mrs. Peake had followed her gaze. No sooner did she perceive than she changed the direction of her eyes with a shift that was almost a jerk.

"No, I shan't go to Mrs. Barnes'," said Mrs. Peake. "Run along by yourself, dear. But perhaps I'll attend to the dresses. I have something else that may take me down town this afternoon. Our sizes are so alike, you know ——"

"And me eighteen!" interrupted Helen. "Aunt Bessie, how do you do it? When I'm your age I'll be just a pudding!"

"Run along now," persisted Mrs. Peake.

All that morning Mrs. Peake drifted languidly from one unconsidered thing to another inconsiderable thing. She tried to write letters, and she dropped her pen midway of the first. She opened her jewel box and made languid pretense of polishing her diamonds. It served very well until in trying the clasp of a necklace she looked into her mirror to judge the effect. Her eyes caught the contrast between the pure light of the diamonds and the duller sheen on her own chaplet of teeth. They looked positively yellow! Directly after that Mrs. Peake seemed to lose interest in jewelry. She invaded the basement and took counsel with the cook. In the midst of a direction she sped abruptly from the kitchen, rushed to her own room, threw herself on the brocaded bed and cried softly and discreetly for a quarter of an hour.

"Perhaps that was what I needed," said Mrs. Peake after the reservoir of tears had exhausted itself. She rose refreshed, and bethought herself of her mirror that she might remove the stains of tears.

And again the spirits of Mrs. Thomas Peake descended into the depths.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Luncheon was over; Helen had departed to the boredom of that musical afternoon. Mrs. Peake was dressing to go out, and her manner of dressing indicated much concerning her mood. She looked over the tailor costume which came but yesterday, and rejected it; looked over its predecessor—a simple thing in blue and silver—rejected that; and selected an old suit of black cloth.

"And my black fox furs, Hortense," she said as she put on a simple black hat. At the curb she hesitated a moment before her automobile.

"To Doctor Leighton's, Sherrill," she said at length with a gesture of decision. And all the way she lay back in one corner of the cushions, alternately biting her lips and smiling a wan and weary smile.

The harvester of good thoughts was at home. When the butler brought Mrs. Peake's card he sat alone in his study playing idly with a paperknife. Doctor Leighton was a tall man, with a slender, swaying figure and coal-black hair, kept by weekly croppings at the proper four-inch length. In face, he had almost too much of everything. His eyes were almost too large and too black. His cheeks, powder-marked after a close shave, were almost too dark. One was almost certain, on close inspection, that he kept them down to their present trimness by methodical courses of massage. On the third finger of the right hand shone dully an Egyptian ring. Those hands, also, were almost too fine and plump.

As he took up the card of Mrs. Peake his face, until then devoid of expression, underwent a complete change. The eyes lit; the corners of the mouth lifted into a smile that carried a high, remote sadness. So the actor lounging at his ease in the wings slips immediately into the part upon hearing his cue.

"Show her in," he said; and he rose and sought his anteroom. When Mrs. Peake entered the study was deserted. She moved with a reverent pace past the shelves of special bindings; the old, carved Buddha black with incense; the soft, faded Giorgione Madonna; the colorprint of Botticelli's Spring; the antique walnut stand bearing one single jonquil in a Chinese bowl and a vellum-bound copy of the Harvest of Good Thoughts. There ensued the proper stage pause, while Mrs. Peake seated herself in a padded chair and let the soft restfulness of that apartment sink into her soul. Then a noiseless door opened in the far, dim recesses, and the gliding figure of the Reverend Doctor Leighton made its entrance. As he approached the look in his dark eyes became a caress and his smile, what with that moment of preparation in the wings, a faraway benediction.

"My dear Mrs. Peake!" he said, "do not rise to me, I beg you." In taking her hand he turned her to a position where the light of a stained-glass window streamed softly on her face. So, for a moment, he regarded her.

*Mrs. Peake Looked Into Her Mirror; and Directly Afterward the Black Cloud Settled Down Again*

*"Dear Lady, Do You Think of the World as a Machine or as a Plant?"*

"I am so sorry I detained you, even momentarily," he said, still studying her face with close attention. "A very distressing matter—but why disturb perfection with the thought of it?" The smile, which had fluttered away, came back. Then, as he dropped her hand, he became serious again.

"Is all well with you, my dear Mrs. Peake?" he asked. "But why need I ask? All's not well. You are bearing some burden of thought—bravely, I know."

"You understand so wonderfully," murmured Mrs Peake.

"Not I," responded Doctor Leighton, letting out a notch of his smile. "I only gather—gather."

"It isn't exactly a burden or a trouble," murmured Mrs. Peake.

"Ah, dear lady, our hardest troubles are not exactly troubles," interrupted Doctor Leighton. "The great tragedies—we rise to them. They generate their own cures. These mixed, quiet tragedies—ah, I have known ——" he paused with the air of one who reviews a dead past; then, as though rising to a plane above it, he smiled more sweetly than ever. "But tell me ——"

"It's just—I don't really know," said Mrs. Peake—"just that I wonder what I'm doing with my life, I suppose," she concluded.

"Does the flower know?" asked Doctor Leighton. "Does it ask? No! It is a blossom. It radiates sweetness. It charms the eye. It is content. Have you ceased to radiate?"—he bent his caressing eyes upon her, and now his smile became almost worldly for a fleeting instant—"I think not."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Peake. "Perhaps. There's Tom—Mr. Peake—for example. I don't believe it's exactly with us as it used to be. Nothing you could call serious," she added hastily, "but he doesn't seem to care so much as he did, and the strange thing is, I don't exert myself to hold him. I couldn't explain to him. I doubt whether he'd understand. That's the thing lacking between us, perhaps understanding!"

Mrs. Peake ran down for a moment, while Doctor Leighton, assuming the manner of a physician diagnosing a delicate and puzzling case, preserved his own silence. Then Mrs. Peake burst out with more vehemence than she had hitherto shown:

"But it's my life, my whole life, that's wrong! I don't know how to express it, but it's slipping away somehow. I've thought—I've really wondered—whether I shouldn't do some sort of slum work. I don't mean contributing to charities. I mean work. Of course," she added, "there are other things to be considered"

"Of course," murmured Doctor Leighton.

"The health of my family, for example," said Mrs. Peake. "I believe it's all dreadfully unsanitary. There was Mrs. Barstow. She worked for a while in a mission, and when she developed scarlet fever the doctor was almost sure she got it from one of the prayer-books. But still I've always had the idea of doing something. You know when I was a young girl I thought of being a trained nurse—I don't know whether you've ever read Dora Leigh."

"It was like you," said Doctor Leighton. "I feel that in your radiation."

"You see—I'm asking your advice," pursued Mrs. Peake.

Thereupon she ran down for good. Her air showed that she had stated her case and was waiting for a verdict from the specialist in good thoughts.

"Dear lady," began the latter, "do you think of the world as a machine or as a plant? As a thing made or as a thing that grows?"

"As a thing that grows," said Mrs. Peake. Not that she had thought about it at all, but she was giving the answer which her perceptions told her Doctor Leighton expected.

"Having understood that," went on the harvester of good thoughts, "you can understand everything. Not one plant either! No; a field, a forest—a farm if you like that better. Now some plants are made to be obviously useful, to be torn up rudely by the roots, to be eaten. Turnips, carrots, potatoes—we all can perceive their uses. But a lily of the valley, radiating perfume by a brook, a cowslip in a dewy dell, a hawthorn bloom on a garden copse, a wild rose beside some mossy stone—are these any less useful? Does not such a flower serve, indeed, a higher if subtler use? Would we put it into a stew? Or would we leave it, perfumed and iridescent as it is, to iridesce in its own beautiful surroundings—a flower to the mind, a good thought to the fields, a delight to everything?"

"Perhaps I understand," murmured Mrs Peake.

"I am sure you do—it is your *métier*," said Doctor Leighton. "Now listen, dear lady. Since your function in the cosmic fields is to radiate, you are at outs with yourself and Cosmatmos because you have tried to fill a sphere other than the one for which you were intended, to emanate radiations foreign to your nature. Cease it! Almost with the strength of a command, I advise you to live beautifully your own life, to be supremely yourself. It is a very peculiar case," he added, bathing her face in his wan smile.

"Do you really think so?" asked Mrs. Peake, displaying a shade of real interest

"Most peculiar," said Doctor Leighton, "but then yours is a special and precious nature, and because of this I am going to give you a formula that I have kept to myself. I have not intrusted it to mere, cold bookprint. And why? Because the subtlest contacts are personal; and this must be saved for personal contacts—just such inspiring conversations as we are holding today. It is this: In the depths of depression or the heights of exaltation—but never in the dull middle ground between—breathe deeply and say: 'The I in me is a flower; I must scatter perfume!' Say it after me—and mean it"

"The I in me is a flower; I must scatter perfume," repeated Mrs. Peake solemnly.

*"There Won't be Any Girl in Mr. Waldorf's Dining Room So Good-Looking as You"*

"When you feel it working in your spirit, write and tell me," said Doctor Leighton.

Mrs. Peake turned as she went out the door to assure Doctor Leighton how much he had helped her. Alone in the automobile, however, she was not so certain. It seemed very plain and easy when she sat in his inspiring presence, but now it seemed a little unsatisfactory somehow. The black cloud was settling down on her again; by the time she had reached Ripleigh's and selected the dresses for Helen, it enveloped all her spirits. As the doorman opened her automobile a practical impulse struck her. She paused, a foot on the curb.

"I think I shan't need you for the present, Sherrill," she said to the chauffeur. "Pick me up in half an hour at the Madison Square corner." Mrs. Peake had decided to see what walking would do.

Yet she had scarcely gone two blocks south when she perceived that the mood was not to be shaken off by exercise. Past her swept the afternoon parade of all half-fashionable New York. A dozen times a block she was brushed by costumes designed to make any sane woman crane her neck in interest or amusement; Mrs. Peake spared them not a glance. Between sidewalk and sidewalk filed the smartest equipages of this Western world; Mrs. Peake never turned her head. In the shop windows on her right the offerings of the best modern craftsmanship called mutely for new owners; Mrs. Peake heard not. Where the Flatiron Building thrust its prow into Fifth Avenue the celebrated afternoon haze of New York, lightened now by flurrying snow, twinkled silver over stone and tile; Mrs. Peake never raised her eyes.

"This must stop," she reflected; and she remembered Doctor Leighton's words. "Say it: 'In the depths of depression or the heights of exaltation ——'" If this wasn't a depth of depression what was it?

So she stood still at a corner, that she might breathe deeply as she had been told, and began to whisper:

"'The I in me is a flower; I must scatter perfume.'"

She was so preoccupied with the formula that she had not yet perceived her companion; for as she turned away from her automobile a man, standing idly by the stormdoor of Ripleigh's, had given a little whistle under his breath and followed her. He was an ordinary kind of man, quite simply dressed. He was in early middle age; he wore glasses; his face, except for a certain fleshly quality, had nothing unusual about it either for good or evil. He looked far more like the providing father of a family than like a masher. Perhaps he was both. Such things have happened.

As Mrs. Peake made her meditative way down the Avenue the stranger fell in, step by step, behind her, his feet beating with hers. That maneuver failed to make her turn round, but neither did she quicken her pace. He began to introduce a regularly repeated scuffle into his walk. Mrs. Peake did not seem to notice that either. He drew up beside her and peered into her face. She behaved as though he were invisible. The stranger had fallen some distance behind to plan his next line of attack, when Mrs. Peake halted to begin on her formula.

"'The I in me is a flower,'" whispered Mrs. Peake, and:

"I guessed you'd wait for me, kid," said a voice in her ear.

Mrs. Peake turned, started, blushed.

"Oh, Lizzie!" said the stranger. "Hide your blushes, little girl. You're pretty enough without 'em. Stop or you'll put me out!"

Mrs. Peake, stung to sudden, hysterical action, gathered her skirts and fled. She ducked under the necks of a passing team so swiftly that the stranger, his way blocked, fell back; and she made the opposite curb alone.

Many emotions were surging in Mrs. Peake—as choking indignation, panic fear, righteous distress over a world that contained such creatures. Free of him, as she thought, she stood stock still to collect her forces.

But he was beside her again.

"Say, kiddo, you're a pippin," said the masher—let us give him his title. "Now don't be afraid of me, little one. I'm fly but harmless. I picked you out the moment I saw you—say, how do you dare to be so pretty ——"

Mrs. Peake fled again. She dodged a group of chattering girls, and so lost him for the moment; but he caught up with her immediately and walked at her side, presenting to the observer the attitude of a rightful escort.

"Say, you've got nothing to do," he whispered in her ear; "what's the matter with tea at the Waldorf? I want to show you off, I do. I want to make those other girls green. There won't be any girl in Mr. Waldorf's dining room so good-looking as you. Come on! It's right across the street." And now he leaned against Mrs. Peake with the air of an escort who is whispering confidences.

The touch of his shoulder against hers affected Mrs. Peake like a dash of cold water. It brought her to herself;

*(Concluded on Page 56)*

# BEFORE THE BATTLE

## A Final View of the Struggle That Will Come in November

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ORDINARILY every national campaign has two signposts—one is politics; the other is people. Often the signposts point in the same direction. There have been times, but not many, when the politics signpost has pointed one way and the people signpost pointed another.

Except in two campaigns since the Civil War, October developed the candidate who was to be elected. Those two instances were the Hayes-Tilden campaign in 1876 and the Cleveland-Blaine campaign in 1884. It was certain in October of 1868 and 1872 that Grant was to be elected, just as it was certain Garfield would be elected in 1880, Harrison in 1888, Cleveland in 1892, McKinley in 1896 and 1900, Roosevelt in 1904 and Taft in 1908. No person informed as to national conditions and national politics had any honest October doubt as to the results of those elections.

The only question was the detail of the size of the majority in the electoral college, for both the politics signpost and the people signpost pointed in the same direction—toward the successful candidate.

In this campaign of 1912 there is no question as to the way the politics signpost points. It points to Woodrow Wilson.

There is great question as to which way the people signpost points. Indeed it cannot be said there is any people signpost at all. There are plenty of people, but they are not publicly exercising their signpost functions.

After visiting every state in the Union except the states of the far South, and after verifying my conclusions by further communications in October with thoroughly impartial, well-informed and unprejudiced sources in each state, a final review of the presidential situation develops four topics for consideration. These are:

1. The seeming advantage of Woodrow Wilson in the situation.
2. The popular strength of Theodore Roosevelt and his policies.
3. The lack of appeal in Mr. Taft's candidacy.
4. The possibility of no election and the recourse to Congress.

Measured by any political standard or by any law or theory of politics, the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson seems certain of success. It is a simple question of mathematics. The Republican party—or, to be more exact, the former Republican party—now consists of two parties, the remnants of the old Republican organization and the new Progressive organization. Mr. Taft is the candidate of the Republicans. Mr. Roosevelt is the candidate of the Progressives. With but one candidate in 1908 and 1904, to go back no farther, the Republican party cast the most votes at the polls, carried the most states and secured a majority in the electoral college.

### The Opportunity of the Democracy

THE Democratic party, the minority party, cast in 1908 6,409,104 votes for Mr. Bryan and the Republican party cast 7,678,908 votes for Mr. Taft, giving Mr. Taft a popular majority over Mr. Bryan of 1,269,804 votes. The total vote for all candidates was 14,888,442.

Information from the most reliable political sources indicates that Mr. Wilson will hold the bulk of the Democratic vote received by Mr. Bryan. Hence Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, politically speaking, will divide the normal Republican vote. Thus, with Mr. Wilson getting the normal Democratic vote and Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt dividing the normal Republican vote by reason of the two parties they represent, both composed of what was the Republican strength to a large degree in 1908, the only political result that can be foreseen is the sweep of the country by Mr. Wilson.

That is the politics of it. In almost every state there will be enough Roosevelt strength, as it figures, to split the former Republican vote into two such parts that neither Taft's part nor Roosevelt's part will be in the majority over the Democratic support received by Wilson, thus giving Wilson the state in each instance. This does not apply generally; but, from a political viewpoint, it applies sufficiently to give Wilson a big apparent majority in the electoral college. On the face of things, on the politics of it, on the information politicians have, the election of Wilson seems assured.

So far as the surface indications show, the Democratic party is standing with reasonable compactness behind Wilson. There are some defections, of course; but in a general sense, from all that can be learned the Democrats will vote for Wilson, not because Wilson has roused the Democracy to any great pitch of enthusiasm—though more enthusiasm for him developed in October than was apparent early in the campaign—but because the Democrats see a chance to win and are held in line by that alluring prospect. They have been on the outside for many years. Now that they have a fair view of the inside they intend to go in. Wilson is their medium, their opportunity, their instrument for victory. He is the tool handed to them. Consequently they intend to vote for him. And, for the matter of that, there seems to be no good reason why every Democrat should not vote for Wilson.

Undoubtedly there are some Democrats who will vote against Wilson. Some will vote for Taft because of various influences brought to bear on them, racial and religious and other; and some will vote for Roosevelt because they are really not Democrats at all, but Progressives. Set against this Democratic defection, which will be larger in some states than in others, and pronounced among the labor element, will be the large Republican vote Wilson will get from men who would normally vote for Taft. These Republicans, incensed at Roosevelt and what they term his wrecking of the Republican party—though the Republican party wrecked itself—will seek to eliminate him by making Wilson's election sure. Instead of casting half a vote against him by voting for Taft they will cast a whole vote against him by voting for Wilson.

*Whose Dance? Look Out! It Might be the Professor's!*

Wilson's strength is here: he will get the reasonably unanimous support of his own party and he will get a large number of votes that rightfully belong to Mr. Taft. His weakness is in the defection that may come because of strong influences on men who are usually Democrats. Balancing his strength against his weakness, the politics of it makes it seem fairly certain he will carry enough states to be elected.

That is the politics of it, and that brings up for consideration the second of the four vital phases of the situation: To what extent will the people support Roosevelt? Right here politics leaves the field. It is quite true there is plenty of politics in the Roosevelt movement—politics by Mr. Roosevelt and politics by men who have hitched on to the Roosevelt movement for their own ends. This Roosevelt campaign isn't so altruistic as it is said to be. There is a heap of practical politics about it, but it also has its popular side, and that popular side cannot be judged by any political standards—either those political standards of the Roosevelt movement or those of the older and more familiar brand.

Those persons who minimize the strength the Roosevelt movement has attained since the convention at Chicago, where Mr. Taft was nominated over Mr. Roosevelt, talk from a misunderstanding—usually willful—of the situation throughout the country. The usual basis of such claims is the intense hatred of Mr. Roosevelt by the people who make the assertions. They do not like Roosevelt. They think nobody else can like him or support him. However where there is one person who cannot possibly imagine any outcome for the Roosevelt campaign but utter humiliation there are hundreds who see in Roosevelt a chance to get a change; a chance for revenge for oppressive conditions, both political and economic; a chance for a new deal. And, whether or not these chances exist, the fact remains that the people think they do, and that fact alone is sufficient.

### A Tremendous Roosevelt Vote Certain

MR. ROOSEVELT started with a whoop. Other candidates standing for radical reforms have started with whoops also. It may be Mr. Roosevelt will have reached the top of his bent before election day. It may be! Nothing but election results can tell that. But, whether he has or whether he has not, there is this certainty: no matter what may happen, Theodore Roosevelt will poll a tremendous vote, all things considered, in November. There can be no mistake about that. He may not carry a single state. Indeed states that seemed rather certain for him in September show signs of going for Wilson in October; but that is mere speculation. The great, vital fact is that this man, leading a movement that came into organized existence in August, will get a very large vote in November against candidates of parties that have existed for years—the one since the days of Jefferson and the other since 1856.

It is futile to speculate on how big this vote will be. There is no way of telling. The fact most people lose sight of in considering the matter is that the vote for Roosevelt and Johnson will not be a vote merely for Roosevelt and Johnson. The revolution that finds its handy method of working through Roosevelt and Johnson this year began before Roosevelt was a Progressive—or Johnson either. It is based on the demand by the people for a change; on the demand for relief from the boss system in politics; from the domination of politics by special interests, on the

belief that both old parties are so dominated; on the conviction that our Government has been conducted for the few instead of for the many; on the desire for a change, for a new deal; on the spirit of retaliation for abuses that exist; on the desire for reform; on the realization the people have of their own power; on the independent thinking that is being done; on the determination of the people to be factors in the Government instead of factotums.

This spirit of revolt existed before there was an organized Progressive movement. It evidenced itself in state, in local, in congressional elections—notably in the congressional election of 1910. It was disorganized. In many places, in local elections, it showed in the selection of men running for office on the Socialist ticket; and it showed there largely as a protest against the old parties and not as an indorsement of socialism *per se*. Now it has an exact medium. It has a party, a presidential ticket, a leader who is vastly popular, who has shown great strength, both as an old party candidate and in the primaries as a protestant against the regulars of that party.

How great is it? I do not know. No man knows. But I do know from personal investigation that, if its expression on election day approximates its announced determination a few weeks before election day, there will be a very large Roosevelt vote—a larger vote for Roosevelt than will be cast for Mr. Taft. This vote will not be based on loud claims of stolen nominations and domination by bosses and all that. Those warcries are warcries, used as such. Mr. Taft was nominated just as regularly at Chicago as Mr. Roosevelt would have been had he been named instead of Taft. The basic reason for the vote Roosevelt will get will be the spirit of protest, the desire for a change, the feeling that the people can get a chance to govern themselves, developed by the popularity of Roosevelt, who undoubtedly will poll many thousands of votes more than any other Progressive candidate who might have been named.

### *The Nation-Wide Desire for Change*

I WENT into factories, into stores, into railroad yards and shops, into office buildings, in all parts of the United States. I found that Roosevelt has great strength among the men who work. I found the laboring men are for him. I found the railroad men are for him, and the clerks and the small merchants—the salaried men. I do not mean all these are for him, but I do mean he has a tremendous support among men of this character in this country; and these are men who are not saying much about how they intend to vote, but doing their work and having their amusements and ready to operate on election day. I found, also, that Roosevelt has much strength among the farmers.

I make no pretense at computing this strength or setting down an approximate sum of it. It cannot be computed. It cannot be aggregated. It may fall away in the last weeks of October, though I do not think it will to any marked extent. Still something may occur between the time this is written—early in October—and the time it is read that may cause a change. That is hardly probable, but it is possible. Nor does this determination to vote for Roosevelt exist sectionally. He will get as many votes proportionally in New England as he will get in the West. The desire for a change is just as strong in Massachusetts as it is in California or Kansas. It is a universal, national condition, and Roosevelt will profit exceedingly by that condition so far as popular support is concerned.

There is no way of estimating the size of this vote. It is largely a silent vote. Of course the noise of the campaign comes largely with the Roosevelt end of it, but it isn't all noise by considerable. The laboring men, the railroad men, the factory men, the miners, are not saying what they intend to do, but are going about their work and saying nothing. The thing is fixed—fixed and dismissed as a job to be done in November.

Such changes as there are will come in two ways: Acute political observers figure the band-wagon vote as ranging from eighteen to twenty-five per cent. Thus, if Wilson seems clearly a winner many Democrats who might have voted for Roosevelt will decide to vote for Wilson and push the old party along. Also, if Roosevelt seems a menace in the view of the men who normally would vote for Taft these men will vote for Wilson in large numbers. In either event Wilson will be the gainer; but unless an enormous slump comes, a slump that is not yet apparent, Roosevelt will get a very large vote in this country on the fifth of next November.

Mr. Taft was at the lowest ebb of his political fortunes when he was nominated at Chicago. He could not have less of a popular command of votes than he had then, at any time, and have any support at all. Consequently all changes of a Taft nature must be—and have been—changes in his favor. If he did anything he would have to improve. He has improved too. His fortunes have mended to a considerable extent here and there. He will be stronger on election day than at any time in the past three years; but there is no evidence that he will be very strong then, and he suffers the frightful handicap of being the sacrificial object—the goat. They will vote against him by thousands, not because they want to vote against him, but in order to defeat Roosevelt.

The great object in the minds of the Taft managers is to get more votes for Taft than Roosevelt gets. This will in a measure retain some semblance of life in the Republican party they think, and will teach Roosevelt his lesson they hope. The Taft managers have no idea Taft can be elected. Still they are determined he shall have more votes than Roosevelt if that can be brought about. They have reconciled themselves to the election of Wilson, but they are not reconciled to the supremacy of Roosevelt over Taft, nor do they want to let go of the remnants of the party.

However if there seems any imminent danger of Roosevelt's election they will not permit sentiment to stand in the way of helping to suppress Roosevelt. The word will go out for oldline Republicans to vote for Wilson. It is going out now. Mr. Taft must be content to defeat Roosevelt—if he can. That appears to be his only real function in this present campaign.

Returning to the political phase of the struggle as distinguished from the popular side, the result as to Wilson in most of the states hinges on the division of the Republican vote. In Ohio, for example, Bryan had 502,721 votes in 1908, and Taft had 572,312. The Democratic managers in that state claim Wilson can hold the 500,000 Bryan votes or their equivalent. Hence, counting on Republican votes for Wilson to offset any Democratic votes that may go to Roosevelt or Taft, if Roosevelt gets 75,000 votes Wilson wins; and any person who holds Roosevelt's Ohio vote down to 75,000 has an absolute lack of knowledge of what Ohio will do. He is more likely to get 200,000 votes than 75,000—more likely, I said. The same conditions prevail in other states, in many other states.

Suppose, though, Mr. Taft shows unexpected strength and carries a number of states. And suppose Mr. Roosevelt carries a number of states. Then what? Right there the last contingency hinges. The Constitution says, in the twelfth amendment, after prescribing the familiar canvassing of the electoral vote by the Congress: "the person having the greatest number of votes for president shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as president, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the president. But in choosing the president the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a president, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the vice-president shall act as president, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the president. The person having the greatest number of votes as vice-president shall be the vice-president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the vice-president; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of president shall be eligible to that of vice-president of the United States."

### *Some Constitutional Possibilities*

THE Sixty-second Congress is Democratic by numbers in the House of Representatives, and nominally Republican in the Senate. But the states in the House are equally divided politically. There are twenty-two states where the majority of the delegation is Republican, and twenty-two where the majority of the delegation is Democratic, with four states where the delegation is equally divided and where no vote could be cast, inasmuch as each state is entitled to but one vote, as provided in the Constitution. On the face of it this would make election impossible by the House of Representatives, unless some combination that does not seem feasible now could be made; and this would throw the election into the Senate, nominally Republican but in reality having a badly split Republican majority. The present House of Representatives, which goes out of existence on March fourth next, would make the first try. Then, after March fourth, when a number of new senators will be sworn in, changing the complexion of the Senate to a degree, there would be an attempt to elect a vice-president who would act as president. Just what the changes in the Senate will be cannot be told until after the elections, but there are great possibilities of a mix there too; and some possibility, in case neither Wilson, Taft nor Roosevelt gets a majority of the electors, that Secretary of State Knox might act as president until a new election could be arranged under the law of succession.

This is largely hypothetical, of course, but it is a possibility of the situation and worthy of consideration. The election might break this way. No one need be surprised if it does; nor need there be any astonishment if it does not.

In a general way Roosevelt is held to be stronger in the West, and Taft is thought to have most strength in the East. They claim Roosevelt will get more votes west

(Continued on Page 38)

Who Will Go "Bust"?

# The Redemption of Fullback Jones

## By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"Isn't it a Peach of a Buck! Watch Him. That's Where I am Playing Today!"

AND then on this Saturday afternoon, just a week before the big game, the varsity, thought to be at the very height of its development and brought out, as it were, to parade its perfection in a last brilliant rehearsal, was played to a standstill by the light boys of Amherst. The coaches, silently desperate on the sidelines, saw their strongest formations go to smash, tricks muddled, reliable men failing at the crisis, and the team, outwitted and outgamed, stick soddenly in the mud as though paralyzed within the meshes of a bad dream. The minutes passed, changes were made, things were worse. At the last the little eleven, alert as catamounts, scenting victory like blood, whirled about the varsity like leaves on a gale, backed it up against its goal, and failed to score only because of the dead-weight of the mass they sought to move. The rooters, whose shouts had become mere mournful squawks, descended the bleachers slowly; and immediately there started through campus and hall the rumor of a big shakeup.

But of all the disappointments of the day, that inflicted by Fullback Jones had been the worst. All through the season, mindful of his wonderful work of last year, the coaches had plotted the entire campaign about that man's charging strength. And today ——

For the first half of the game every one had waited patiently—at the beginning with assurance; then with touch of doubt—to see him get started. He always began a game thus—a little quietly, placing coolly and with precision his big bulk at the threatened point, attacking without aggressiveness. But, little by little, a small coal within him would redden, burst into flame, heat his blood; and, as if another being, as if possessed of some devil, shaking his head, he charged and charged, going with horizontal back into knots of men and coming out at the other side in one of those bucks which from delirious bleachers had won him the name of Ram-em-to-ell Jones.

This time he had never gotten started. He seemed pasted to the muddy field; clods of it, carried on his feet, looked like tons; and whenever he reached the hostile line his great bulk collapsed immediately, inert and limp.

It was a disheartening performance. The coaches, meeting round a table after the game, looked at each other aghast.

. . . . . .

At dinner at the training-quarters Ram-em-to-ell Jones became aware of a sepulchral gloom about him. The squad was downcast, as a whole. Little was said. Now and then, in some vague hope of being contradicted, some one murmured: "I was rotten today; rotten!"—and then wished he had not spoken as the others continued to eat stolidly without looking on the right or left. Each time, though, somehow at that word "rotten" Jones felt as if the attention of all were converging upon himself.

He knew in a way that he had played badly, but could not have told how badly nor why. The mind within his big body was a bit slow. He was not analytic and not very articulate. Besides, a slight haze which had been about him during the game still wrapped him. After the meal he went soon to bed.

His roommate, Midge White, captain of the scrubs, had been allowed to go home for a sister's wedding. Jones was alone. Twice, undressing, he turned to White's bed with a puzzled question, and then remembered the bed was empty. He threw himself upon his own and was asleep right away. He slept heavily, without a break, until late, and then remained in bed long, his sore body relaxed, his mind idle. When he got up it was to see a fine drizzle drifting across the empty football field. The gaunt goalposts looked cold; the unpainted bleachers glistened wetly; the sight thickened a dim discouragement upon him already; he decided not to go out. In the hearth of the hall a fire was burning clear. He established himself before it and lounged there the day long. At intervals he opened a book, but made no headway. He lost himself in the innumerable pages of the Sunday paper and twice went to sleep. Again he was in his room early, and this time, as he saw the empty second bed, thought clearly that he would be glad when The Midge should be back. Perhaps they could talk about the game.

When he rose Monday morning it was to face with distaste a day full of recitations and lectures. Always, at this time of the season, this distaste came to him. He went out, however, mechanically; and all morning, in classroom, on campus, he felt about him an atmosphere similar to that of the training table. Here and there, usually, some one slapped him affectionately on the back; groups stood aside with covert glances of admiration. But today he was surrounded by a vast and subtle disapproval—no one slapped his back; friends evaded him or, when caught, affected not to talk football; and every one seemed a bit withdrawn, leaving him solitary in a circle. "The deuce!" he growled several times, angry with this thing he could not quite realize and could not fight, stirred by a dim sense of injustice; and more clearly than ever came the wish to see Midge White again.

He saw him finally in the afternoon on the field. He had put on his suit slowly, looking through a window the while at the goalposts, hazy behind the cold drizzle, and thinking he would like anything better than to go out upon the grid that night and sickeningly crash into whirling elbows and hard knees. All about him the others were dressing. They were nervous; they expected a viperish talk from the coaches, a driving blue-Monday practice. To their surprise, though, they were not called together; the coaches did not speak to them; they straggled out upon the sodden field.

White had not yet appeared, but at last, as the practice was about to begin, he came running up, his noseguard dangling at his belt. He saw Jones from afar and threw him a smile; the big fellow felt as though over him there had passed a glint of sun; all distaste for the day's work left him suddenly.

All were gathering round the head coach now. Jones, a bit on the outskirts, standing massive and tall, could see over heads the coach in the center. In a minute the coach would call out the names of the varsity for the day. For over a month now, these names every afternoon had been the same; the varsity was fixed and the calling of its roll but a ceremony.

He began to call. First, the center; then the two guards, the two tackles, the ends, the quarter; the two halves. There remained to be named but the fullback. He paused. Jones, on the point of stepping forward, held himself. The next moment he was glad he had done so. The coach had called out: "Sterling!" And Sterling, Jones' understudy, panting a bit with emotion, had taken his place behind the crouching line.

Immediately the varsity eleven, to the call of its quarter, went on down the field in signal practice. The group about the coach dissolved; straggling, they went toward the sidelines. Jones followed. "What's up now?" he asked himself hazily. He had made the team in his second year; for the last two seasons, every afternoon, as a matter of course, he had been called to the varsity. "They'll put me in next period," he said to himself. The men walking at his sides kept their eyes on their shoes reflectively, as if discreetly abstaining from giving their opinion of the measure taken. They took their places—to them familiar—along the sideline, and Jones, drawing a blanket tight about him, knelt with them in the slanting drizzle. "What's up?" he thought again; and then: "They'll put me in next period." The coach had announced that they would have four periods instead of the usual two halves.

The practice began. Jones amused himself observing Midge White leading his scrubs.

He was a little fellow, incredibly light for the game. He had bright eyes; they were always in movement like a bird's; they saw everything, and instantly his lithe body would be in the right place, doing the right thing unerringly. There was in his voice a clarion quality, and when he bit off savagely the numerals of his signals the whole long scrubline's back arched up like a mad cat's and the varsity looked out. In spite of his qualities, on account of his lack of weight it was a dogma with coaches that he would not do in a big game.

Ram-em-to-ell Jones watched him with tenderness and with some of the amusement a big man feels toward a little one. There was something funny about the constant peering movement of the little fellow's head, about the vibration of his tense body like a fox-terrier's above a hole. But there was also something admirable in the strategy of his leadership, in the way he dived head first into monstrous masses of heavy, twined men, in the manner in which, at bad moments, with his brazen voice he rallied his scrubs. Jones' first period on the sideline passed without much irk.

The elevens came to standstill for a first rest. The men, smoking like wet hay, stood with feet apart, muscles relaxed, in attitudes of tired horses, while trainers ran to them with dripping sponges. Then the whistle blew and the mêlée recommenced. No changes of men had been made; Sterling was still at full; Jones on the sideline.

Again he glued his eyes upon his little chum; but somehow this time his interest would not stay there. There were moments when the field disappeared, when he saw nothing, and his being was concentrated upon a statement. "They'll put me in next period," he said stubbornly; "they'll put me in next period."

But the third period came and he remained on the sideline. He was not noticing White now; he saw the play upon the field but dimly. The drizzle had penetrated his blanket; he was cold. He shifted his knee from the small puddle it had made, sinking, little by little, in the mud. A bewilderment possessed him, at the bottom of which lay a fear he would not face. "What did they mean? What were they going to do?" Hungrily he began to watch Sterling who held his place, envying him the warmth of his blood, the suppleness of his heated muscles, the pouring sweat of his face, the taste of crashing charges. "They'll put me in next period," he said to himself, and, in spite of himself, doubted.

It was now the rest preceding the last period. The coach was making changes. Men were toiling wearily toward the dressing rooms; Jones noted that Sterling was among them. The coach passed along the sideline; his eyes were searching the humble group as if for one he needed. They came to Jones and then suddenly went blank. They seemed focused far behind him; they refused him existence. "Kling!" the coach called sharply—and Kling, with a bound, was upon the field to take Sterling's place.

The scrimmage began again for the last period. It swayed to and fro upon the trampled gridiron; behind the slanting drizzle it was very far; and slowly from the low skies the night oozed down upon it. It ended; the men, sagging, went toward the dressing rooms; the silent group about Jones dissolved, disappeared. But he remained there a moment, one knee in the mud, his empty eyes upon the empty field. Finally he shook himself and got up. Within the stupefaction that enveloped him there now lurked, not to be subjugated, a cold fear. This was Monday; on Saturday came the final big game of the season—the last of his career—the game with Harvard. Would he be on the team for the game with Harvard?

That night, in his room with White, he wanted to speak to his roommate of the situation, but somehow could not; and he felt that White also wanted to speak, and to do so awaited from him only the slight hint he could not give. So that, after a while, each went to bed without having said what he wanted to say.

The next day—Tuesday—passed as the Monday. About the classrooms, the campus, Jones carried with him an embarrassment, a shame almost, which made him still more taciturn than usual. Round him he felt a carefully

preserved indifference, a sort of withdrawal as of witnesses refusing their opinions, which made him sullenly resentful. And then in the afternoon, on the field, he was left again on the sideline. For an hour and a half he—once the acclaimed—remained there, kneeling in the cold, shivering, abandoned and forgotten.

He made a rapid and desperate calculation. The Tuesday was now gone. On Friday, certainly, there would be no lineup. Another day on the sideline—and it was all over for him.

That night, though, White broke the silence. For an hour, as Jones sat beneath the lamp pretending to scan a book, he had been feeling the little fellow's eyes curious upon him. And no sooner were the two in bed than across the darkness White's clear voice came in pointed question:

"What was the matter with you Saturday? What the deuce was the matter with you?"

Lying on his back, Ram-em-to-ell Jones let his mind wander toward the game in distaste and bewilderment.

"I don't know," he said at length heavily; "I don't know."

"Why didn't you get started? Why didn't you buck? You were like a wooden man. Why didn't you ram into them?"

White's voice contained an insistence like the buzz of a mosquito. Jones tried to evade it—to escape the effort it demanded of him.

"I don't know," he repeated; "I tell you I don't know."

But the small man's voice rose again, pitiless:

"Come, there was something the matter. You bucked like a mushbag. What was the matter? Were you afraid—afraid of those kids? Afraid they'd hurt you?"

"I'm no quitter," growled Jones deeply; and, disgusted, turned his face to the wall and his back to White in what he meant to be the end of the dialogue. But suddenly he found himself saying: "The first time I waded in I struck a brick wall."

"A-ha!"

The exclamation, drawn out, seemed to hang suspended in the air a long time; and, as if it had been a light, it now made clearly visible to Jones what he had felt but obscurely.

"I struck a regular brick wall," he said loudly and, in his interest for what he was analyzing, sat up briskly in bed. "The first time I waded in I struck a brick wall. And the second time, when I went in harder, again I struck a brick wall. And the third time, ditto. After that ——" He was silent.

"After that ——" prompted White's voice.

"Well, after that I couldn't. I couldn't—that's all! I'd say to myself: 'Now you are going into them!'—and then couldn't. I couldn't make myself do it. I couldn't, that's all!"

"Humph!"

After this grunt there was a long silence. Jones fell back on his bed and gazed upward into the darkness.

"He's overtrained," thought White. "He's overtrained and he quit." But he did not say it. Instead, after a while he said: "The thing is perfectly simple."

"What?"

"It's perfectly simple," White repeated. "You think a brick wall can't be bucked. A brick wall can be bucked like anything else. You've got to learn a brick wall can be bucked, Ram-em! The trouble is," he went on, "you've never been long enough on the scrub, and so you're not used to bucking brick walls. If you had been on the scrub as long as I have you would be. And windmills, and carts and locomotives too. You gentlemen of the varsity are too luxurious; you renig at brick walls!"

Ram-em-to-ell, huge on his bed, bore the little man's taunts in silence.

"What you have to learn is that you can buck a brick wall—and you've got to learn it p. d. q. too. A brick wall is like anything else—you smash into it, and it doesn't give way; you smash into it harder and it doesn't yield. You keep on smashing—ten times, twelve times, a hundred times, harder and harder. Then you feel it go back the weentiest bit. You smash in harder still; it gives some more—and you're in clover, shoving that brick wall all over the field. That is what you have to learn. Say, Ram-em, do you ever pray?"

An inarticulate rumble came from the big man.

"Well," chirped The Midge, "here is your prayer for tonight and every night till the end of the season: 'I can buck a brick wall.' When first I was on the scrub, and so sore and sick of it that I couldn't see straight, I'd say to myself, going to sleep: 'Oh, but this is a beautiful game! Oh, but this is a beautiful game!' And, by Jove, the next day it was! Now say it: 'I can buck a brick wall.'"

"Rot!" said Jones in the darkness.

"'I can buck a brick wall,'" repeated White inexorably.

Jones gave a sigh.

"'I can buck a brick wall,'" he said with docility.

"That's right. Now go to sleep. 'I can buck a brick wall.'"

"'I can buck a brick wall.'"

Jones' eyes closed; in vision he was rammed to the shoulders within the crumbling mortar and cubes of a huge cathedral.

Suddenly he started, wideawake.

"White! White!"

"What is it?"

"What good does all this do me if they don't give me a chance? If they keep me on the sidelines tomorrow and the next—what good?"

"Don't worry," said The Midge; "you'll get your chance. I'll see to that—and maybe you'll wish you hadn't."

"But how?"

The Midge would not tell.

"You'll get your chance all right. Now say your prayer. 'I can buck a brick wall.'"

"'I can buck a brick wall,'" murmured the big fellow meekly—and went to sleep.

The morning of the Wednesday was passed anxiously. Jones clung to the memory of White's words: "You'll get your chance. I'll see to that." But, in spite of this, moments of sickening doubt passed over him like waves. In the afternoon he was uniformed and on the field early. He knew that there and then his fate would be decided. The coach formed the varsity—and again he placed Sterling at full, and completely ignored Jones, pale within his outward stolidity!

But from the sideline Ram-em saw Midge White go trotting to the coach with a question; his eyes focused upon the two. The coach, ear lowered, frowned long in ostentatious reluctance; then suddenly nodded a curt affirmative. White's right hand shot up in a signal, and Jones came pounding to him. "Take full on the scrub," said The Midge. And turning to the scrub, already lined up before him, he shouted: "We've got Ram-em with us today, fellows. Going to raise a little something eh, what?"

The men in the line, the halves at his side—all turned to Jones. He saw a grin of welcome flit down all the faces and immediately felt warm within him.

White was whispering to him: "Now's your show—your last show. You've got to buck the stuffing out of the varsity. Remember that brick wall!"

He turned his face to the sky and clarioned a signal; the scrub glided forward. It went up and down the field twice, rehearsing its attacks, then spread across the center of the gridiron for the kick-off.

For the first half of the practice the varsity kept the ball and the offense almost constantly. Jones, from the beginning, was astonished at the tremendous weight of the attacks he had to meet. The lighter scrubline afforded him little screen; it would part, ripped like so much cloth, and then a compact mass of heads and shoulders came at him with a force behind it weirdly inhuman. The first time he dived too soon, and he felt the living catapult, hundred-legged, walk along his spine, along his legs, and on; the second time he threw himself too late, and was forced back slowly and irresistibly until his head touched his heels. Then he timed his maneuver and, placing his great bulk with precision at the apex of moving forces, spilled buck after buck. Yet every once in a while, in spite of all he could do, his arms full of legs he could not quite paralyze, he felt himself dragged along like a rag for two yards, three yards, five yards.

At times, also, the varsity backs got away round one of the ends, and then it was Midge White who, trotting forward, alert as a bantam, made a long, low leap and downed the runner, again saving the goal. Thus fighting desperately, kicking the ball whenever they obtained it, the scrubs held the varsity for twenty minutes, and only then allowed them a lone touchdown.

After the rest, Jones' work grew more serious.

The head coach lined up the two teams thirty yards from the varsity's goal. He gave the ball to the scrubs and announced that instead of the usual three downs he would allow them four downs to make each five yards. "Score on 'em!" he shouted, leaping to and fro behind the scrubs, slapping their backs encouragingly. "Go on, scrubs, beat them to pieces!" He sprang agilely behind the varsity. "Don't let them score, varsity!" he cried. "Don't let them gain an inch! Tear 'em to pieces; rip 'em up; kill 'em!"

And the scrubs, putting their shoulders close, began to attack the varsity. The Midge led them shrilly. His voice, signaling, sent shivers of determination along their backs; the numbers cracked like whips—and he bucked Jones ruthlessly, using him as if he were a machine, battering the varsity with him. His eyes, roaming constantly along the hostile line, picked the weaker places, seconds of inattention; whenever before the central attacks the varsity bunched too close, he sent a half round the end, forcing them to deploy. Then again he rammed with Jones.

At his first attack Ram-em-to-ell met exactly what he had met in his first attack in his last game—something hard, sickeningly hard, hurting not only the body, which it jarred from scalp to toe, but also the soul, in that it held not the slightest promise of altering, in that it seemed as firm and unshakable as a natural law. But somehow the discouragement of the other day did not seize him this time. Something had happened since; something he had no time to remember, but that made a difference. Again he shot forward; again he rebounded from an adamant resistance. And this time he remembered—'I can buck a brick wall.' "'I can buck a brick wall,'" something shouted within him. And, lowering his head, his horizontal back rigid as an iron bar, his feet drumming the earth behind him, he shot forward again.

"That's right, varsity," cried

*Jones Tripped, Stamped, Recovered, and Was Across the Last Line*

the coach. "Varsity ball!" Jones had not gained a foot. "Keep the ball, scrubs! Try it again!" the coach went on. He came behind the scrubs. "Score on 'em," he whispered fiercely; "beat 'em to pieces!" He leaped back behind the varsity. "Hold 'em, varsity! Not an inch! Rip 'em up! Kill 'em!"

And the scrubs again threw themselves upon the varsity. Jones bucked, and was stopped; bucked harder, and was stopped; bucked harder, and was stopped; then at his fourth charge felt, as he met the line, the slightest yielding—a tremor as of some coming disintegration, which put a fierce joy in his heart.

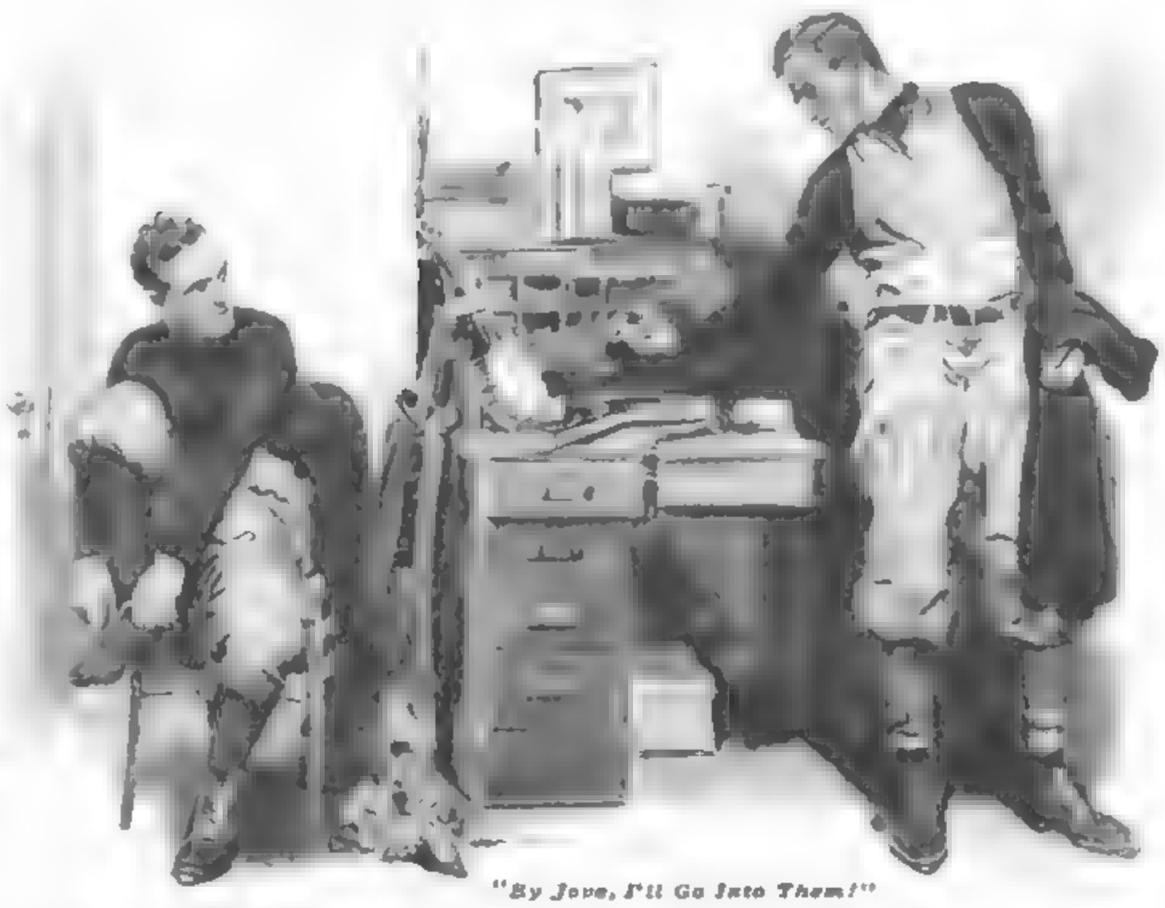
"Varsity ball!" cried the coach. "Keep the ball, scrubs!"

For the first attack, this time, White, seeing the varsity too compact before him, sent a half round the end; the varsity was caught napping; the scrubs gained a yard. Then, the varsity being well spread, the signal called on Jones.

He crashed into the line again, and again this time felt a slight yielding. He went in again; this time the line was once more tight. He went in again, with a grunt. To his own surprise the resistance gave way before him as a notch that had slipped; immediately there was another check, which again broke; and then, as through a curtain parting before him, Jones flashed free and, tripped by his own tremendous impetus, went to the ground, spinning like a spent shell.

"Scrub ball; first down!" bellowed the coach, furious. "What's the matter, varsity? Can't you stop those scrubs?"

Jones, within himself, was beginning to feel a trepidation like that of a boiler making steam. His muscles, warmed,



"By Jove, I'll Go Into Them!"

were like long, resonant elastics, and a madness was in his brain. Like a bull, he charged and charged; and now the varsity with a sort of dazed helplessness, as of some big man a little too fat and being hit too low, began to back before the despised scrubs.

Jones made the requisite five yards in the next four bucks. It was terrible work, for as yet he could gain but little. He must go in with his full strength, fight as long as possible on his feet, though the pressure increased upon his back, and then, downed, claw the earth with cleat, toe, knee and nail for a few more precious inches. Thus, a few feet at a time, he gained five yards, then five more. Twice, now, he was stopped short. An end run relieved him and, getting loose, a pack on his back, about his legs, with great sobbing lunges he staggered by two white lines.

"Stop 'em; hold 'em; kill 'em!" implored the coach, of the varsity.

Here, not five yards from a touchdown, the brick wall reformed. Thrice Jones' head, striking against it, bent down upon his chest, while his feet, drumming behind, remained in place. And then he shot through as if he were a beam on the shoulders of a hundred men. "Touchdown!" cried the coach. "Touchdown, varsity—oh, you dubs!"

"Thirty-yard line again," he shouted after a minute

The scrubs, taking the ball to the thirty-yard line, again began an attack on the varsity; and Jones, foot by foot, won his way to a second touchdown.

"Thirty-yard line again," snarled the coach, raging.

Jones now had gotten started. An exultant warmth was in his veins; his nerves, anesthetized, felt neither pain nor shock; the bleachers, the skies, the earth, had disappeared, leaving him in the center of a vacuum of concentration, in which existed only a resistance he must pierce and white lines he must gain. And White calling on him ruthlessly, he rammed and rammed and rammed. Sometimes he made his five yards in four lunges, hammering the varsity back bit by bit, with an action regular and ponderous as

(Continued on Page 57)

# THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

## By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE red-faced man, who was so bald-headed that one could almost see his brains, swung his shining silk hat in frantic circles and pounded Anthony T. Bunch on the shoulder with more enthusiasm than one would expect from a perfect stranger. "Didn't I tell you!" he demanded of Anthony T. Bunch and of the world in general. "Didn't I say that Billy Bang would make your Uncle Steele McCann a rich person! Watch that boy take the turn! Everybody on the field get ready to pay me!"

Anthony Bunch, who was thick and grizzled and had short whiskers all over his bulldog jaw, watched young Billy Bang whir six feet up the embankment in his low racer, pass on the curve the only car that remained ahead of him, and shoot down to the level track again with a lead he did not intend to relinquish.

"He's a fine driver," admitted the experienced Mr. Bunch, who had made his big fortune on sheer judgment.

Steele McCann, whose pudgy figure was encased in a most fashionably tailored gray cutaway, turned indignant eyes on Mr. Bunch.

"A fine driver!" he protested. "He's a *grand* driver! He's a grand anything! Billy Bang could give the handicap of a broken leg and win a fancy skating contest!"

"You seem to think a great deal of young Bang," remarked the solid Mr. Bunch with a quiet smile, as he watched the two leading machines on the far stretch of the track.

"I'd like to have been his mother," responded Mr. McCann enthusiastically. "Look at him pull away from that Frenchman! Two more laps and I'm going to borrow a suitcase and start collecting. You didn't give me a bet, did you?"

"Hardly," returned Mr. Bunch. "Are you well acquainted with Mr. Bang?"

"He's seen the picture in my watch," accurately explained the man in the fashionable garments. "Outside of that I don't think he has a dollar."

"Hunh!" grunted Mr. Bunch reflectively. "Has he any occupation?"

"Spending father's estate—but I think he's about out of a job," advised Mr. McCann with regret in his tone. "I'm sorry, too, for it's a joy to see that boy waste money."

Both men paused to watch the leading car flash by. Billy Bang sat in it, almost effeminately handsome, with his brown hair waving in the wind, driving his low racer as nonchalantly as if he were going somewhere to tea, and he even turned his head a moment to nod in answer to the swelling cheers from the clubhouse porch.

"How do you know he's broke?" inquired the grizzled man, noting that the Frenchman in the green sweater was dropping hopelessly back.

"Half a dozen ways, but the best is the old women," returned McCann. "I chase Billy to all these fussy country clubs, and the girls flock round him like chickens at corn-time. Well, whenever one of these wattled old daughter-brokers catches Myrtle with Billy Bang, she turns onion-top green and breaks up the party."

Mr. Bunch laughed and then he pondered on McCann's statement.

"Yes, I've watched him with ladies in the past week," he mused. "I don't see how he could have spent all of his father's estate."

"It takes a bright kid to do it," boasted Billy's friend McCann. "At that, I think old man Walker put the bee on him for a few figures."

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Bunch. "I suppose young Bang will have to go to work."

"Do you know where he could get a job?" McCann instantly wanted to know.

"What can he do?" inquired the older man with a smile.

"Spend money," answered Steele promptly. "And even outside of that I'll back him to do anything he tackles. Do you know Billy?"

"I knew his father," acknowledged Mr. Bunch. "Old William Bang and myself used to bankrupt each other once in a while, but the son isn't much of a business man, from what I gather."

"He's a blamed fool!" heartily agreed McCann. "He's such a boob that all the con men think he's stringing them. Say, by-the-way, you're keeping pretty close cases on him. I saw you at the meet where he broke the amateur aëroplane record, at the swimming match, at the billiard tournament, and at half a dozen other places where Billy's popular," and he looked at the stranger with sudden suspicion.

"I've been trying to find out when he sleeps," chuckled Bunch.

Both men paused again to watch the tame finish of the race, which consisted of Billy's shooting past the judge's stand insultingly far ahead of his nearest competitor.

When the victor finally edged his way through the circle of his clamorous admirers he found the stocky Anthony T. Bunch at the circumference, and recognized him as a man whose features had become vaguely familiar of late.

"Can you spare a minute for a business chat, Mr. Bang?" inquired Bunch briskly.

"Business?" puzzled Billy. "That's so"—he smiled engagingly—"Walker did tell me I'd have to become commercial," and he led the way to the clubhouse baths, where he stalked into his dressing room and left Bunch to block the door. "I'll be perfectly frank with you. I don't know a thing about business, so I shall have to leave everything to you."

Mr. Bunch smiled with satisfaction.

"That's a good beginning," he stated. "I understand you're broke, Mr. Bang."

"Oh, yes," acknowledged Billy with a pained expression; "so my man of affairs tells me. Walker wouldn't even let me have money yesterday to clear off my running accounts, let alone buy a new car. I think I shall have to let him go."

"He's gone," sagely opined Mr. Bunch. "How much do you owe?"

"A little less than a thousand," and Billy, pulling off his sweater, examined an incipient hole in it with much regret.

"According to that you'll have to go to work pretty soon," suggested the older man.

"Yes," laughed Billy. "I rather like the idea. Trouble is, I'd have to begin at the bottom somewhere, and they tell me it's rotten uncomfortable."

Mr. Bunch surveyed the tall and particularly agreeable Billy with considerable of interest. The boy was as big an ass as he had thought. Old Persimmon Walker must have had fine picking, plucking the feathers of this youngster; and the fun was not over yet.

"You don't have to begin at the bottom if you go into a line with which you are perfectly familiar," observed Bunch. "I've come to offer you a position in your specialty."

"Good!" exclaimed Billy. "I didn't know I had one. What is it?"

"Spending money."

Billy laughed.

"I don't believe I even know how to do that well," he ruefully admitted. "They tell me I'm so injudicious about it."

"That's just what I need," declared Mr. Bunch—"an injudicious money-spender. I have a very attractive daughter. Naturally there are a number of young men who want to marry her, but I don't think they'll do. Besides, I have plans of my own for her. We sail for Europe

tomorrow, and on the other side there's another flock of nice fellows who want their debts paid. They'll chase us all over the place. Now I want you to take complete charge of this trip; I want to lose these fellows, and I want to wear the restlessness out of my daughter."

Billy smiled and then he frowned.

"Sort of courier and pacemaker," he commented without much enthusiasm.

Bunch regarded him shrewdly.

"I don't think you see the point," he observed. "If you accept this position you will travel as the head of the family. You'll go where you please, just so you keep going, and you're not to consider expenses. Your profit on the job will be five thousand dollars and all bills paid."

Billy pondered a moment, and a steadily increasing sparkle came into his eyes.

"What time do you sail?"

"On the Kaisertania at one o'clock tomorrow. I've bought your tickets."

Billy looked startled for a moment and then he smiled.

"Did you secure accommodations for my man?" he nonchalantly asked.

Bunch laughed.

"How careless," he admitted. "Perhaps you'll get your man to look after that himself. By-the-way, there's another thing I might mention. You spoke of needing some money. Walker refused you a thousand dollars. I'll give you that much for your remaining interest in your father's estate."

Billy pondered that matter with drawn brows, and Mr. Bunch looked at him anxiously. The result of Billy's worry came out presently.

"That's very kind of you," he stated; "but really I'm afraid it would be most unfair. I know Walker quite well, and I'm sure your thousand dollars would be almost a total loss."

Mr. Bunch, whose eyes had been narrowed, chuckled with relief.

"Don't worry about any gamble of mine," he advised.

*II*

NATURALLY Honoria was called Honey because her name was Bunch. She was a jolly person who was perpetually laughing and friendly with every living creature, and the nickname was inevitable. There were flowers aboard the steamer for Honey Bunch, candy for Honey Bunch, fruit, a cunning little basket of champagne, and every other imaginable parting token, in addition to a mob of young people which looked like a frat convention. There were girls in fluffy frocks, and tall young men who could laugh cheerfully at nothing; and the still unintroduced Billy Bang, in the background, reflected that he was becoming fearfully old not to know any of these nice young chaps. He was twenty-six, and his vast age impressed him tremendously as he watched Miss Honoria Bunch chattering madly in the vain attempt to say to twenty people all that she might have been going to say in the next six months.

Over at the edge of the group, squeezed in against the rail, was a plump woman in a foulard sailing gown, whom Billy instinctively knew to be Mrs. Bunch by the worried look on her face.

Billy, wondering when he was to begin his duties as the head of the family, at last brightened with relief as he saw Anthony T. Bunch hurry on board, and he met his employer at the top of the gangplank.

"Come along, Bang," invited Bunch hastily without even pausing to shake hands, and he headed straight for the Bunch family. He bulked his way into the center of the madly chattering group surrounding his daughter and observed to her and his wife: "I'll meet you in London. I have to wait over for a week or so." He crowded through and kissed his astounded wife and daughter. "Goodby. Have a good time!" and he turned to give Billy his instructions.

"The tickets and money and things, Daddy Bunch?" his agile-minded daughter called to him.

"That's all fixed," he told her, thrusting a thick roll of bills and some papers into the hands of Billy. "Bang, I'll arrange to have you draw on the Fidelity Market Bank for whatever you need. My dear"—to his wife—"this is Mr. Bang, who is to take my place as the head of the family on this trip. Honey, just a minute. This is Mr. Billy Bang, who will be a father to you until I rejoin you."

Honey looked inquiringly up into the eyes of Billy Bang; then she smiled and shook hands most cordially.

"Welcome, father," she greeted him, while Mrs. Bunch gasped.

"Why, Tom!" she protested in a shocked whisper. "Have the stranger come over with you. Young Branton and Vin Gallory are aboard and they'll look after us."

"You'll find Bang handy," he urged. "Besides, I've excellent reasons for wanting him in Europe as soon as possible."

"Oh, business," she said resignedly.

The ship's bell rang sharply and the whistle suddenly let go with a deafening blast that quivered the big ship.

"Visitors ashore!" ordered the deck officers.

"Goodby!" cried Daddy Bunch, and hurried down the gangplank, followed by a stream of home people. Two of the tall young men who had been particularly attentive to Honey Bunch remained by her side. It was quite evident that they were sailing on the same steamer.

Billy, who had edged one of the tall young men out of place, became aware of a bald-headed person who was frantically trying to get past the guards and up the gangplank. He was red-faced, dressed in a fashionably tailored gray cutaway, and swung a shining silk hat in one hand while he mopped his glistening scalp with the other. He fought manfully to get on the ship, but was worsted in the encounter and, catching the eye of Billy, made frantic signals with his silk hat and his handkerchief and both arms and yelled some quite meaningless words. Suddenly he had an intelligent idea, and wrote a hasty note, which he sent aboard by a shovel-jawed Bavarian who was carrying the last piece of luggage. As the ship was leaving the dock the note reached Billy. He read:

"Come ashore quick. Old Anthony Bunch used to skin your father, and now he's skinning you.

"STEELE MCCANN."

*III*

HENRY WALKER was a lean, lank man, with a nose like a razor and eyes that sat far back under shaggy gray brows. These brows tangled themselves into little twists of wire when he heard the name of Anthony T. Bunch.

"Show him in," he directed, and unconsciously settled himself more firmly in his chair. He had been quite comfortable, but now, though he brightened with pleasure, he straightened his back and tilted his chin.

"Hello, Henry," greeted Bunch, striding forward and taking a chair, into which he solidly plumped himself.

"Hello, Anthony," greeted Walker, and shoved his inkstand back.

"You haven't had a formal settlement of the estate of the late William Bang," observed Mr. Bunch, making a statement rather than asking a question.

"Well, no; not formally," replied Mr. Walker lightly, and set his inkstand a little farther to the right.

"Is there anything to settle?" inquired Bunch.

"Well, hardly," returned Walker with a thin-lipped smile, and shoved his inkstand to the left. "Young Mr. Bang has been extremely reckless and extravagant, and the only thing that remains in the settlement of his estate is to have him verify my accounts and release me from my stewardship."

"I'm glad it's so easy," commented Bunch; "because I'm going to look after the settlement myself."

Mr. Walker set the inkstand entirely off his blotting pad.

"I prefer to deal with Mr. Bang direct," he stated. "In any event, I must see him before discussing his affairs with any one."

"Mr. Bang sailed for Europe this afternoon, Henry," observed Mr. Bunch kindly. "Besides, he has nothing to do with it. He has just sold his interest in the Bang estate. I bought it."

Mr. Walker swallowed twice.

"And you sent him to Europe immediately," he mused.

"I am killing two birds with one stone," chuckled Bunch. "I like to combine business with business."

"Well, Anthony, I always did say that you knew a thing or two about handling a bargain, but this time my respect for you receives a jolt," Walker decided to say quite airily.

Mr. Bunch chuckled again.

"You never saw the day you could play poker with me," he reminded Billy Bang's steward. "Henry, you're scared stiff right this minute because you know I'm going to lift your scalp. You may as well tell me what choice little morsel there is hidden away among the fragments of the Bang estate, because I'm going to find out."

"If you find anything I wish you'd tell me," Walker requested, holding tight. "I'd like to be in on it. I've had to accept part of the estate as my fees."

"You didn't pick it with your eyes shut," retorted Bunch. "I know there's some undeveloped coal land in the parcel, but I think there's something bigger. I'm giving you the first chance to help me get a fair accounting of my property."

Mr. Walker drew his inkstand to him and studied its contents deeply.

"There's nothing I can help you in," he determined finally.

"Then it's worth going after," concluded Bunch briskly. "Much obliged for the information, Henry," and he abruptly left the room, meeting the perspiring Steele McCann in the hall.

An hour later Henry Walker received a summons in the suit of Bunch vs. Walker.

*IV*

MIDWAY of the Atlantic Anthony T. Bunch received a wireless, and opened it just in front of the Marconi office on the boat deck. As he read it he became aware that some one was looking over his shoulder, and turning suddenly he confronted a gentleman built like a ripe pod. The gentleman was clad in immaculate white flannel and a white yachting cap, was red-faced and had a head so bald that it looked like the light at a subway entrance.

"Let me show you your mistake, McCann," offered Bunch, and folding

*"I'm So Glad You Caught Us Here, Because We've Decided to Go Back to Paris Tonight"*

back the bottom of the Marconigram he exhibited it. "You see, this is addressed to me and not to you."

"Oh, I got that," responded McCann easily and not at all abashed. "Also, I saw that we are to meet Billy's party in Berlin in place of London. I bet you a hundred we won't find him in Berlin."

"We?" queried Bunch. "Am I to have the pleasure of your companionship wherever I go?"

"Till we find Billy," explained Steele carelessly. "You're the only pipeline I have to Billy and, believe me, I'm a little old glue-pot for sticking round."

"Stick round then," invited Bunch cordially. "Now that I know I have you for keeps I can be cheerful about it. Suppose we have a drink."

"One each way," agreed Steele. "I'd rather be pleasant with you than to grouch, even if you are stringing my friend Billy."

"Is that the trouble?" said Bunch, and then he laughed. "What gave you that idea?"

"You," returned Steele frankly; "your record. Anybody that ever did business with you ended with a poultice. I've been shadowing you."

Bunch looked at him reflectively a moment and rubbed his fingertips into his grizzled beard.

"How about that drink?"

"I'll take a mint julep," decided Steele, and they headed for the smoking room.

The next day Bunch brought Steele a Marconigram.

"We're not to meet the party in Berlin, but in Vienna," he stated. "Here's Bang's message," and he passed it over.

"Bet you a hundred he won't be there," offered Steele.

"I'll take the other end of it," bargained Bunch.

Steele looked at him shrewdly.

"I wouldn't bet with you on any proposition you'd name yourself," he asserted.

On landing day Bunch came to McCann, chuckling.

"We get off at Cherbourg and run straight up to Paris!"

"I'm already packed," grinned Steele. "I'll stay packed till we find Billy. Bet you a hundred he isn't in Paris."

Bunch walked away smiling.

When they arrived at the familiar hotel Bunch found a note directing him to overtake the crowd at Vichy, and the note was signed "The Head of the Family."

They set out immediately.

When they alighted at Vichy Bunch stepped into the hotel bus, but Steele McCann found a cab-driver who could talk English.

"Where are all the sports?" he asked.

"Sports?" puzzled the driver. "Ah! The bullfight."

"That's it," agreed McCann, and jumped in the carriage.

When Bunch reached the hotel the only member of the party whom he found at home was Mother Bunch, who had two extra furrows in her brow. She threw herself into his arms with a glad cry of relief.

"Where's Honey?" he demanded.

"At the bullfight," she told him. "Tom, I'm dead!"

"I was afraid you would be," he sympathized. "How's Honey?"

"I don't see how she stands it," worried Mrs. Bunch. "She and Mr. Bang, however, are just as fresh and bright-eyed as ever—more so, I think. It's the *money*! I never dreamed such extravagance could exist! I'm so glad you've come to handle the family purse!"

"How do you find young Bang?" inquired her husband.

"I like him very much except for his unbelievable energy. Why, Tom, he's worse than Honey! He hasn't given any of us a chance to sleep! How long will he be with us?"

"I can't say exactly," considered Bunch. "I'm not quite through with him."

"You and your business," commented his wife, with a sigh. "However, you'll have to do the chaperoning for a while. There's one dreadfully bad feature I haven't mentioned. The party that started so beautifully in London is all breaking up. Honey had a most flattering escort of gentlemen who wanted to make things lively for her on the Continent, but they've had to drop out one by one to get some sleep. They were all eligible! I'm worried, Tom. We may be interfering with Honey's future."

Anthony Bunch suppressed a noise that sounded like a choke.

"How many are left?" he wanted to know.

"Only four," she fretted.

Anthony T. Bunch frowned severely.

"We'll have to look into this," he promised, and did not grin until he was by himself.

Just before dinner a big new seven-passenger touring car slammed up at the door, and every liveried attendant brightened and smiled and limbered his back, for the generous Monsieur Beelee had arrived! He came bounding into the place, accompanied by the rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed Honey Bunch and followed by four young men who strove to appear as jaunty as their clothing.

"Daddy Bunch!" cried Honey, and jumped into his arms.

He held her off and looked at her carefully.

"Well, how is my little girl?" he wanted to know.

"Having the time of my young life!" she heartily assured him. "I'm so glad you caught us here, because we've decided to go back to Paris tonight."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated her father. "Why, you just came from there. Besides, the only good train is gone."

"Special," commented Billy briefly, shaking hands with Mr. Bunch—"five cars. Luggage and auto car, state bedroom, diner, entertainment car and the sleeper for the boys."

"What's the sudden attraction in Paris?" asked Bunch.

"It's so far from Vichy," explained Honey. "We only came up for the bullfight; and honest, daddy, I wanted Father Billy to buy the arena, so I could burn it down. Have you seen the boys?"

"What chance have I had?" laughed her father and, walking over, he shook hands with that Branton fellow and Vin Gallory from back home, with Count Derevieux, of Versailles, and with the Duke Cascagni, of Rome. As he exchanged pleasantries with each gentleman he took interested notes. Young Branton, who was a thin-faced boy, had dark circles under his eyes; Vin Gallory, who was another thin-faced boy, had a tired droop to his lips which no amount of forced smiling could conceal; Count Derevieux, who wore a splendidly glistening beard, had blue puffs under his eyes; the Duke Cascagni, who was black-haired and black-mustached and as handsome a human creature as Anthony Bunch had ever seen, had lost the roses from his dark cheeks.

"Boys, I understand we're going back to Paris at once," observed Bunch when the greetings were finished.

*"I Want to Lose These Fellows, and I Want to Wear the Restlessness Out of My Daughter"*

He knew instantly from the general consternation that he was giving them some news. The two American boys, not being used to concealing their emotions, looked at each other and groaned audibly. The duke frowned slightly before he smiled. The count, who was a brave man, said immediately that he was delighted, and looked it every inch, except for that pitiful appeal in his eyes.

"You'll all be so tickled," Honey vivaciously assured them, joining the group with the Head of the Family. They had been conferring enthusiastically on certain details of the journey. "We're all ready to start, now that Daddy Bunch is here. We'll go right down to the train and dress for dinner while the luggage and the auto are being taken aboard. What do you suppose we're going to have? Father Billy has unearthed a Virginia mammy who wants to go home, and that's all I'll tell you about dinner. Besides that, he's picked up a stranded negro octette for the entertainment car, and after we get tired of them he has a roulette wheel, and we'll probably play till morning. Daddy, just think! Billy taught us how to shoot craps on the way up from Paris, and I broke the count. Wasn't that delightful!"

The count smiled and bowed and gave every evidence of extreme happiness, except for his mournful eyes.

"Billy, you're a good provider," approved Bunch. "There's one thing we must look out for however," and he turned grave. "We mustn't wear out Mother Bunch."

"That's why Father Billy put on the state bedroom," explained Honey eagerly. "He heard that there was such a thing in France and he wired for it to be sent right on up. It's a beauty! Mother Bunch can sleep like a top in that. Hurry up, boys, and get ready for the train. We'll start as soon as mother's ready."

"Did you get the money in Paris?" carelessly asked Billy, as Mr. Bunch walked over to the desk with him.

"I didn't know about any," puzzled Anthony T.

"It's some for which I cabled your bank, but I couldn't wait for it," explained Billy. "I got some more here by cable. Would you like to have my account?"

"Just the personal one," requested Bunch, making a grim note of the Paris money. "I understand that some of the contenders were weeded out in the preliminaries."

"Lord Cecil Cavanagh in London," reported Billy briefly. "He's subject to gout anyhow. Chummy Stanhope, who is really a nice chap, quit in Berlin. I think he ran out of funds. We lost a lot of others at various points, but those two were the only ones Honey missed."

"Good work," approved Bunch; "keep it up. Honey is not to marry a fortune-hunter."

Billy examined his hotel account with absorbed interest and paid it.

"By-the-way, did you see my man Walker?"

For an instant the eyes of Anthony T. Bunch contracted.

"Oh, yes; I saw him," he admitted with apparent indifference. "I don't think I shall lose anything."

A red-faced man in a natty suit of traveling tweeds, and with a double-visored tweed cap to match pushed on the back of his bald head, burst into the hotel and puffed hastily up to the two men.

"Don't sign any papers, Billy!" he shouted while still halfway across the lobby. "I fought everything but the bulls to get to you over at the show, but you slipped out ahead of me. This Bunch party is a frame-up!"

"Hello, Steele," greeted Billy. "What's the row?"

"Come here and I'll tell you," panted Steele, mopping his ball, and he dragged Billy into a little tearoom. "What kind of a bill of sale did you give old Bunch?"

"Blest if I know!" laughed Billy. "His lawyer handed me some papers and I signed them, then he gave me a thousand dollars."

"I'll bet you a hundred there's some way we can prove it a fraud," offered Steele. "We have to do it, because he gouged a thousand acres of land out of old Walker, and we have to clamp on to it. Now here's what you do. You're a blamed fool! You give me a power of attorney to act in your name and I'll go right back to New York and rock the island."

"But what's all the fuss about?" protested Billy. "The land he secured from Walker couldn't have been worth much. I'm fairly familiar with those bare hills."

"That's what I thought when I went up and looked at it, but if Bunch wants it there's a diamond mine in it."

"Is he so extremely shrewd?" reflected Billy.

Steele's earnestness was almost pathetic. "He skins everybody. I'd hate to be his undertaker."

"But I can't welch, Steele," protested Billy. "Anyhow, my bills are paid and I'm having a spectacular time."

Anthony Bunch found Honey rubbing the tiredness out of her mother's contracted brow with soft fingertips, and Mother Bunch smiled at the sight of him.

"I'm so glad you're here," she sighed happily. "I intend to retire the minute dinner is over, and I shan't wake up till we reach Paris. I wouldn't chaperon this crowd alone again for worlds and worlds!"

"Never mind, Mother Bunch," he gayly consoled her; "I'll promise you a glorious rest within a month."

He followed Honey into her own room.

"Well, girlie, you have a nice set of beaux chasing you over the landscape," he commented.

"They're the dearest fellows in the world!" she enthusiastically informed him. "Only"—and her tone was quite regretful—"only they're all so slow!"

## V

ANTHONY BUNCH, tiptoeing from the state bedroom where his wife was enjoying her first sound sleep since leaving New York, strolled back contentedly into the entertainment car, where the homesick jubilee singers, with tears in their voices, were harmonizing about the old plantation—the same being located somewhere near Fifty-third Street and Broadway. Bunch sat down by Billy.

"What's your itinerary, Bang?" he asked.

"An old red two-cent piece," confessed Billy. "Honey and I shoot it, heads or tails, to see which way we jump;

"Billy, I'm Tired," and Her Eyes Filled With Tears

and we reserve the privilege of changing our minds. Any particular place you'd like to go to, Mr. Bunch?"

"Not especially," responded Bunch comfortably. "If you happen into Milan, however, I'd like to explore the cathedral. I've never been inside of it."

"I'll speak to the chauffeur," promised Billy, and left the car. Honey went along to help.

Count Derevieux dropped into the vacant seat by the father of the American heiress.

"I am so happy to have you with us," he observed. "Shall you take charge of your party from now on?"

"Not unless we have an accident," stated Bunch with a chuckle. "I'm in for a good, lively rest, and Bang knows how better than I do. This train, for instance: I have the money to pay for it and the nerve to order it, but not the imagination to think of it."

The count, who came of a frugal ancestry, tried to comprehend that statement, but gave it up.

"Then Mr. Bang will decide where to go and how to go?"

Bunch chuckled.

"If it suits Honey," he supplemented.

As determinedly brave as he was, the count nevertheless sighed hopelessly.

"Then I should seize the first opportunity to talk with you, because we shall never be at rest long enough for a formal interview," he wisely decided. "We travel in the delightful American *tempo*. May I have the pleasure of a private conversation?"

"Certainly," granted Anthony T. Bunch, rising with alacrity; and leading the way to the sleeping car he ushered the count into one of the queer compartments. "Now let's get down to business."

"Business, no!" instantly repudiated the count. "About the business my agent will see you. Sir, I wish to make your daughter the Countess Derevieux. I love her devotedly—very much!"

The father of the heiress lit a big cigar and grinned.

"Tell Honey about it, Count," he smilingly advised, and headed back for the entertainment car. "It's none of my affair."

The count was overjoyed. He followed his prospective father-in-law quite jubilantly; so much so that the Duke Cascagni, who had watched his departure suspiciously, now glared at him enviously and, detaching the man of fortune at the first opportunity, took him back to the same compartment.

"You have a lovely daughter," he began, with a suavity and ease which the unpolished Bunch quite envied. "I am deeply in love with her. I wish to be allowed the privilege of addressing her with quite serious intentions. May I tell you something of the Cascagni family?"

"Tell it to Honey," advised Bunch, trying to study the duke with his daughter's eyes. After all she was a level-headed girl. "My daughter will pick out her own husband and I wouldn't interfere with her process of selection for all the coal land in America."

"Thank you," replied the duke dubiously. He was a good physiognomist. "Then I shall speak to Miss Bunch as soon as possible—before I seem old."

"Have you lost some sleep?" inquired Bunch with deceptive sympathy.

The duke rolled his fine eyes upward.

"I have not slept for a week," he declared. "I enjoy fervently your American mode of living a long time rapidly, but I cannot remain agreeable without rest. I do not look well when your daughter sees me. I have always looked well."

"Hard lines," agreed Bunch, who had made his millions by being able to feel well without sleep. However he could appreciate how the Duke's good looks were an asset. "Business is business after all," he conceded, and rejoined the crowd.

The duke went to his own compartment and shaved himself anew. He massaged his face with cold cream. He powdered himself. He brilliantined his mustache and his hair. He perfumed himself. Smiling, perfectly groomed, full of impressive graces, yet conscious that he could not throw out the quality of compulsion, he nevertheless threw his dice. Both time and occasion were slipping away. He presented himself in the entertainment car, and presently Honey Bunch and the duke were missing. They were not very long absent, and Honey Bunch returned quietly thoughtful. The duke, however, remained as debonair as ever. He was even more entertaining than usual; so much more so that the count, who knew him well, smiled and stroked his glossy beard.

Billy's man, Jimson, a wooden servant who carried Wappinghamshire round the world with him, at Billy's command turned the jubilee octette into a happier and more normal white-aproned existence and brought out the roulette table. Steele McCann joyously took the wheel like a professional. He made mistakes in paying off, but he had the voice. Anthony Bunch at last broke him, however, and the party, wondering what series of delays had kept them out of Paris, went to bed. This was at two-thirty A. M.

At four-thirty Billy awakened everybody in the men's car except Steele McCann, who played dead, and sent Jimson to awaken the ladies. Outside the car windows was a wonderful pastel of mountain peaks tinted in soft mauves and grays and buffs and pinks by the rising sun, and all this glowing palette of color was reflected in the waters of a crystal-clear cold lake.

It was the Duke Cascagni who first solved the enigma of that beautiful scene.

"It is the Swiss Alps!" he cried. "I thought we were on our way to Paris."

"Milan," corrected Billy jubilantly. "We'll stop there long enough for Mr. Bunch to climb to the cathedral roof, and then we'll go back to Paris."

The duke turned to him with a well-pleased smile. "I regret that I shall be compelled to leave the party in Milan," he observed, shaking up his pillows. "I find that I have business in Rome."

"There's no use in wasting a good cook," argued Billy. "Mammy's going to fix us some coffee and hot corn pone and some bacon and eggs. The strawberries meet us at this next stop."

"Thank you, no," refused the duke, pulling down his blinds and piling into bed. "Kindly have me called as we approach Milan."

The count, who was a brave man, put all of his strength into the task of dressing for breakfast, but when he sat down to lace his shoes he accidentally leaned against the head of his berth for a moment. Instantly his mournful eyes dropped shut, and locked!

Young Branton refused flatly and Vin Gallory with profanity to love fresh red strawberries in the Alps at the fool hour of four-thirty A. M. They needed sleep and they meant to have it. Branton even threw a shoe at the grinning Billy.

"It's a pity the poor boys couldn't be with us," observed Honey commiseratingly as she and Daddy Bunch and Father Billy dipped their cool, deep-tinted strawberries in the powdered sugar. "Isn't it a glorious morning!"

### VI

AT MILAN the duke, suave and smiling as ever and with the roses already beginning to return to his fretted cheeks, bade the party a pleasant goodby and crossed the name of Honey Bunch from his ledger of possibilities. The rest of the party took a carriage ride. Nobody but Daddy Bunch cared to be bored by the painted groining of the cathedral or by the climb to its roof. Steele McCann alighted with him however.

"I guess I'll take a fall out of this game too," he carelessly announced. "I know a bunch of touts at Fortieth Street that I can put it all over on with this."

Bunch looked at him with a trace of vexation, but said nothing until they were alone.

"I'll join you inside when I'm through with a little errand I have," he suggested, and started briskly away up the street.

"Wait a lap or so," called the pudgy Steele, hurrying after him. "I think I'll stretch my legs quite also. They feel like they don't reach the ground."

Bunch resignedly waited for him.

"If you weren't such an amusing cuss I'd lose you, Steele," he observed as they caught step.

"Bet you a hundred you don't," offered Steele, and discreetly kept his mouth shut for the remainder of the walk. He was watching Bunch think, and felt as baffled as a bird trying to weave a piece of barbed wire into a comfortable nest.

At the door of the cable office Bunch abruptly stopped.

"I'm going in here," he announced. "Excuse me for a moment."

"Good idea," approved Steele cordially. "I think I'll send a cablegram myself. I've never tried it."

He lined up in most friendly fashion at the desk, but Bunch suddenly ceased to be chummy. He wrote his cablegram in stingy secrecy.

The noontime passed, the afternoon waned, and Billy Bang could hardly placate the Italian government. Every fifteen minutes he handed money to somebody, for his special, headed for Paris, with steam up and with a right-of-way secured, had been scheduled to leave at two o'clock. Now it was four! For the first time since Billy had taken direction of the syncopated trip time lagged. The American boys, who had reached a certain definite conclusion, discovered that one of the jubilee singers could make marvelous mint juleps and that all of them answered promptly to the name of George; so, ensconcing themselves in the dining car, they accepted their fate with philosophy. Count Derevieux spent his time in getting off the train because it did not start and getting on again because it might. Honey Bunch and her brow-furrowed mother took four drives to the cathedral.

At six o'clock Mr. Bunch came hurrying down the platform and aboard, followed by the perspiring Steele McCann, whose collar was wilted and whose bald head was as red as a toy balloon.

"Get busy with your chauffeur, Bang," directed Bunch crisply. "We have to go to Naples as fast as we can get there."

"Fine!" said Billy with laughing approval, and without further questioning he headed for a red-capped man with a fourteen-inch beard.

The red-capped man, who had been in constant communication with Billy all afternoon, immediately held out his hand.

(Continued on Page 68)

"He Shine Everybody. I'd Hate to be His Undertaker"

# ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

## The Man Who Quit Stock Speculating

### By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

The Mercury Stood Near a Hundred

FOR about forty years I labored under the impression that New York was seven-eighths of the United States. I was born in New York and lived there until I grew a bald spot as big as a saucer. I had the Manhattan perspective.

I do not wish to detract from the glories of the metropolis. I still concede its proper measure of commercial greatness and I freely grant to Coney Island all that is claimed for it. For my native pavements I still feel an occasional yearn that causes me to pack my grip and go there for a week, along with my wife and twin girls. The old glamour flirts with me when I get mixed up in a subway homegoing crush, or when I come out of a show at eleven o'clock and look into the million flashing eyes of Longacre Square; but I sigh with relief when I get back again to my home in the West. I am glad to get out of that mad, overwhelming jumble of human activities.

And then, too, I have discovered that a living may be made outside of New York. I am making today seven or eight times as much as I ever earned in Manhattan; and I live in a house that would cost in New York—if such a place could be rented there at all—more than the average New York business man's total income.

My father was a broker—which sounds well and might in some cases mean all it sounds; but in our case—well, I shall get to that. Even when I was a little chap I was familiar with the language of Wall Street. At dinner father would tell us—the three youngsters and mother—that somebody down there had straddled, or taken a flyer, or been squeezed. Somebody else had been frozen, or some poor lamb had been sheared that day, or the bears were very savage. Once he told us about a broker who had been kiteflying on a bull market; so next day I ran away from home and went down to see the kites fly and get a glimpse of the bulls. Before I discovered any of this a lady with a long nose caught me and took me home.

We lived on the fourth floor of an apartment building near Fourth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, where a skyscraper stands today. No man's birthplace has much of a show in New York. Mother was always talking about buying a home over in Hackensack, back from the Jersey meadows, but dad never had any money for home-buying. He was always gunning some stock, or coppering a tip, or buying a put—or something similar. Mother picked out four houses at different times, and on several Sundays dad went over to Hackensack with her; but we never got to the suburbs to live. As a compromise on one occasion we moved into a building with an elevator, which wore a sign half the time that said: Not Running. Our flat was on the ninth floor, and even dad kicked, much as he loved New York. He did not mind the exercise, but he hated to lose the time; so we moved to a third-story walk-up.

#### Why People Live in New York

DAD always intended to send me to college, but just as I finished high school a balloon of his down near Trinity collapsed and his parachute did not work. He struck Wall Street pretty hard. Then some stock he had bought for investment passed its dividends and I went to work.

My first job was in a wholesale drug house on William Street, where, after two years, I fell on a carboy of carbolic acid and smashed it. I have a map of scars on my back today where the stuff burned me. When I got out of Bellevue Hospital I found work in a big printing establishment on Gold Street, near the heart of the tenement district. The heat that summer was terrific, and the dreadful congestion and suffering of the people about me acted as a temporary disillusionment. I began to wonder why all that wretched population lived in New York. One day I put this question to dad.

I suppose his margins were crowding him pretty hard that day, for he replied tartly: "People live in New York because they don't know any better!"

This was one of the few times I ever heard father admit that New York was not the acme of human attainment, the highest notch of opportunity. My father was a man of unusual mental quality, and a kind, indulgent parent; but New York had its grip on him. So it had on me.

I was fired from Gold Street for piecing a rush form, after which I clerked for five or six years in department stores, clothing shops, or anywhere I could get an elbow in. Whenever a slump in trade came along I was let out, often without warning; more than once I was discharged for some trivial accident or slight omission of duty. Big cities are brutal from the very nature of things. If a man is to stem the current he must get above mediocrity—the mediocrity that stretches in all directions round him, like a Kansas prairie. There were always a thousand men, it seemed, eager to crowd me out of my job. Few of them, perhaps, were any better qualified than I; but they were all after me, nevertheless, snarling and showing their fangs, and ready on the instant to give me a chase for my life. They all wanted my bone, though it had little meat on it.

When I was about twenty-four I began to rebel at this sort of thing; I was tired of being one of the common people. I made up my mind to be my own boss and do the firing myself. In this venture I determined to manufacture a washing compound. I had learned a few tricks, you see, in the wholesale drug house.

Father thought the project a good one and promised to back me, but just as we were ready to start, some bears made a raid on Wall Street and ripped out the bottom of dad's purse with their claws. Not only was our capital gone but we had to move again—to a cheaper apartment. We had moved eleven times since I could remember.

In our new quarters I made a confidential deal with the janitor whereby I secured the use of a corner in the basement. Here, with simple equipment father got me on credit, I began to make washing powder. My sales did not start off briskly and I was impatient to get rich; so I decided to help along by adding bluing, ammonia, sal ammoniac and the like to my stock. But you know there is no personal liberty in New York. The tenants of the building got next to me after several rows among themselves and sent for the landlord. I confess the odors I sent up the airchute were cousins to hydrogen sulphide, but I did not think it humane to throw all my equipment into the court—and to fire my best friend, the janitor.

The Odors I Sent Up the Airchute Were Cousins to Hydrogen Sulphide

After that I went to Rockaway, where dad had rented a tent at seventy dollars a month, and we had our vacation as usual. I was disgusted with life and even the breakers palled on me. I was a failure, I knew. Just what was wrong with me I could not tell.

The chief trouble, as I see it now, was lack of a definite purpose. I was merely drifting—amid most extraordinary opportunities. When I got on the track of that washing-powder idea, for example, I had a purpose that ought to have made me a rich man. I know that now for an absolute fact, and I will prove it presently; but I lacked the grit to stick and give the thing a fair show. One irate enemy settled me!

#### Misfortune Appears in Disguise

YET after all, perhaps it was not a question of grit. What I really lacked was the vision. I did not look at the proposition in the cool, analytical, purposeful way that inspires a man to fight a whole legion of devils when they come to toss him into the court.

Fall came on and I decided that my father's business was good enough for me. Though I was supposed to be out hunting a job, I connected up with the Curb market. For quite a while I haunted Broad Street without dad's knowing it. On a slender margin I bought a few shares of stock; and on a bull movement I pyramided until—on paper—I was worth nine thousand dollars. Feverishly I decided to make it an even ten thousand, but just then the pyramid tipped over and my nine thousand went glimmering high above Broad Street into thin air.

When you build a pyramid in business be sure you set it squarely on its base and have it taper up toward the apex. My pyramid was inverted to start with. It was balanced on the apex. So long as it kept going, like a top, it maintained its equilibrium; but so soon as it slowed down it fell over. You can build that sort of pyramid outside of Wall Street as well as in it. You can do it by putting all your capital into fine quarters, fixtures, stock and expense and trying to make them spin the top.

I got a job in an insurance office, but after a while I began to fool round the Curb again. I liked to get in among those husky young chaps and help along the riot; so I speculated in wildcat oil that had not been able to list itself on the Stock Exchange, and suddenly I found myself in possession of forty-eight hundred dollars cash!

Money that comes like this to a young man is a serious misfortune. I'd rather see my own son among total strangers, without a dollar—forced to sink or swim. No able-bodied young man was ever yet hurt by facing poverty and the problems it brings; but countless young men have been ruined by some lucky bet on prices. The only kind of privileges a man should go against is the privilege to bet that he will win the game of life.

I might have gone into the washing-powder business again on a larger scale, but by that time I had jumped to another scheme. I knew a young fellow down on Ann Street who was making money—so he said—getting out advertising pamphlets and cards. If only he had my forty-eight hundred dollars he could branch out into the regular publishing business and we should both get rich.

This being the case, I hastened to turn over the cash and hitch my name to his. Primhodder & Stuart looked fine on our stationery. My name is Harrison Stuart—in this history at least.

A year later this nice little epitaph came out in the New York Sun, under the headline Business Troubles:

"Primhodder & Stuart—liabilities nineteen thousand five hundred dollars; no assets."

Now it never would have been possible for us to achieve this extraordinary result if New York had not been full of addle-headed men like ourselves. If you really set out to see how big a mountain of debt you can build, you will find all sorts of business chaps who will let you dig into their

asset hill and transfer its substance to your liability heap. Some of them will even furnish you a steam shovel free of charge. Then, when the shovel has finished the job, they will hire a lawyer to find out where they are at.

It is better to hire the lawyer first—some sharp, shrewd old fellow who graduated from the infant class before you were born, and who has since taken a course at the grammar school of business, the high school, the university, and then has become a commercial postgraduate.

Well, dad called me a fool, though I think he secretly admired that item of nineteen thousand five hundred dollars liabilities. It was about that time when somebody south of Maiden Lane broke a gentlemen's agreement to which my father had pinned a prospective fortune. Immediately afterward dad himself showed liabilities several times nineteen thousand five hundred dollars.

We now moved from a seven-room flat on the second floor to one of five rooms on the fifth—no elevator—and mother notified the Hackensack real-estate agent that we were not quite ready to buy.

Of course I went back to the Curb and dad to the Exchange. Being broke was only an incident to father, and I was rapidly acquiring sang-froid.

Dad beat me to it next time. He got in with some men who compelled the longs to unload, and his share of the killing was enough to clean up all our debts and set the two of us up in business together. It was one of the biggest winnings of the year in Wall Street.

Yes—father quit the Street and I quit the Curb. We had enough, we told each other; so we founded a corporation we called the Stuart & Son Company, manufacturers of umbrellas. This time mother began to look at houses up on the heights round Yonkers. Hackensack was not very swell, dad said.

Father knew something about umbrellas—financially; he had once owned some very profitable umbrella stock for a short time. Ever since he had nourished this project. And in sober truth we had a splendid opportunity. If we had known anything about manufacturing costs and the marketing of our product we could have built up a big and permanent business; but getting into business from the top is like sliding down the brass pole in a fire-engine house—it is easy when you step into the hole, but unless you know how to stop you are likely to hit the floor and perhaps break your back.

We had every opportunity, I say, to start slowly and learn the technical detail; but father conceived the plan of cornering the umbrella crop. He dreamed of a vast corporation that would have the market pretty much to itself; so we began issuing common and preferred, and bonds, and the like.

We financed the thing to death; and two years later—— But I want to blot out the recollection of those lawsuits and bankruptcy proceedings! Excuse me if I skip them.

### *Strangling the Specter*

I SHALL also skip a dozen years or more, for they were repetitions of what I have told you. Father and I were both so permeated by speculation that every legitimate enterprise we attempted immediately began to grow a culture of market germs; and always these germs multiplied in the favorable soil until the whole venture turned into some hideous creature with a thousand legs and ferocious jaws that devoured us.

The cruelest thing about it was that my mother, who never had loved New York, died there in a small apartment—in the midst of deep financial troubles. Father quit Wall Street for good soon afterward; he quit Wall Street and Manhattan and this world at the same time.

Meanwhile I had married and was doing the thing all over again; but one night, after father and mother were gone, I went home with a fixed resolve to end it. It was the strongest purpose of my life—to break the dreadful spell that held me! That night I took a vow never to speculate again. Thank Heaven, I have kept that vow! I have escaped from the nightmare and I no longer fear it.

I had recently failed in an effort to establish myself as a merchandise broker and I had only a few hundred dollars; but we packed our household goods, my wife and I, took our three children and set out for a small city in California. I had no definite reason for selecting that location, except that I meant to start life again as far from the lure of Wall Street as possible.

We traveled in a tourist sleeper from Chicago and reached our destination one night at dusk. I recall the misgivings and homesickness that ingulfed me when I saw the primitive settings of my new home—primitive, indeed, did they seem to me when compared with the mighty maze of New York! I could not help the sickening discouragement that filled me when I realized that I was three thousand miles from wonderful Broadway, facing the seemingly impossible task of earning a living for five persons.

I put my family in a cheap boarding-house and went out after supper to find a real-estate office and inquire about cottages. I was shown several photographs, from which I picked one that pleased me.

"I'll look at this house in the morning," I said; "quite likely I shall want to rent it."

"Very well," said the agent. "Would you mind telling me your business?"

This was a poser. I was in a tight place; I had to have a house to live in, and I feared he would turn me down if I told him I had no work or business in sight. Then, quick as a flash, an inspiration came to me.

"I am the manufacturer of a washing compound," I said glibly. "I expect to build up a good industry."

Now I swear that I had scarcely thought of my old laundry formula for years. The best I hoped to do in California at the start was to get a job clerking or canvassing—or, if need be, at day labor. Then, after a while, my wife and I meant to open a small restaurant. We thought we might grow in time to a hotel.

However, now in a twinkling a wholly new course shaped itself in my brain. And right away the old speculative

*I Spent Most of My Time for Three Months Working on a Model for a Dairy Appliance*

habit tried to get into lockstep with me, but I kicked it off. I tore down the air castle that grew up like magic in my cranium and held myself down to actualities. The specter of Wall Street whispered: "Get up a company; sell stock; finance the scheme; boom her for all there is in it!" I got my fingers on that specter and strangled it.

A few days later, when our goods arrived, we established ourselves in our rented cottage. It was the first time any of us had ever lived on the ground floor or in a house by ourselves. My twin girls were five years old, and their happiness was recompense enough for the vanished skyline along the Hudson.

In a tiny room off the kitchen I began to make my washing powder again. I got some boards and made a few small wooden boxes to hold it. Then I set out to sell my product from house to house. The first night I came home utterly discouraged; I had not made a sale. "If I could only issue stock and advertise it in a financial paper," I told my wife, "I might raise some money."

I knew the craze so many people have for pretty bond paper, printed to look like a big Government note.

"Why don't you advertise the washing powder instead?" she suggested. "Advertise it and sell it by mail—that'll be easier than canvassing. Besides, you can reach a great many more people."

A mail-order business! Once more the insatiable greed and reckless daring of the speculator benumbed my business faculties; but I fought free. I throttled my impulse to plunge by running a lot of advertising on credit and taking chances. No doubt I could have built up quite a structure of debt had I wished—I knew full well how to do it. I could have jabbed at a star and then dumped my washing powder out in the yard and forgotten it permanently.

I was a business man now, however. I put one tiny classified ad in a local daily. "Buy the Red Washing Compound," it said, "and save your wife's back! Delivered at your door for twenty-five cents." You see, I planned to do the delivering myself.

I got six orders; I inserted the ad again and got nine. During the week more than seventy responses came in. Then I received a flood of complaints, some of them savage. My powder had turned garments yellow. One woman sent me a sample of the damage I had done.

So the mail-order business, after all, was no golden trail to success! In my disappointment the first impulse was to keep on running the advertisement, make all the money I could before the whole town got next, and then chuck the confounded scheme for good. I lay awake most of the night thinking about it, but next morning I went down to the newspaper office and took the ad out.

We had to live and I got a job at a freight house, loading fifty-pound boxes of pears into freight cars. The mercury stood near a hundred and I had never done any physical toil of the sort. How I came through it I do not know. I'm sure I never should have done it except for my washing powder. At the age of forty I had at last found a steadfast, immovable purpose. If necessary I was ready to lift hundred-pound boxes of pears! I was willing to brave a temperature like that of perdition itself! I meant to earn money enough to feed my family and to pursue research work that would show me what ailed my washing compound.

### *Setback After Setback*

AND that was just what I did. I worked for six months in that freight house, handling all sorts of stuff ten hours a day for dollar-and-a-half wages. Meanwhile my wife and I experimented nights. We had no means to employ a chemist, so we did it ourselves, laboriously and patiently. Many a night we worked until the small hours. Ah, there was no speculation in the thing now, no frenzied finance, no impatient get-rich-quick recklessness! It was the hard, grubbing toil that paves the way to all accomplishment.

At last we knew positively that the formula was right and the compound so concentrated that we could ship it in small boxes by mail. Once more the ad appeared in the local newspaper, and the returns were so satisfactory that I extended the scope of my enterprise. But immediately a new and seemingly insurmountable obstacle arose: the postal authorities refused to transmit my product because some of the parcels had broken open and damaged other mail. To send it by express was not possible at the price I had fixed on it; so there I was—after all my work and hopes—right where I started!

Again I took the ad out of the newspaper, and for eight months longer I worked at the freight house. Earning a living in legitimate business seemed quite as difficult and discouraging as earning it by speculation; but in legitimate business you can lay your foundation on hardpan, with Portland cement—in speculation it must always be laid on quicksand, with Wall Street mortar.

The washing powder had been retired temporarily, but the mail-order idea had not. If I could not sell the powder I could certainly sell something else. But what? To find out required experimenting during all those eight months.

I tried half a dozen novelties—like a patent knife-sharpener, a flytrap, and a perpetual calendar; I tried the old stand-by—watches; I tried toilet articles. I went through several lists furnished me by mail-order promoters but somehow I did not make a hit. The orders I got did not pay for my campaigns.

One day I happened to go into a hardware store for some trifling purchase and my attention was attracted by a neat set of kitchen knives, tastily fitted into a box. The hardware merchant had originated the combination himself as a holiday feature. Instantly I saw a chance. I made an arrangement with him, and together we embarked in a mail-order enterprise that netted me during the succeeding three months about four hundred dollars. I thought myself on the road to fortune at last and I quit my job at the freight house.

Unless you get a grapevine twist on an idea, however, it's safer to hang on to your job. At least, you ought to have other ideas ready to spring.

*(Continued on Page 61)*

# HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

## By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

V

AT PRECISELY ten minutes past twelve on the following Saturday Bean laid upon old Metzerger's desk the exact sum of five dollars and eighty-seven cents. One less gifted as to human nature would have said "Thank you!" and laid down five dollars and ninety cents. Bean fell into neither trap. Metzerger looked quickly at the clock and silently took the money. He had become the prey of a man who surmised him accurately.

Then occurred one of those familiar tragedies of the wage slave. The whole week long he had looked forward to the ball game. In the box that afternoon would be the Greatest Pitcher the World Has Ever Known. This figure had loomed in his mind that week bigger at times than all his past incarnations. He was going to forego a sight of his dog in order to be early on the ground. He would see the practice and thrill to the first line-up. He had lived over and over that supreme moment when the umpire sweeps the plate with a stubby broom and adjusts his mask.

The correct coat was buttoned and the hat was being adjusted when the door of the inner office opened with a sharp rattle.

"Wantcha!" said Breede.

There was a fateful, trembling moment in which Breede was like to have been blasted; it was as if he had wantonly affronted him who had once been the recipient of a second funeral in Paris. Keeping Bean from a ball game aroused that one-time self of his as perhaps nothing else would have done. But Breede was Breede, after all, and Bean swallowed the hot words that rose to his lips. His perturbation was such, however, that Breede caught something of it.

"Hadjer lunch?"

"No!" said Bean murderously.

"Gitcha some quick. Hurry!"

He knew the worst now. The afternoon was gone.

"Don't want any!" It was a miniature explosion after the Breede manner.

"C'mon then!"

He was at the desk and Breede dictated interminably. When pauses came Bean wrote scathing comments on Breede's attire, his parsimony in the matter of food, his facial defects, and some objectionable characteristics as a human being, now perceived for the first time. He grew careless of concealing his attitude. Once he stared at Breede's detached cuffs with a scorn so malevolent that Breede turned them about on the desk to examine them himself. Bean went white, feeling ready for anything; but Breede merely continued his babble about Federal Express stock, and first-mortgage refunding four-per-cent gold bonds, and multifarious other imbecilities that now filled a darkened world.

He jealously watched the letters Breede answered and laid aside and the sheaf of reports that he juggled from hand to hand. His hope had been that the session might be brief. There was no clock in the room and he several times felt for the absent watch. Then he tried to estimate the time. When he believed it to be one o'clock he diversified his notes with a swift summary of Breede's character which only the man's bitterest enemies would have approved. At what he thought was two o'clock he stripped him of the last shreds of moral decency. When three o'clock seemed to arrive he did not dare put down, even in secretive shorthand, what he felt could justly be said of Breede. After that it was no good hoping. He relaxed into the dullness of a big despair, merely reflecting that Bulger's picture of Breede under his heel had been too mushily humane. What Bean wished was to have Breede tied to a stake, to pile the fagots about him—nice, dry, inflammable fagots—then, ho for the merry torch!

At what he judged to be about four-thirty a spirited rap sounded on the door.

"C'min," yelled Breede.

Entered the Flapper. Breede looked up.

"Seddown!—view of efforts bein' made b' cert'n parties t' s'cure 'trol of comp'ny by promise of creatin' stock scrip on div'dend basis, it is proper f'r d'rectors t' state policy has been ——"

The Flapper had sat down and was looking intently at Bean. There was no coquetry in the look. It was a look of interest and one wholly in earnest. Bean became aware of it at Breede's first pause. At any other time he would have lowered his eyes before an assault so direct and continuous. But he was not himself. He included the Flapper in the glare he put upon her unconscious father.

He saw that she was truly enough a Flapper; not a day over eighteen, he was sure. Not tall, almost pudgy, with a plump, browned face and gray eyes like old Breede's, that looked through you. He noted these details without enthusiasm. Then he relented a little because of her dress. The shoes—he always looked first at a woman's shoes and lost interest in her if those were not acceptable—were of tan leather and low with decently high heels. He loathed common-sense shoes on women. The hose were of tan silk. So far he approved. She wore a tailored suit of blue and had removed the jacket. The shirtwaist—he knew they were called lingerie waists in the shop windows—was of creamy softness and had the lines of the thing called style. Her hat was a straw that drooped becomingly. "Some dresser!" he thought, and then: "Why don't she take a look at old Cufflets there and get him in right?"

Again and again he hardened his gaze upon her. Her eyes always met his, not with any recognition of him as a human being, but with some curious interest that seemed remote yet not impersonal. He indignantly tried to outstare her, but the thing was simply not to be done. Even looking down at her feet steadily didn't dash her brazenness. She didn't seem to care where he looked. After a very few minutes of this he kept his eyes upon his notebook with dignified absorption. But he could feel her glance.

"——to c'nserve investment rep'sented by this stock upon sound basis rather than th' spec'lative policy of larger an' fluc'chating div'dends yours ver' truly what time's 'at game called?"

"That Book Las' Night Is Back Here an' He's Got It"

Thus concluded Breede with a sudden noisy putting away of papers in an open drawer at his side.

Bean looked up at him in open-mouthed fear for his sanity.

"Hello, pops!" said the Flapper.

"'Lo, sis! What time's 'at game called?"

"Three," said Bean, still alarmed.

Breede looked at his watch.

"Jus' got time to make it."

He arose from the desk. Bean arose. The Flapper arose.

"Take y'up in car," said Breede most amazingly to Bean.

Bean pulled his collar from about his suddenly constricted throat.

"Letters!" He pointed to the notebook.

"Have 'em ready Monday noon. C'mon! Two-thirty now."

The early hour was as incredible as this social phenomenon.

"Daughter!" said Breede with half a glance at the Flapper, and deeming that he had performed a familiar social rite.

"Pleased to meet you!" said Bean dazedly. The Flapper jerked her head in a double nod.

Of the interval that must have elapsed before he found himself seated in the grandstand between Breede and the Flapper he was able to recall but little. It was as if a dense fog shut him in. Once it lifted and he suffered a vision of himself in a swiftly propelled motor car beside an absorbed mechanician. He half turned in his seat and met the cool, steady gaze of the Flapper; she smiled, but quickly checked herself to resume the stare. He was aware that Breede was at her side. And the fog closed in again. It was too unbelievable.

A bell clanged twice and his brain cleared. He saw the scurry of uniformed figures to the field; the catcher adjusted his mask; the Greatest Pitcher the World Has Ever Known stood nonchalantly in the box, stooped for a handful of earth and with it polluted the fair surface of a new ball. A second later the ball shot over the plate. The batter fanned, the crowd yelled.

Bean was now coldly himself. He knew that Breede sat at his right; that on his left was a peculiar young woman. He promptly forgot their identities, his own as well, and recalled them but seldom during the game.

It is a phenomenon familiar to most of us. The sons of men, under the magic of that living diamond, are no longer little units of souls jealously on guard. Heart speaks to heart naked and unashamed; men fraternize across deeps that are commonly impassable, thrilling as one man to the genius of the double play, or with one voice hurling insults at a remote and contemptuous umpire. It is only there, on earth, that they love their neighbor. There they are fused and welded into that perfect whole which is perhaps the only colorable imitation ever to be had on earth of the democracy said to prevail in Heaven.

There was no longer a Bean, a Breede, a Flapper. Instead were three merged souls in three volatile bodies; three voices that blended in cheers or execration. At any crisis they instinctively laid gripping hands upon each

"Daughter!" Said Breede With Half a Glance at the Flapper

other and, half rising, with distended eyes and tense half voices, besought some panting runner to "Come on! Come on, you! Oh, come on!" There were other moments of supreme joy when they were blown to their feet and backs were impartially pounded. More than once they might have been observed with brandishing fists, shouting "Robber! Robber! Robber!" at the unperturbed man behind the plate, who merely looked at an indicator in his hand and resumed his professional crouch.

And there were moments of snappy, broken talk, comments on individual players, a raking over the records. It was not Breede who talked to Bean then. It was one freed soul communicating with another. Bean none too gently put Breede right in the matter of Wagner's batting average for the previous year and the price that had been paid for the new infielder. And Breede in spirit sat meekly at his feet, grateful for his lore.

Of an absent player, Breede said he was too old—all of thirty-five. He'd never come back.

"They come back when they learn to play ball above the ears," retorted Bean with crisp sapience. "How about old Cy Young? How about old Callahan, of the Sox? How about Wagner out there—think he's only nineteen, hey? Tell me that!"

He looked pityingly at the millionaire thus silenced.

Two men scored from third and second, thanks to a wild throw. "Inside play there!" said Breede.

"Inside nothing!" retorted Bean arrogantly. "Matty couldn't get back to second and they had to run. If that Silas up there hadn't gone foamy in the fighting-top and tried to hit that policeman over by the fence with the ball where'd your inside play been? D'you think the Pirates are trying to help 'em play inside ball? Inside nothing!"

Again Breede looked respectful and the Flapper listened, lustrous-eyed.

The finish was close. With two men out in the last half of the ninth and two strikes called on the batter, a none too certain single brought in the winning run. The clinging trio shrieked, then dazedly fell apart. Life had gone from the magic.

Outside the gate Breede looked at Bean as if, faintly puzzled, he was trying to recall the fellow's face. One could fancy him saying: "Prob'ly some chap works in m' office."

Bean raised his dented hat as they entered the car. Breede was oblivious; the Flapper permitted herself a severe double nod. The motor whirred, then chugged violently. Bean moved on a few steps, then turned. The Flapper was looking back. She stared an instant, then most astonishingly smiled—a smile that seemed almost vocal with many glad words. Bean felt himself smile weakly in response.

He walked a long way before he took a car, his eyes on the pavement, his mind filled with a vision. When the Flapper smiled it did something to him, but what it was he couldn't tell. She had a different face when she smiled; her parting lips made a new beauty in the world. He thought the golden brown of her hair rather wonderful. It was like the golden brown of the new dog. He recalled little details of her face, the short upper lip, the forward chin, the breadth of the brow. There was something disconcerting about that brow and the eyes like her father's—probably have her own way! Then he remembered that he must have noticed a badge pinned to the left lapel of a jacket that had been fashioned—with no great difficulty, he thought—to give its wearer the appearance of perfect physical development. He couldn't remember precisely when he had noted this badge, perhaps in some frenzied moment in the game's delirium, but it was vividly before him now—VOTES FOR WOMEN! What did that signify in her character? Perhaps something not too pleasant.

Still, he lived again through the smile that had seemed to speak.

. . . . . .

Three days later, at the close of an afternoon's work, Breede looked up as Bean was leaving the room.

"'S good game!"

"Fine!" said Bean, as he closed the door.

But for this reference and one other circumstance Bean might have supposed he had dreamed that day. The other circumstance was an area of rich yellowish purple on the arm which Breede had madly gripped in moments of ecstasy, together with painful spots on his right side where the elbow of Breede had almost continuously jabbed him.

*VI*

THE latest Napoleonic dynasty was tottering. The more Bean read of his former self the less he admired him. A Corsican upstart, an assassin, no gentleman! It was all too true. Very well for that vaunted force of will, but to what base ends had it been applied! He was merciless to himself—an egotist and a vulgarian. How it would shock that woman, as yet unidentified, who was one day to be the mother of the world's greatest left-handed pitcher. Take the Flapper—impossible, of course, but just as an example. Suppose she ever came to know about the Polish woman and the actress and the others! How she would loathe him! And you couldn't tell what minute it might become known. People were taking an interest in such matters. He wished he had cautioned the Countess Casanova to keep the thing quiet. Probably she had talked.

He must go further into that past of his. Doubtless there were lessons to be drawn from the Napoleonic episode; but just now, when he was all confused, the thing—he put it bluntly—was pretty raw.

"With Napoleon, to think was to act." So he had read in one chronicle. Very well; he would act. Again he would stand, with fearless eyes, at the portal of the vaulted past.

At eight o'clock that night he once more rang the third bell. He had feared that the Countess Casanova might have returned to European triumphs, but the solicitations of the scientific world were still prevailing.

He stood in the little parlor, and again the countess appeared from behind the heavy curtains, a plump white hand at the throat of her scarlet gown.

He was obliged to recall himself to her, for the countess began to tell him that his aura was clouded with evil cur'nts.

"You told me what I was—last time, don't you remember? You know you said—it was written on the slate what I was." He could not bring himself to utter the name. But the countess remembered.

"Sure, perfectly! And what was you wishin' to know now? Some further details?"

"Would you be willing to part frum twenty if you was told what you want to know?"

"Yes. I can't stand that other thing any longer."

The countess narrowed her eyes briefly, then became animated.

"Say, listen here, friend! That's a little more delikit work than I been doin', but they's a party near here—lemme see"—she passed one of the plump white hands over her brow in the throes of recollection—"I think his name is Perfesser Balthasar. I ain't ever met him—understand what I mean?—but they say he's a genuine wonder an' no mistake: tell you anything right off the reel. You set right there and lemme go see if I can't call him up by telephone."

She withdrew between the curtains, behind which she carefully pulled sliding doors. Bean heard the murmur of her voice.

He waited anxiously. His Napoleon self was already fading. If only they would tell him something good! Little he cared for the twenty dollars. He could get along by borrowing seventeen-seventy-nine from Metzerger. The voice still murmured. Only the well-fitting doors prevented Bean from hearing something that would have been of interest to him.

"That you, Ed?" the countess was saying. "Listen here: 'Member th' one I told you about, thinks he's the original N. B.? . . . You know who. . . . Well, he's a repeater. Here now wantin' t' know who he was before then . . . who he was *first*, y'understand. An' say, I ain't got the right dope for that, an' I want you to get over here quick's you can an' give him about a ten-minute spiel. Wha's that? Well, they's twenty, an' I split with you. But listen here, Ed, I get the idee this party's worth nursin' along—I dunno, something about him—that's why I'm tellin' you. I want it done right. Course I could do enough stallin' myself t' cop the twenty—tell him Julius Cæsar or the King of China or somebody—but I ain't got the follow-up, an' you can't tell how much he might be good for later. Take my tip—he's a natural-born believer. Sure, twenty! All right!"

Presently the folding doors slid back and the countess reappeared between the curtains.

*"I Feared We Was Discommodin' You," Ventured the Countess, Elegantly Apologetic*

"I'm 'fraid I'll have to disappoint you," she began. "The perfesser was called out t' give some advice to one the Vandabilts. But I got his private sec'atary on the wire an' he's gone out to chase him up. We'll haf to wait an' see."

Bean was sorry to be causing this trouble.

"Perhaps I better come another night."

"No, you don't. You set right there!" She seemed to listen to unspoken words, looking far off. "There! My control says he's comin'—he's on the way."

Bean was aghast before this power.

"'Nother thing," pursued the countess in her normal manner; "keep perfec'ly still when he comes. Don't tip him off what you want. Let him do the talkin'. If he's the real thing he'll know what you want. They say he's a wonder, but what do we know about it? Let him prove it!"

Bean felt that he and the countess were a pair of shrewd skeptics.

The third bell rang and a heavy tread was heard on the stairs. The mere sound of its mounting was impressive. The countess laid a reminding finger on her lips as she moved toward the door of the apartment.

There appeared a most impressive elderly man, tall, portly, white-bearded, with heavy mustaches curled jauntily at the tips. His black frock coat, loose-fitting and not too garishly new, a student's coat rather than a fop's, lent a quiet distinction to his bearing.

"Is this Perfesser Balthasar?" inquired the countess.

"At your service, madame!" He permitted himself a courtly inclination, conferred upon the countess a glistening tall hat, and then covered his expansive baldness with a skullcap of silk which he drew from an inner pocket.

"I feared we was discommodin' you," ventured the countess, elegantly apologetic. "Your sec'atary said you was out advisin' one the Vandabilts ——"

"A mere trifle in the day's work, madame!" He brushed it aside with an eloquent hand. "My mission is to serve. You wished to consult me?"

"Not me; but this young gentaman here."

She surveyed him with heavy-lidded eyes—a figure of mystery, of secret knowledge.

"I want you to tell me who I was before him."

The countess blinked her eyes rapidly, as if in hurried calculation.

"And I don't mean just before. I want to go 'way back thousands of years—what I was first."

"Well, I dunno." She pondered, eying her sitter closely. "Of course all things is possible to us, but sometimes the conditions ain't jest right and y'r c'ntrol can't git into rapport with them that has been gone more'n a few years. Now this thing you're after, I don't say it can't be done—f'r money."

"I don't care anything about the money," he began impatiently.

The countess glanced up interestedly.

"That's the way to look at it, friend. But how much you got on you?"

"Twenty-two dollars," confessed Bean succinctly.

"Ah!" He turned to face Bean, who had risen, regarding him with serious eyes and twirling the curled mustache meditatively.

"I see—I see! An imprisoned soul seeking the light!" He came nearer to Bean, staring intently, then started with dramatic suddenness as if at an electric shock from concealed wires.

"What is this? What is this? What is this?"

Bean backed away defensively. The professor seemed with difficulty to withdraw his fascinated gaze and turned apologetically to the countess.

"You will pardon me, madame, but I must ask you to leave us. My control warns me that I am in the presence of an individuality stronger than my own. His powerful mind is projecting the most vital queries. I shall be compelled to disclose to him matters he would perhaps not wish a third person to overhear. You understand?"

The countess murmurously withdrew. The two males faced each other.

"Sit there!" An authoritative finger pointed Bean to the chair he had lately occupied.

He sat nervously, suffering that peculiar apprehension which physicians and dentists had always inspired.

"Most amazing! Most astounding!" muttered the professor as if to his own ear alone. He sat in a chair facing Bean and regarded him long and intently. At brief intervals his face twitched, his body stiffened, he seemed to writhe in some malign grasp.

Bean gripped the arms of his chair. His tingling nerves were accurately defining his spine. He waited breathlessly for the professor to speak.

"I see it all," breathed the professor in low, solemn tones, his eyes fixed above Bean's head. "First the pomp and glitter of a throne. You wrench it from a people whose weakness you play upon with a deviliah cunning; you ascend to it over the bodies of countless men slain in battle. Power through blood! You are cruel, insatiable, a predatory monster. But retribution comes. You are hurled from your throne. Again you ascend it, but only for a brief time. You fight your last battle—you *lose!* You are captured and taken to a lonely island somewhere far to the south, there to be imprisoned until your death. Afterward I see your body returned to the city that was once your capital. It now lies in a heavy stone coffin. It is in a European city. I can almost hear the name, but not plainly. I cannot get the name under which you ruled. I look into the abyss and the cries of your victims drown it. Horror piles upon horror!

*All Right About Being a King, But How Were Other People to Know It?*

"But this was only a few paltry years ago, perhaps a hundred. It passes from my view. I am led back, away from it, far back. The cries of those you slaughtered echo but faintly——"

The professor paused. Bean had cowered in his chair, wincing under each blow. He wiped his face and crumpled the moist handkerchief tightly in one hand.

"Perhaps the name may come to me now," continued the professor. "But your superior personality overwhelmed me at first, you are so self-willed, so dominant, so ruthless. The name—the name!" He cried the last words commandingly and snapped his fingers at the delinquent control. "There! I seem to hear——"

"Never mind that name," broke in Bean hastily. "Let it go. I—I don't want to know it. Go on back further!"

Again the professor's look became trancelike.

"Ah! What a relief to be free from that blood-lust!" He breathed deeply and his eyes rolled far up under their lids.

"What is this? A statesman, still crafty, still the lines of cunning cruelty about the mouth. The city is Venice in the fourteenth century. He is dressed in a richly bejeweled robe and toys with an inlaid dagger. He is plotting the assassination of a Doge——"

"Please get still further back, can't you?" pleaded Bean. The seer struggled once more with his control.

*(Continued on Page 48)*

# JOHNETTA TRIED IT

## By RUPERT HUGHES

*ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH*

The leading elite of Carthage participated yesterday in one of the most fashionable wedlocks of which Carthage has been the scene of. The bride of the occasion was Mr. and Mrs. Foster Herpers', the leading shaft-and-pole manufacturer's and his wife's daughter Idalene, nee Mrs. Newt Tebbit, her late rebet being the late lamented harness manufacturer. The bridegroom on this occasion was the leading druggist and pharmacist, Mr. Byron Tweedy, Esquire, at whose new and artistic soda fountain the beauty and chivalry of Carthage are wont to congregate.

The interesting eventuality was held at the Congregational Church, of which Rev. Sipperley is the pastor fido. He officiated with all the dignity and savoy-fair of which he is the post master. The bride went up the aisle on the arm of her father, dressed in white lace applikay, with a long veil, roses and orange blossoms. The bridegroom wore a buttonhole of lilies of the valley and gray swede gloves. He went up the aisle on the arm of his respective mother-in-law-to-be.

Ye scribe was furnished with a good front seat by the courtesy of ye ushers, who also wore buttonholes of lilies of the valley, and gray swede gloves also.

Aside from the natural grief of the parents at losing their dear daughter for the second time, the occasion was comported with felicity. Later a collation was served at the handsome home of the bride's parents to a few exclusive friends, to which ye scribe was kindly invited, but compelled to be absent by the necessity of having to attend the unfortunate funeral of Honorable Justice of the Peace Overlook. A pleasant time is reputed to have been had by all.

Among those present were Mesdames Ackerley, Alpers, Babson, Bookingham—and so on.

NOW the curious fact is that the first two among the among-those-present were not among those invited—and they sat in the same pew. The Argus of the press, seeing them there, had rashly assumed that they belonged. The next day, when the two interlopers found their unauthorized names playing Abou ben Adhem in the list, they were almost embarrassed. For the first time they felt the conspicuousness of having names that run early in the alphabet.

When the suspicious usher had led Miss Ackerley to the pew where he had already suspiciously seated Mrs. Alpers, the two women looked at each other suspiciously.

"I didn't know as you knew the Herperses," whispered Mrs. Alpers.

"I don't, exactly; but you see"—Johnetta's voice grew confidential—"I was passing the church; and, being as it was my church and seeing something going on, I naturally looked in."

"Naturally," said Mrs. Alpers. "It was the same with me. I was going by too."

"Funny idea having a man in the vestrybule taking tickets like it was a show at the opera house instead of a respectable wedding in the House of the Lord. Mr. Rumpler looked at me kind of inquiring when I sauntered in, and he held out his hand; but I said I had left my admission ticket at home. It wasn't exactly true; but I had to say something and I hope the Lord will forgive me for telling a fib. After all, it was in order to get into His holy tabernacle; and, besides, it would take more than Amos Rumpler to keep me out of the church I've been attending regular ever since I was kneehigh to a duck."

"That was some time ago," Mrs. Alpers thrust out.

"Oh, yes," Miss Ackerley riposted. "I never was one of those women who try to go back on the family Bible." Mrs. Alpers winced at the palpable hit and Miss Ackerley murmured on: "Why, this church and me, we sort of grew up together. I've been here to sermons, prayer meetings, revival meetings, sociables, Christmas trees, christenings, weddings, funerals, mothers' meetings——"

"You've been here to mothers' meetings!" Mrs. Alpers gasped.

The poor old maid blushed—at least, she suffered what was a blush for her: a little trace of green ran through the yellow.

"Well, I stumbled in on that," she confessed; "but I've been here at just about everything a woman could come here for."

"Except to get married," Mrs. Alpers was vindictive enough to mutter—but the sally was lost in the sudden stir; for, to the general disappointment, the bride appeared and began the usual Marathon down the aisle, through the gauntlet of stares and comments.

Miss Ackerley described it all later to her friend, Mrs. Winnie Woolworth, whom she met on the street and who had wanted to go, but dared not.

"Hattie Spaney played the organ; she never could keep time very good, and her foot slipped once or twice and stepped on a pedal—and it sounded like a horse snorting right out in meeting. But that wasn't all.

"You know Byron Tweedy can't march any better than Hat Spaney can play, on account the impediment in his feet. Long's I can remember, he's been called Triggerfoot Tweedy. He used to live up by our house and we could tell him as far as we could hear him. He kind of went like a crochet-stitch—drop one and pick up two.

"And then he's always been diss'pated—something terrible, you know! I declare I got so'st' I used to listen for him to go past, so we could lock up the town for the night. If he was late I couldn't get to sleep. One time I heard him coming, and I says to myself: 'Now everybody's gone home and I can sleep!' But the sound of his feet stopped all of a sudden right in front of our house.

"I worried so that finally I got up and ran to the window and peeked through the curtain, and there was Byron Tweedy hanging on to the treebox round our slippery-ellum. And he was singin' that old song about 'I arise from dreams of thee, and a spirit in my feet.' I thought at first I was having a serenade."

Before Mrs. Woolworth had realized the full cruelty of it she had laughed:

"The idea of anybody serenading you, Johnetta!"

And, without realizing all that it implied, Johnetta laughed too.

"Yes; the very idea! But I soon realized that Byron was only barking at the moon. I was so mad I came near barking at him: 'Go on home; there's no doubt about there being spirits in your feet!' But I was only in my—I had retired, you know, and I was in my bare feet; and of course I couldn't."

Later Johnetta told her old mother the story of the wedding over again. The ancient dame did not see the joke. She made a sharp comment:

"You hadn't ought to make fun of others that way, Johnnie. If you was to be a bride yourself once maybe you'd be as ridic'lous as other folks."

Now Johnetta winced. Her mother had made small secret of disappointment at her daughter's failure to enter the one profession Mrs. Ackerley thought fit for a woman. Mrs. Ackerley had been young once. It was a long time ago; but during her brief and chilly spring she had fallen as far in love with love as she could. Her husband had been her world and the world came to an end for her when John Ackerley died before their child was born. They had counted on a John, Junior, and when the belated result of their union had proved to be a girl the young widow had resented the duplicity of Fate with acrid bitterness.

She regarded the homely waif as a changeling—a misdirected parcel of flesh. At the christening she had worn her weeds; and when she was asked the name of the child she had startled the Reverend Clarence Sipperley with as close an approach to her husband's name as she could venture. She answered the preacher's query glumly:

"Johnetta."

The minister mistrusted his ears and began:

"Jeannette, I baptize thee ——"

But the mother broke in grimly:

"Johnetta!"

And Johnetta was the handle soldered on to her soul for life. To the mother she was Johnnie—in anger, John; though the girl had been as unmasculine as only an old maid can be. She had been an old maid from birth. She never had a flirtation. The moon might as well have been the sun.

She grew up without instruction in the gentle arts of tenderness. Her mother was a woman lacking in caresses, pet names and cuddlings. Her own life with her husband had been one of rarely interrupted common-sense. She did not believe in palavering; and the few kisses she gave were like taps with a tackhammer. When Johnetta was very ill, or inconsolably grieved, or badly hurt, her mother called her "Honey" once or twice; but it required a cataclysm to bring this through the rocks of her soul, and to Johnetta it went with a crisis, like oranges when she was sick.

That was the way Johnetta knew she was really ill; her mother said: "You're goin' to stay right there in bed today, and what you suppose I got for your breakfast, honey?—oranges!" This was more conclusive than any doctor's diagnosis.

The one satisfactory atonement Johnetta could have made for not being born a son was to have presented her mother with a son-in-law—and perhaps eventually with a grandson. That would have changed the elder woman's heart as the spring changes a jagged gnarl of ice into a purling rill.

This atonement, however, seemed to be as far beyond Johnetta's making as her birth had been past her helping.

Here, too, she was the victim of her heritage. John Ackerley had been so pious and chill a soul and his wife so matter-of-fact a prude that people wondered how they had ever happened to marry and become parents.

After her husband's death Mrs. Ackerley was restored to the maiden lady as if by some medieval miracle. She ceased to think wifely thoughts and therefore to inspire them.

She did not know this, however, and she did not blame herself for the subnormal temperature she had bequeathed her one child; but, though she felt that ardent love was an indecency, she was fully convinced that celibacy was even less respectable. As an American father resents an idle son, so she thought of her daughter as a marital failure, a shiftless loafer.

The more she complained and nagged and urged Johnetta into the preliminaries to matrimony, the more Johnetta hung back, the timider she grew, the more reluctant to go to parties or even to dress up.

Johnetta repaid men's indifference in kind, and found enough activity in the unresting treadmill of housework and house economy to keep her busy. On that treadmill she trotted ceaselessly through the nubile years. If ever her beauty came to flower it was in the dark, like a neglected nightblooming cereus. Finally her mother, from sheer fatigue of the subject, ceased to discuss marriage.

Today, however, as Johnetta described the humors of Idalene Herpers' nuptials Mrs. Ackerley's ancient canker recrudesced. She felt a sudden respect for the woman who had been industrious enough to bring off a wedding twice, and she broke out:

"If I was you, John, I'd go and get myself my first husband before I set myself up to criticise a woman that got two. If you could see how you look you'd laugh out the other side of your mouth."

Johnetta crimped her tight lips a mite tighter and mutely set to work clearing off the table and washing the dishes.

When Johnetta was thinking hard she usually found some tune running about her head, as a boy finds himself whistling when he is most thoughtful. The part of her brain that was not humming the tune suddenly stopped thinking and listened. It recognized I Arise From Dreams of Thee. This brought back the vision of the day's bridegroom, whom she had once accused of serenading her. Then she remembered Mrs. Woolworth's casual amusement at the possibility of such a thing.

Johnetta stopped short, with a plate vertical in one hand and a damp towel dangling from the other. The thought thrust itself into her mind with sudden pain as if she had stepped on a tack in the dark:

"Why should it be ridiculous that a man should serenade me? Why should I be immune? Why should I have lived all these years, endured all this toil and niggardliness of life, and never have had a man sing a love song to me?"

The song ran on through her mind: "Oh, lift me from the grass—I die! I faint! I fail!" Suddenly it occurred to her what a wondrous thing it would be to have a man love her so much that he would collapse in her front yard. She had never heard of any Carthage young man doing such a thing, though Jud Rippey had had a fit on the Higbees' side porch; but that was supposed to have been an epileptic attack. What if it had been love?

All at once this foolish thing called love, this foolish thing that made people do foolish things, broke forth from the old maid's little heart. It swept out upon the night of her life and thrilled her being as she had sometimes seen a skyrocket from somewhere silently astound a dark summer evening, gushing upward into the zenith, climbing and climbing, until its red heart burst with the effort and fell back in shattered fire.

Johnetta knew now what Shelley's lover felt—a drowning, swooning need of some one to clasp her little, bony body in the arms of romance. She wanted to be loved; she wanted somebody to love. She wanted to be hugged and kissed and told "How pretty you are!" and taken out walking and driving, and home from prayer-meeting, and sat in a hammock with.

She believed that she could die happy tomorrow if only some lover would tap on her window or stalk up the steps of her porch, or take her to a church sociable, or meet her there and shyly ask her, "Could I see you home?"

While she stood transfixed with longing there came a muffled tap on the window. She would have dropped the plate that had dried in her still hand but that she clutched it suddenly tighter. She was afraid to look round. Again that soft tapping. At last she managed to turn her head.

The pride born of hope died aborning. She might have known. A vine that had trailed along the side of the house—a crimson rambler it was—had wasted some of its profusion about the kitchen window and festooned even the ashcan with glory. And now a dawdling breeze had caught a clump of blossoms and was idly drumming it upon the window.

Johnetta smiled bitterly. The only bouquets she got she grew; but why should she not have flowers sent to her? Was she doomed to have her last flowers her first? She felt a wild need of roses. She leaned from the window and clutching upward brought down an opulent branch. A snow of petals fell about her as she broke off a cluster.

When she slipped back to the kitchen floor she was panting a little and a little flushed, and roseleaves were scattered about her hair and shoulders. She looked down at the flowers. The red of them was like a crowd of puckered lips. She buried her face among them and they were velvetly voluptuous upon her scrawny cheek.

When she lifted her face there was a misty fire in her eyes—a kind of anger, the anger of hunger that will not be denied.

She looked about for a vase to set the flowers in. There was a jar on the dining-room table, but her mother was in the dining room. She did not want to face her mother. It was late in coming to her—that fear of a mother's eyes; but it had arrived. She would not put the flowers in a vase. She would wear them.

She set them at her breast and looked down at them. She remembered the flowers on the bride's corsage—how farther forward they were. Idalene was deep-breasted; and Johnetta had no more bosom than her father.

For the first time in her life she felt this poverty and was ashamed—and then resentful. Now a spirit in her feet led her—who knows how?—through the hall and up the stairs to her own room. She made sure that her mother was still below. Stealthily she turned the key in the lock. She ran to the mirror. She felt so beautiful that she hoped to see some change reflected from that cynical glass; but she found no such woman as she had hoped to find, although the woman within there was not exactly the same that had usually glared out at her.

She fumbled at her hair. She had worn it so that what little there was had looked like less. It had resembled a striated varnish on her skull rather than the aureole of color and glory of other women's hair. She was not practiced in coiffure, but the more she fluffed her hair the better she liked it. Next she hunted out a chiffon scarf she had worn once or twice of evenings. She draped it about her severe shoulders and her lean throat; but it looked grandmotherly. Then a shameless impulse seized her—she folded it up compactly and slipped it into the front of her dress.

It marvelously improved her contour, she thought. She turned this way and that, and liked herself better. The flowers looked more at home. They had a place to nestle. She resembled her father less and her mother more. She felt guilty, but blissfully guilty. Her forehead was pink. Her eyes had, as it were, a sheen and softness of chiffon. She set her one old hat on her new head. It undid all the betterment. She hated her hat and herself in it. She understood why swooning lovers had not littered up her lawn.

She fished out her purse from under the newspaper lining of the bottom drawer. That purse looked like a large wrinkled raisin with a hinge on it. It was large for a raisin, but pitiful for a purse. Johnetta felt like a thief as she slipped it into the pocket of her skirt; but she was desperate.

To complete the dastardliness of her crime, she told her mother a lie about an errand downtown—and called the lie through a door only partly opened, lest her mother notice the astounding change in her appearance.

The hats they sell in Carthage are such that everybody who can get out of town or has a friend out of town imports her headgear. The things stuck up on pegs or on ghastly, smirking wax heads would have appalled almost any woman by their architecture and color schemes—but what appalled Johnetta was their prices.

They were all "marked down," but the cheapest things were labeled as high as five or six dollars. Johnetta underwent agonies of indecision, but finally resolved to have one of those straw and feather crowns if she starved a month for it! She entered desperately and bought desperately. They sold her a hat they had despaired of unloading, even on Carthage. It looked like a wastebasket of samples—a bit of fruit, a number of unearthly flowers, and some curious feathers; but to Johnetta it was a bird of paradise.

Johnetta, in rapturous ignorance, glowed under her hat, and the homeward sidewalks were pink clouds and no less. No men showed any signs of swooning round her feet, but she noticed a decidedly more cheerful air in their greetings. There was a terrific scene with her mother about the scandalous extravagance, and her mother did not speak to her all the evening; but this pleased Johnetta the better, for all the evening she sat on the front porch in the company of her thoughts, with that bravery on her head and a new tumult in her heart that kept her rocking-chair going at a gallop.

For another of those first times with which this big

*"Well, Us Old Folks Can't Sit Up and Spark Till All Hours Like You Young Ones!"*

day was crowded, she caught the significance of moonlight. The blurred progress of shadowy saunterers along the walk took on a weird meaning. In the daylight the walk was rickety boards, and these couples were perhaps drivers of delivery wagons and hired girls, or grocery clerks and seamstresses; but now they were knights and squires and demoiselles of degree in pleached lanes.

Even when she heard a giggle and a slap from Mrs. Skerratt's shadow-curtained porch, she felt none of the disgust she had formerly felt at that widow's goings-on.

The vine-clad piazza of the Longyears, on the other side, was as full of thick black as an ink bottle, but the hammock rope groaned on its swivel; and tonight Johnetta did not sniff at the nonsense. Men strolled by and entered other homes, but never hers; still her heart wished them happiness and throbbed with a helpless hope that perhaps the next man might turn in at her walk.

When finally her mother rose and shuffled into the house Johnetta leaped up to catch the screen door, lest its flap should jar the concord of the night. Her mother vanished.

"Good night, mamma; don't wait up for me. I guess I'll sit here a while. It's awful hot upstairs."

She sat and rocked and rocked—alone but not lonely—dreaming dreams and building desires as a child makes houses of blocks; but how was she to compass those desires? That was a problem indeed!

Suddenly she stopped swaying and thought. She began to rock again and listened questioningly. Yes; the old chair was giving her wailing advice. It was squeaking:

"Leap year! Leap year! Le-ee-eap ye-ee-ear!"

*II*

IN A SMALL town, when a woman is in distress she turns either to the doctor or the minister. Johnetta's ailment did not require anything from the tiny flasks of powder in the physician's satchel. Besides, their family doctor was a doctor of family. The minister, however, though neither young nor handsome, was still a bachelor. This was not from lack of inclination, but from its superfluity.

Poor fellow, he had the best heart in the world and he was honestly devoted to the welfare of his flock. He lived for them and would gladly have died for any of them to whom his demise could have done any possible good. His people came to him in their sorrows—the women, that is; for the place that men go to in their sorrows is the bank.

The ewes of the Reverend Clarence Sipperley's fold were everlastingly crowding about their shepherd and baa-ing their woes. He gave such exquisite sympathy that the demand for it grew. This is one of the chief objections to human kindness—the craving for it becomes a habit. Before he knew it Mr. Sipperley had at least a dozen ladies of assorted ages and sizes looking to him for ghostly counsel and soul comfort.

At this harrowing crisis, Johnetta Ackerley—of all people!—developed alarming symptoms. He could have shrieked for help when the hideous truth came over him that Johnetta had marked him as her own. Her first shot across his bows was in the form of a pleasant greeting when he was passing her porch. She called him in. He supposed her mother was ill and he stopped just for a word especially just a word, because the handsome widow, Augusta Minnerly, had telephoned him to come at once as she was in a great perturbation of soul; but Johnetta simply would not let him go. He said goodby eleven times, shifting from one foot to another and twisting the doorknob—only to be detained. She wanted him to dine there the next day, and he had to promise in order to escape.

When finally he reached the home of Mrs. Minnerly she berated him for his delay with the assurance of a great lady to her private chaplain. She terrified his timid soul with evidences that she was downright jealous of him. She wept and wailed and insisted that nobody loved her.

Just as he left the door the elder Miss Satterthwaite called him across the street and put his wits in further disarray by pouting:

"You've been to Augusta Minnerly's three times this week, and you've stayed there for hours—and you haven't been to see me for a month!"

His progress home was a nightmare. The street was a ravine and every porch the lair of some ambushed pantheress or lioness, with claws back of the purr.

He dined the next noon at Johnetta's, and she talked about the loneliness of his existence and how much he needed a good wife, and how much pleasure she took in cooking and in church work, and how important it was to a clergyman to marry a devoted believer and a willing worker. The tender-hearted victim felt as if the least a decent man could do would be to marry her at once; but he thought of Mrs. Minnerly and Miss Satterthwaite and certain others who talked the same way. And he wondered if he should ever escape alive!

Johnetta was in a state of excitement as tremulous as his own. She shooed her mother out of the room and made ready to test this leap-year theory with an out-and-out proposal. She had written her whole oration; but when she galloped up to the hurdle her tongue refused to take the leap.

She gave it up finally and let the poor man go. He made a vow never to call there again, and she made a vow to keep after him until she got him.

When prayer-meeting night came she marched to church with a resolution to bring the minister home as her captive—if she had to handcuff him. All through the prayer meeting she was praying for the minister and for inspiration in the choice of words.

After the service the preacher was the last one out. On the steps he found both Mrs. Minnerly and Johnetta standing in wait for him. They fell in on his either side like a pair of constables.

They were so bitter against each other that the preacher seemed to feel their wrath snapping across the space between them—the space in which he walked wretchedly. He knew and they knew that the question as to which he would beau home must be speedily settled—as soon as the church walk flowed into the main walk: for Mrs. Minnerly lived to the north and Johnetta to the south.

He could not walk both ways at once and his decision would be fraught with fate.

The unfortunate parson read their thoughts and his soul was torn asunder. For years he had evaded any compromising definiteness of action. Now he was between Mrs. Scylla and Miss Charybdis. He simply could not decide. His mind refused to act; but when he reached the main walk he was the helpless victim of the double pull. The two forces being equal, his path became the resultant of their opposite drags. He bowed both ways at once, like another Janus, and he walked straight on across the street, leaving the two women glaring at each other. His feet led him, without volition of his own, to the house of the Strawgates, which faced the church. He stalked on in a daze, climbed the steps, and, finding Miss Charlotte Strawgate there, dumfounded her by asking if he might sit down. Before he left the porch a proposal of marriage had been deftly extracted from him; and he went home engaged to a woman he hardly knew. He was so greatly relieved, however, at this unexpected slashing of the Gordian knot that he published his own banns the following Sunday.

*The Old Chair Was Giving Her Wailing Advice. It Was Squeaking: "Leap Year! Leap Year! Le-ee-eap Ye-ee-ear!"*

Johnetta looked upon that parson as the fish that got away; but there were other fish in the sea, and she highly resolved that she would land the next gudgeon if she had to hold him while she hooked him.

*III*

IGNORANT of that darker side of life which the small towns are often better able to conceal than the cities, Johnetta cast her next hook in the deep pool where lurked Chester B. Dawes, a wholesale merchant by trade, but socially a wily old leather-mouthed trout, who would bite at anything, but always managed either to get off the hook or take the hook along. He was in butter and eggs, Chet was—everybody called him Chet—and his real character was about the grade of his most successful eggs, known as "rots and spots."

But Johnetta knew only that he was a fair-spoken, clean-shaven, neatly dressed person who smiled pleasantly. Also, he really lifted his hat to her, instead of merely pushing it round his head as many men did. Perhaps his care was partly due to his desire not to budge the toupee everybody knew he wore; but even the wearing of a wig proved a certain longing for perfection, a thought of beauty.

On her way home from marketing next day, Johnetta saw Mr. Dawes coming along behind her; and she adjusted her pace so that, though she was going slower than he until he overtook her, she was going just his gait when he would have passed.

He little knew what wild young thoughts were stirring in that dear old thing; and when she invited him to call he said he would Some Day. She giggled and observed that Some Day was No Day. He said he would certainly call Soon. She said Soon was That Very Evening. Before he quite realized what had happened, he had promised to call That Very Evening.

To his acute surprise he found himself there. He dropped in on his way to the usual assembly of the knights of the pool table. After he had rung Mrs. Ackerley's bell and it was too late to get away, he suddenly decided that they had asked him to call because they wanted to borrow money. He would soon settle that—and he had all his answers ready.

Their cordiality was suspiciously like that of borrowers in ambush; but they talked prosperity!

Mrs. Ackerley was so dazed at seeing a man call on her daughter that she sat round and gabbled for an hour before she realized that the first duty of the mother of a Johnetta is to keep from making a noise near the fishing ground. Mrs. Ackerley took herself off to bed, saying tactfully: "Well, us old folks can't sit up and spark till all hours like you young ones!"

Chet Dawes said he must be going too; but Johnetta would not take good night from him, and he sank back longing for the pool table. By this time the moon had

*He Said Goodby Eleven Times*

climbed up high enough to look into the Ackerley piazza. To its intense astonishment it found Johnetta sitting there with a man—and with the butter-and-eggs man, of all men! The moon had seen the fat scoundrel in many strange places, but this was the strangest!

The pie-faced moon fairly gasped to see Johnetta in such society, and her behavior was more bewildering far. Her old rocker was a traveler and it kept drifting toward the rocker in which Chet Dawes sat. When the chairs grided arms he would apologize and shift a little farther south; but the rocker still pursued him.

Finally he was pushed into a corner by the artlessly artful Johnetta.

The subtlest rake in Carthage could hardly believe his own wicked suspicions! Could this giggling, lolling, hinting, yearning pursuer be the staid, the ultra-conservative Johnetta? Had she gone crazy? Was it possible that she didn't want to borrow money, but to barter honey? Could she be challenging him to a flirtation? He was a devil who never took a dare.

He took Johnetta's hand. It was not retracted. He slipped his arm along the back of her chair—she did not edge away; but she shivered, though the night was warm. He whispered:

"You're cold. You ought to have something round you."

He dropped his arm round her. All the reproof he had was:

"Oh, Mr. Dawes!"

The vines were thick about that corner of the porch and Johnetta was invisible if not intangible. She looked better invisible. Under the spell of the moon Chet Dawes forgot how she looked. She was somebody. He drew her close. Her body came to his embrace with the eagerness of a lonely child's. He looked down and his lips brushed hers.

The fervor of her lips was pure gratitude. He had given her her first kiss, as man to woman. She felt all the ardors of a Psyche languishing upon Cupid's breast, though Chet was not built like a Cupid. The shadow was as kind to him as to her.

It's true that Johnetta's first kiss was somewhat sharpened in its savor by the tang of the small-town cigars that Chet Dawes smoked; but even this made the adventure all the wilder. There was something intensely virile about bad cigars.

Johnetta snuggled into the villain's arms and their two rockers swayed as one. She could not see the cynical amusement on Chet's face. The fat rascal was imagining how the other rascals in town would guy him if they knew he had spent the evening hugging Johnetta Ackerley! He could not see the holy beatitude of contentment in her mien. She was too deeply satisfied to speak. He was ashamed to say the tender flatteries common to such occasions, though he managed a couple of "dears" and "Are you cold, darling?" once or twice.

*He Kept Johnetta Laughing Until Suddenly She Began to Be Afraid of Him*

And so they sat a long time—he wondering if he could get away before the poolroom closed up, she dreaming forward into a golden future and gloating over their life together.

Finally Johnetta gave a great, deep, comfortable sigh of infinite contentment. The man's prosaic soul translated it as a yawn; and he said:

"Are you sleepy, dear?"

"The idea!" she gasped, shocked; then she purred: "I was wondering what folks in town will say when they learn you and me are going to get married!"

Chet Dawes' veins changed to tubes of ice-water. His toupee rose on end. The thin shell of sleekness broke and the yolk of his soul exuded like one of his own worst eggs. He tore her arms away and snorted:

"Goin' to get married! You and me! Say, what you givin' us? Can't you take a joke?"

"A joke!" Johnetta gasped. "You call it a joke to hold me in your arms and take my first kiss!"

She was like Diana enraged! He was frightened, and sputtered:

"I didn't mean anything special. I just thought ——"

"You just thought what—what did you just think?"

"I don't know what I thought; but I didn't think ——"

"Well, you'd better think before you come snooping round respectable people's homes. You haven't got an honest bone in your body, Chet Dawes, and I was a fool to let you lead me on."

Her disillusionment wrought her into a fury. She hated herself more than the man; but she hated him enough to drive him off with a denunciation that nearly fried him.

Johnetta spent half an hour trying to rub the tobacco taste from her lips, and the next morning her hair still reeked of smoke. For several days she abominated the very thought of mankind. Then her heart relented, and if she could have found Chet Dawes she would have forgiven him; but he had left town on a long journey. He fully expected that she would sue him for breach of promise and he could not face the ridicule that would be his. Before he dared to return Johnetta was deeply embroiled elsewhere.

*IV*

AFTER the shocking revelation of the extent to which male perfidy could be carried, Johnetta dismissed love from her thoughts for a while. She found that the life of an established old maid had a reposeful certainty to it that was strangely soothing.

Then she heard that Mrs. Skerratt had chosen her next husband and was to wed him forthwith. Johnetta's heart boiled at the bad distribution of things on earth. Here she was, who had never had lover, husband or child, and was not likely to have; next door was a woman who had several more children than she could use and a crowd of husbands fairly treading on each other's heels.

She passed the families of Carthage in mental review and her wonder increased at the regularity with which such awful women got such nice men for husbands—and treated the poor fellows that badly, too, it was no wonder they spent most of the time at the store or the lodge!

Johnetta knew that she would have made at least as good a wife as any woman in town—and a lot better than most. The men did not know what they were missing. And the children that were vouchsafed these ill-allotted couples—they had no real bringing up at all. Now if Johnetta had children she would correct their faults and not allow them to misbehave the way they did. Johnetta had theories in child-culture. The old maids and the bachelors are, in fact, the only ones who know anything about raising children. People who have them are instantly deprived of any knowledge of how to manage them.

Johnetta decided to get married if she died for it, and give the town a much-needed object-lesson in bringing up a husband and a proper number of children. Her longing for a mate now took on the all-justifying spirit of a crusade, a mission. The courage that Chet Dawes had scattered began to take fire again in her heart, but she could find nobody within easy reach to propose to.

The milkman was about the only man who called regularly and she was seriously considering him; but he came so early in the morning and was always in such a hurry! She wondered what milkmen did with their evenings. The horrible thought came to her that they probably retired as soon as they had robbed the cows of their day's earnings. She decided not to marry a milkman except as a last resort.

About this time the Second Methodist Church of Carthage, which had become nearly as quiet as its own graveyard, decided to call in somebody to stir things up. It imported the liveliest revivalist to be found, and he proceeded to rattle the dry bones of Carthage's whole religious life. His exhortations were so eloquent that his hearers grew hysterical. Everybody in town crowded in.

Even Johnetta was tempted away from her own church by curiosity. Besides, she felt less bound, now that the Reverend Clarence had basely and stealthily engaged himself to some one else. The Methodist meeting house was so thronged that Johnetta was ushered to a pew in which there was but one vacant seat.

The man next the pew door rose with gracious alacrity and bowed her in. The gallantry pleased her. She had seen him for a week or two about town, but did not know his name. There was a paucity of hymnbooks, but he found one, turned to the place and presented the book to Johnetta. Of course she had to offer him half of it.

Stranger though he was, there was a pleasant community of spirit in holding the same hymnbook and singing the same sweet words to the same dear old tune. It gave Johnetta a domestic sensation.

Every now and then he put in a tenor part, and his voice jumped up over the melody and trailed along upstairs in a delicious way. She sang a little louder to encourage him and she thought that their voices mated beautifully. When the hymn was over he mumbled:

"You have a very exquisite voice—if you'll excuse my saying so."

Of course a lady never excuses a stranger for saying anything at all without an introduction, except possibly "Pardon me, but the house is on fire!" or "Permit me to save you from drowning"; yet it was quite impossible for Johnetta to rebuke her elbow-neighbor for so nice a speech—and in the Lord's house especially, where the exhorter called them all "brethren and sistern." So she thanked him and told him he sang lovely too; and he sang like he must have sang in a choir. And he said that he had once gone to church regular, but he had never sang in the choir except once when the tenor had the mumps, and they're very dangerous when you're grown up. And Johnetta said, "Oh, yes, indeed," and then the revivalist began to revive.

The stranger was absorbed in the preacher's appeal. It was apparent that he was deeply emotional; and when there was a summons for sinners to confess their experiences his agitation was painful. Finally, after various persons had risen and described how evil their lives had been and how they were regenerated, this man leaped to his feet and poured out his heart.

Johnetta stole a good look at him and found him very handsome in his exultant proclamation of the joy of being saved from one of the wickedest lives a man ever lived. A cynic might have wondered whether he were confessing or boasting; but to Johnetta his past wickedness gave him an irresistible fascination—she found his self-denunciation as thrilling as a whole Hallelujah Chorus.

When he finished the church reverberated with sonorous Amens and "O Lord, grant it!" The stranger sank back into the pew quivering from the ordeal. Johnetta was forced to murmur a few words of comfort. He fastened on her great eyes full of gratitude; and it came over Johnetta like a flash that, though it was better to have this man saved as a Methodist than not saved at all, it would be tremendous if he could be saved as a Congregationalist.

She told him something of her church and of how welcome he would be there. He wanted to hear more, and when the meeting was over he clung to her elbow; in fact, they walked home together. He lingered on the steps.

With a timid laugh she told him her name and asked him his. He answered: "Meyer—er—that is, Newell."

She wanted to ask him to sit down, but it seemed a trifle un-old-maidenly; so she invited him to call the next evening and go to her own church for prayer meeting.

He did. They went; they strolled home in that unmitigated moonlight. She asked him to rest a minute on the porch. He stayed there until they were both surprised

(Continued on Page 51)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Constitution Worship

DEBASING the coinage is probably the oldest political quack medicine known to man. It has been tried innumerable times in numberless states and has always brought a Pandora box of plagues in its train. If there is any evil against which history may be said to warn nations it is debased coinage. Yet this ancient nostrum was offered to the United States only sixteen years ago and came near being adopted—all in strictest conformity with the Constitution. Slavery ran its full course to the bloody issue of war, with no substantial check at any point from the Constitution; and when the fatal question arose whether certain states had the right to withdraw from the Union and disrupt the nation not a word in the Constitution shed any light upon it. Our whole national domain in timber, coal and water-power might be given away to private interests—as a good part of it has already been given—without the least hindrance from the Constitution.

Examples might be multiplied to show that Constitution worship is the strangest and least logical cult of our times. It consists in a belief that the Constitution, exactly as it now stands, possesses some mysterious power to safeguard the nation.

The nation came into being without the Constitution, and in its gravest crises the Constitution, like Baal, has been sleeping or on a journey. Constitution worshipers hold that if the document should be amended in important particulars, by processes strictly analogous to those whereby it was originally created, it would lose a certain magic potency. They call it the palladium of our liberties, which reminds us that Trojans and Greeks were both very solicitous about the original Palladium—the Trojans because they believed the wooden image possessed supernatural power to protect their city; the Greeks because they wanted to steal it, and finally did.

## Sugar and Potatoes

AN EXCEPTIONALLY fine assortment of specifics for the high cost of living is now on the market—all bearing the familiar warning to beware of imitations; all having some well-known name or other blown in the bottle; all warranted to cure; and all consisting mostly of pump-water and dope.

Last month the Bureau of Labor published the result of an inquiry into prices of staple food articles between 1890 and 1900. All have gone up; but at the two extremes stand granulated sugar—a tariff-protected trust product—which has advanced only eight per cent, and Irish potatoes, which have risen one hundred and twelve per cent. In between, for example, are lard, made by the Beef Trust and showing an advance of fifty-five per cent, and the unfettered hen, which has advanced fifty-eight per cent. The trust's sirloin steak has risen fifty-nine per cent, but cornmeal has risen sixty-four per cent.

The tariff helps to make living dear; but living would be very dear in comparison with commodity-price levels of 1890–1900 if the tariff were abolished altogether. The duly dissolved Oil Trust is making existence expensive for persons who own automobiles; but that does not explain why milk, butter and wheat flour are thirty to forty per cent higher than the 1890–1900 average. Mr. Morgan is the chief personage in the money power, but he has no corner on potatoes. Federal and local governments waste millions; but if they were as penurious as a miser, prime steers would still be selling at ten cents a pound on the hoof!

High cost of living is a complex effect, visible all over Europe and in Japan, as well as in America. Enormously increased gold production and concentration of populations in cities are probably the chief causes; but nobody has yet discovered the specific that will cure it.

## A High-School Census

ABOUT nine-tenths of the public-school pupils drop out before reaching the high school, and inquiry in a typical Middle Western village high school discloses the following situation: There are one hundred and thirty-five pupils, of whom eighty-two probably will quit school during or at the end of the high-school course. The remaining fifty-three expect to attend normal school or college—seven to study agriculture; ten to study engineering; six to study medicine or law; eight for instruction in music, with a view to teaching it; three for a course in domestic science; four will go to a business college; two hope to become nurses; while five girls are undecided as to what they will study and five others wish to take the classical course in order to teach. That leaves three boys who expect to take the college classical course, apparently for the purpose of culture.

This village high school, by-the-way, contains a very high proportion of candidates for higher education. The country over, only about twelve per cent of high-school pupils take any college course; but this little census shows plainly enough that general culture, toward which our educational system is still so largely directed, is really the goal of only an infinitesimal fraction of school pupils. Primary instruction is shaped with a view to high school, and high-school instruction with a view to college—being, as a committee of the National Educational Association observed at the recent annual conference in Chicago, "generally bookish, scholastic, abstract and inadequate to meet the practical problems of life." The committee recommended a "look in the direction of the farm, shop and home"—that being, in fact, the direction in which ninety-odd per cent of the pupils are looking.

## Farmers and Trusts

GRAPE-GROWERS in Southern Michigan market their fruit mainly through three coöperative associations. It appears that these associations have been independent of one another and in competition. At times last year, one association underbid another until grapes were sold below the actual cost of production. With that experience in mind a powerful effort was made last spring to have the associations agree day by day upon a minimum price; but the largest association declined, on advice of counsel that such a compact would probably violate the Sherman Law, rendering the parties to it liable to imprisonment.

Presumably the Government would not prosecute an association of farmers a thousand miles from Wall Street—but it might; and under the Sherman Law the effort of these farmers to secure a fair living price for their produce by ceasing to compete with one another might be a penal offense.

Nearly all plans to improve agricultural conditions hinge in some degree upon coöperation and are communistic rather than competitive in spirit. This is true not only of coöperative buying and selling associations, but also of good roads, expert farm demonstration work, agricultural college extension, and so on. All these things involve a working together, a community effort.

Almost all intelligent observers agree that better organization, better teamwork, is a prime need among farmers. A prime need, in short, is to get away from the old individualistic, competitive, devil-take-the-hindmost economic philosophy of Adam Smith. And competition may be as ruinous to the man who sells canned vegetables as to the farmer who raised them. Insisting upon an every-man-for-himself, dog-eat-dog state in every other field will not help agriculture to get out of that state. Combination cannot be good on the farm and bad everywhere else!

## Regulated Competition

ADMIRERS of the Sherman Law—that prolific mother of dropsical and unregulated trusts—now seek to raise an issue of "regulated competition" versus "regulated monopoly." In practice the difference between the two is about the same as that between tweedledum and tweedledee. Take, as an illustration, the railroad field. There are many separately owned concerns; by agreement they maintain absolute uniformity in rates and charges, and considerable uniformity in service—with the Interstate Commerce Commission sitting by to forbid excessive rates or any advance in rates without proof of its reasonableness. You can call that regulated competition or regulated monopoly, as you please. For practical purposes either phrase describes it equally well.

To regulate competition must mean to restrain and limit it—to say: "You can compete only in such a manner and to such a degree." To regulate monopoly means saying: "You can monopolize only in such a manner and to such a degree." Both mean interference by the Government to preserve fair play in the interests of the public and would come to much the same thing.

The important question is not whether the Government's interference is to be described by the one phrase or by the other, but whether our trust policy is still to be animated by the archaic spirit of the Sherman Law, which, in spite of all its apologists say for it, means mere trust-busting—profitless to everybody except the owners of the trusts. We wish the Government to interfere, but should like to see it do so intelligently and helpfully, permitting combination to any extent not injurious to the public.

## Negro Education

MOST states have agricultural colleges, in which a young man may learn the theory and practice of farming; but in no state that we know of can a young man receive this instruction unless he already has a fair primary education. There are many good technical and manual-training schools, but only those who are already educated to a certain degree are admitted to them.

Take a youth who woke up to the need of education about the time when most youths would wake up to it if left to their own guidance—namely, when they began thinking seriously of earning a living. Such a youth would find almost every school of practical training in the United States hermetically closed to him.

This comes to mind on reading that Tuskegee Institute has given an average of two years' industrial training to nine thousand negroes, whose earning capacity—estimated on the basis of reports from many graduates as compared with wages for unskilled black labor—has thereby been increased sevenfold. This is decidedly worth while; but the Institute can do little or nothing for the illiterate negro youth. To receive instruction there, he must already have some education. Now less than a third of the negroes of school age in Alabama regularly attend public schools, and the school year is only one hundred days. An immense number of children are in process of foreclosure, so far as any future educational advantages are concerned. Whatever else may be said on the subject of education, every child ought to receive some schooling. Otherwise he cannot take advantage of any educational opportunity in youth or young manhood.

## Your Expense Account

NOT many people are consciously extravagant. A great majority, we believe, virtuously shy from any single expenditure that is obviously improvident. Reviewing the stubs of your checkbook, you will probably be struck with admiration at the reasonableness of all your disbursements—until you notice how much larger the total is than it was ten years ago. The difference, of course, is discoverable not in single plunging expenditures at this point or that, but in a very steady dribble all along the way. There is much more genuine economy in cutting out cabs, three-for-a-half cigars, early strawberries and long gloves by the box than in heroically resisting the new six-cylinder you fancy. It is hard to say where any spending habit—as, for example, smoking a cigar that costs only five cents more—ceases to be a luxury and becomes a very reasonable necessity; but every spending habit tends to become a necessity, and so to justify itself, directly you begin to indulge it.

## The High Cost of Government

IN 1902 total revenue collected by states, counties, cities, towns and minor civil divisions, as reported by the Census Bureau, amounted to eleven hundred million dollars. Since then, no doubt, cost of living has gone up for governments even more than for individuals, and the Wall Street Journal, after some independent investigation, estimates the present sum at two thousand millions. To this we must add the thousand millions disbursed every year by the Federal Government. The total gives an average of thirty-odd dollars for every man, woman and child in the country; so that the fictitious "average family," comprising four and six-tenths persons, would contribute to the support of the Government almost fifteen dollars a month. No other country, we believe, is so heavily taxed; and this, of course, takes no account of whatever indirect burdens the tariff tax imposes by raising the price of protected goods.

If you pay fifteen dollars a month rent you take a lively interest in the condition of the house and are constantly watchful to see that the landlord gives you your money's worth. How lively an interest are you taking in the Government?

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### Will His Ship Come In?

BEING a Scotchman is a trade, but being an Indianian is a profession. Almost any person who knows Rob Roy was a MacGregor, who has acquired facility in allowing others to pay the checks, and who can say "Hoot, mon!" at appropriate intervals can pass as a Scotchman—and many do; but with an Indianian it is more difficult. There are so many finer passages in being an Indianian—so many nuances, as one might say—that the ordinary occupations based on place of nativity, like sons of the Sunny South and Californians, fade to insignificance and glimmer off to coarse work when comparison is made.

One of two things is prerequisite—to be a professional Indianian one must have written a book or sought an office. There are some—these are super-Indianians—who have done both, but in the common run either qualifies. Wherefore the entire male population of the state is professional, and when they get woman suffrage the entire female population will be, also. John Corwin used to say a gold brick could be sold to any inhabitant of Indiana except those who lived in Posey County, who had already bought theirs; but John was a scoffer. That was only John's persiflage. I doubt if the gold-brick vender could do much business in Indiana; but there are places, hither and yon, out that way, where some can be bought.

We have been hearing for many years of the thrift and prudence of the Yankees. Just for a matter of historical record I should admire to see a real Yankee trying to swap something with a real Indianian. Right then and there the Yankee's reputation for trading would be badly jolted. Any time you hear of a real Indianian getting the worst of a swapping match, jot down something about it for the Odd and Unusual Information column in your home paper. There never was but one Indiana spendthrift—and he didn't break out until he hit Paris and the news couldn't get back home to shame him. However, there is one feature of Indiana that might engage the attention of numerous other imperial commonwealths of this constellation of states and afford a modicum of food for thought. Occupying an advantageous position in America, Indiana curiously enough persists in being American to a considerable degree. Usually they nominate Americans for their offices out there, and in most cases their authors write American books. One of the surest signs that a state clings to its pride of beginnings is when Americans are nominated for the offices. Mostly, nowadays, persons are named for office not because they are Americans, but because they are something else.

All of which, as you no doubt have observed, leads gracefully up to the consideration of an Indianian. The luxuriance of Indiana foliage fit for consideration is tropical. I might select A. J. Beveridge, or Thomas R. Marshall, or Booth Tarkington, or Tom Taggart, or Charles W. Fairbanks, or George Ade, or Jim Hemenway, or Uncle John K. Gowdy, or Lew Shank, or Charles Major, or John McCutcheon, or Jim Watson, or Daniel G. Reid, or William Dudley Foulke, or Meredith Nicholson, or Scott C. Bone, or John W. Kern, or Otto Carmichael, or a Studebaker, or an Oliver, or any one of a hundred more—not many foreigners in that list—but most of these have theirs, and at present I am dealing in futures. Therefore I reach over to Indianapolis and select Thomas R. Shipp, and Tom and I turn our faces toward the morning.

#### How to Become a Statesman

TOM hasn't written a book as yet, though I make no doubt he could write one if he set his mind to it; but he has that other Indiana trait. He is running for office—running for Congress in the Indianapolis district; and, whether he wins or loses, it seems meet at this time to say he is well fitted for the job; excellently well fitted, in fact, when you size him up alongside some other patriots who have oozed into Congress from Indiana and other states.

Most persons who run for Congress are firmly of the idea that the first requisite for statesmanship is the ability—or disability—of fluent speech. As soon as a young county-seat lawyer has read the Declaration of Independence, made a Fourth of July oration, defended a murderer, and caused the jurors to weep softly as he paints the woes of the defendant's poor old mother, and wound up a Memorial Day address with a fitting reference to the rapidly thinning lines of blue, and quoted some appropriate verses, he thinks his country is yearning to have him in the halls of Congress. Of course his country has no such yearn, but you cannot convince him of that. So he tries and perchance gets the nomination—and mayhap the election. So soon as he arrives in Washington he discovers his country has never heard of him and doesn't intend to listen; he discovers that speechmakers in Congress are so plentiful they are of less consequence than messengers—and that of these numerous speechmakers most all can make better speeches than he can anyhow.

Many a Congressional career predicated on oratorical ability has languished into a term or two of noiseless obscurity. Still, they keep trying and keep talking. You cannot make the rising young lawyer back there understand he is not another Webster—until he gets into the thick of it and discovers that disconcerting fact for himself. So Congress continues to be all cluttered up with this sort of statesmen, and the printers over in the Congressional Record office are correspondingly happy, inasmuch as the more orators there are the more type there will be to set. It is the invariable rule of congressional procedure and efficiency in Washington, in all other ways, that the man who knows how to go about things, no matter if he doesn't qualify as an orator, is the best asset for a district. In other words, knowledge of Washington ways and procedure and affairs is of more benefit to the folks in the district—any district—than all the speeches that could be crowded into a session.

Right here is where Tom Shipp is doing the people of Indianapolis a real service by running for Congress. He has never been in Congress, but that does not prevent his knowing more about being in Congress than almost any other young man you can mention, barring a number who have had his training and experience. And the Congress itself isn't all there is to being in Congress, or a quarter! Our system makes the member of the House of Representatives the direct agent for the people of his district in dealing with all the other branches of the Government as well as the direct representative in the legislative branch. He must do their errands in all the departments. He must know how to get them information, aid—whatever they want; and unless he does know how he is not the capable representative.

Shipp knows his Washington thoroughly. He has been there, in close touch with Congress, for many years, and he can find his way about in the most complicated red-tape mazes. He is familiar with what must be done in the departments because he has done just that sort of thing time and time again—every sort of thing in every sort of department. He knows it all now.

You see, Tom went to Washington as secretary for Senator Beveridge. Before that he had been a reporter in Indianapolis, which, by-the-way, is excellent preliminary training for the sort of work he took over, especially if that work has to do with politics, which is the basis of all the endeavor of every senator and every representative. Indiana reporters are naturally political reporters. It makes no difference whether they are doing baseball or theaters; they are political reporters just the same, because everything in Indiana has a tinge of politics—everything you can mention.

Well, Tom had been a good political reporter, and he went on as Senator Beveridge's secretary—and he was a good secretary. He stayed in that place for some years. Then they needed him in the conservation end of the Department of Agriculture, and Tom went over there. It is immaterial whether you agree with the conservation ideas of Gifford Pinchot or not; you must admit those ideas have been pretty thoroughly impressed on the people through the medium of the public prints. Shipp did that; and presently, when the National Conservation Congress was organized, he became the executive man of that. Then he moved back to Indianapolis, and now he has the regular Republican nomination for Congress out there, and more power to him!

Shipp is young, energetic, efficient, intelligent and, as I have pointed out, has a most comprehensive knowledge of Washington and how to do things in Washington. To my notion, without presuming to interfere with affairs in Indianapolis, that is exactly the sort of citizen Indianapolis could use to great advantage at the capital.

The Sort of Citizen Indianapolis Could Use at the Capital

### Cranking Up Dobbin

OVER on Long Island, where they entice New Yorkers to sell them real estate, the agents have automobiles to take the prospective purchasers out to see the lots they are expected to buy.

Naturally the agent of any tract must keep the attention of his victim from tracts offered by other agents; and the way this is done is by keeping up a continual flow of boosting talk for his section—talk that never stops until the visitor is hooked or has refused to buy.

The agents usually drive their own automobiles. A few days ago a man from New York strayed over on the island and an agent hooked him. It so happened that the agent's automobile was out of commission that day, and he had hired an old white horse and a buggy to do his transportation work. He began talking to his prospective purchaser—talked him out on the sidewalk, talked him into the buggy, and then, still talking, he walked round in front of the old white horse and tried to crank him up!

### Very Doubtful

TOM McNEAL was talking to Charley Sessions, in Topeka, about the doubtful voters.

"Lot of them!" said Sessions.

"Yes," replied McNeal; "but they sort of remind me of a man I knew in Kansas who was running for sheriff. He traveled all over his county and tried to get votes. One day he came across a farmer and asked him to vote for him.

"'Why, dodgast your measly hide!' yelled the farmer; 'I wouldn't vote for you for anything if you was the last man on earth! I'd poison myself before I'd vote for you for anything!'

"'If that is the case,' said the candidate, 'I'll just mark you down as doubtful!'"

### Magic Words

ONCE Judge William M. Conley, of Madera, California, was trying a case wherein a woman sought to recover a diamond ring she had in fonder moments given to a gentleman friend.

"When you gave this man this ring didn't you think him the best ever?" asked the judge.

The woman blushed and hesitated, and finally admitted she did.

"Now be honest," continued the judge; "didn't you think him the handsomest man you had ever known?"

The woman blushed again and then leaned over and whispered something to the judge. Presently he instructed the jury to find for her.

Everybody wondered what it was the witness had told the judge. The judge wouldn't tell, but finally a stenographer divulged the secret. What she whispered was: "Not half so handsome as you are, judge."

### The Colonel's Privilege

"WHAT'LL Colonel Roosevelt do?" asked an Oklahoma delegate of a delegate from Georgia at the Chicago convention.

"Oh," said the Georgian, "I reckon he'll take the nomination from one of these here rumpus conventions."

THE well-rounded, hand-tailored shoulders, the sweeping lines of the hand-worked lapels, the "neck-hug" of the collar—the perfect fitting back, the free and easy drape of the trousers and correctly proportioned vest are to be found in

THE L SYSTEM

*Clothes for Young Gentlemen*

You will notice these features particularly when you try on our Autumn models, which are the kind all Young Men take great delight in wearing.

Our dealer who is nearest you will be glad personally to point out wherein our models add to your appearance.

*Sold in leading cities in Canada*

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS
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# Financial Humbugs

## By ROGER W. BABSON

STOCKS, like Gaul, may be divided into three parts—that is, into investments, speculations and humbugs.

The first division includes those investments I have often written about—namely, high-grade municipal, railroad, public-utility and certain other corporation securities.

The second division includes listed stocks of established properties that have passed the reorganization period and are safely earning all operating expenses and fixed charges, but do not earn sufficient to pay dividends. When one desires to speculate, however, I believe he should confine his purchases to stocks of such companies as are listed and actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange.

The third division—namely, the humbugs—includes that great number of promotion schemes most of which are in their promotion or construction stage, and which are not started for the purpose of doing a legitimate business, but for the purpose of selling stock. In other words this country is flooded with men who make it their business to form new companies—printing a lot of stock certificates and then selling them to whoever will buy.

Most of these men know that these stocks have no value and—nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of a thousand—will never have any value. On the other hand there is one chance out of a thousand that the stock may become valuable. Neither these men nor any others know what will develop to make it valuable, but there is always one chance that something unforeseen may happen that will show the purchasers a large profit. Why the Government does not class the sale of these stock certificates with the sale of lottery tickets I have always failed to understand. Certainly the only difference I see is that the size of the paper upon which the stock certificate is printed is larger than a lottery ticket and the chances of profit are greater in the case of the lottery ticket.

There seems to be a fashion in stocks as in hats or clothes. Sometimes the public is crazy for mining stocks and will not purchase oil stocks at any price. At other times the public will be crazy for oil stocks—as was the case some ten years ago—and will not purchase a mining stock or a stock of any other kind. Therefore these promoters usually study to "manufacture" that kind of stock which is in greatest demand at any given time, and then form a company purporting to do that kind of business.

### *Fashions in Humbugs*

It has been reported that one selling company received eight dollars as its commission from every ten-dollar share of stock it sold for one of the companies it promoted—that is to say, the stock of this company was advertised in the papers for sale at ten dollars a share, and only two dollars of each ten dollars reached the treasury of the company—and probably the larger part of this two dollars was consumed for salaries, and so on, thus possibly leaving only a few cents out of the ten dollars for the development of the proposition.

Though oil companies have gone out of fashion they are, nevertheless, being promoted, and I hold in my hand a prospectus and letter received by my father a few days ago. This company, however, is offering oil bonds rather than oil stock. Of course it costs somewhat more to print bonds than to print stock certificates, because bonds consist of two sheets of paper, and the coupons must be numbered, and so on.

Of course a large amount of money has been made in oil, but millions and millions have been lost. It is true that the men connected directly and indirectly with the Standard Oil Company have made a large amount of money in oil. There also are some independent operators who have been successful in oil promotions; the late Mr. Gates, who operated in Texas, is a very good illustration of one of these successful independent oil operators. However there are very few successful ones, and the chances are small for even a man of large wealth making any money dabbling with oil stocks. For the small investor, however, to do this is almost a hopeless task. When an oil stock is offered you, remember that the proposition has usually been thoroughly examined, not only by the Standard Oil interests, but by the most successful independent oil interests—and turned down as useless at the figures asked. Therefore, though I may be wrong in one case out of a thousand, I advise the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to let alone stocks of oil as well as stocks of patent-medicine companies.

It is needless here to go into the history of the various wireless-telegraph stocks which have been so thoroughly advertised in the papers during the past few years. Millions and millions of the savings of our poor people have been lost in these wireless promotions.

I do not like to include real-estate promoters in a list of humbugs, because there certainly are many good real-estate investments. Nevertheless small investors lose a tremendous amount of money in real-estate speculations, and my advice to small investors when I am asked concerning real-estate stocks is as follows: "If the property advertised is in your own town go and look at it, and if you believe it worth what it is capitalized for, then you are justified in purchasing some of the stock; but otherwise let it alone. I believe it a great mistake for any small investor to buy real-estate stocks in a city in which he does not live."

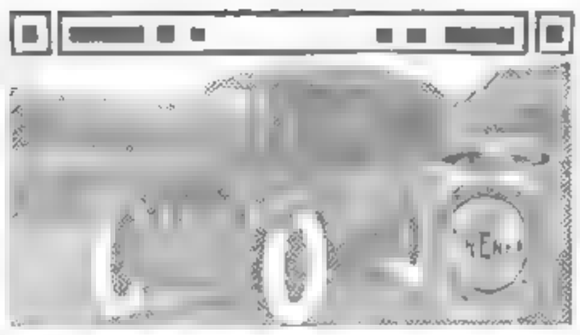
### *Catching the Small Investor*

The above reminds me of some property I went to examine in the outlying districts of Chicago. The promoter's prospectus offering this land for sale told about the "improvements" erected thereon, but the only improvement I could find on the property was a For Sale sign.

One of the easiest ways to catch the small Eastern investor, especially during the cold winter months, is by sending him luring prospectuses, beautifully illustrated, offering stock in orange groves, rubber plantations and other properties supposed to be located in a warm climate. Of course the rubber plantations usually are located in Mexico, Central America or similar countries; the orange groves usually are said to be located in Florida or California; while the fruit farms being advertised at the present time are said to be mostly in Texas or Colorado. Of course many of these are as yet unplanted and the land is often located away from railroads or else on railroads that are not yet built. However the pictures are attractive, and the average investor thinks the photographs are of the property in which he owns an interest, little realizing that his property is now simply barren, uncultivated, distant land.

I heard of one man who bought a piece of property with the idea of extracting oil and forming an oil company, and who advertised the stock extensively. By the time the certificates were printed, however, oil stocks had gone out of fashion, and he found that his associates were having great success in selling securities on orange groves. Consequently he decided to use this same land, that he had purchased for an oil well, for planting orange trees. Accordingly he organized a new company for the promotion of an orange grove on this land and succeeded in selling some of the stock; in fact he sold enough to keep him in funds for a year or two, but did not sell enough to enable him to set out any orange trees—consequently the orange grove was given up. However, he still had courage left and decided that if there was oil in the vicinity there might be some trace of coal, though geologists stated that no coal could be found in that region. Notwithstanding the advice of the geologists, he had the orange-grove company sell coal-mining rights to a coal company which he promoted, and began selling stock in the new "coal" company.

This, by-the-way, reminds me of a sale of stock that took place at public auction in New York a short time ago. In all, there were 211,452 shares of stock, which, at one hundred dollars a share, would amount to a par value of over twenty million dollars. Among these shares were those of four coal companies, some or all of which concerns I believe were consolidated. After various financial troubles these assets were sold



# Decay Is Eating

## The Heart Out of Your Tires

To explain: Here's a cut in the tire, extending through the rubber surfacing to the real *body* of the tire. This body is built up of piles of heavy cotton fabric. Oil gets into the cut—moisture is almost continuously seeping in and soaking the fabric—decay follows. *Any* cotton fabric subjected constantly to moisture will rot. There are many such cuts in every tire—each a decay spot. No tire can stand up long with its body so weakened. Result—blow-outs, rim-cuts, shortened tire life. Tirenew is the preventive.

You'll get 20% more mileage out of your tires by using

Narco TIRENEW

It Prevents Tire Decay

A liquid, unvulcanized rubber compound with a base of pure gum. It puts a protecting coat on the tire which will not rub or wash off, and it gets down into all cuts and cracks and *thoroughly waterproofs the fabric*—it protects the entire tire from oil, moisture, light and sun; and

It Makes the Tire Look Like New

Tirenew your tires once a week and you'll have a smarter looking car, and longer lived, safer, and more satisfactory tires. Tirenew your spares and protect them from light and sun. Two colors—tire gray and white.

*There are imitations which paint but don't protect—insist on Tirenew.*

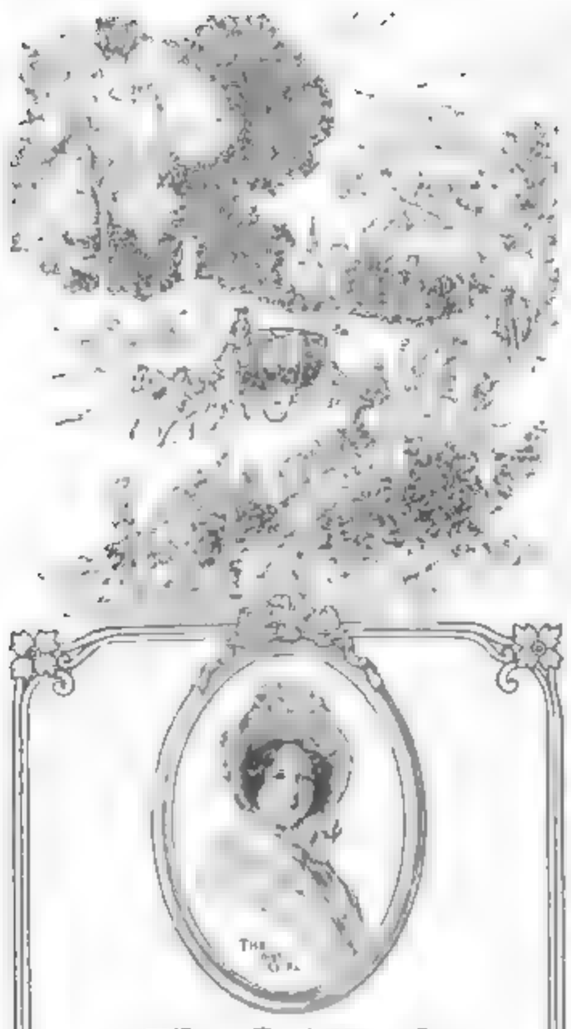
**Ask Your Supply House**

**A Trial Can**—Send 25c in stamps for a trial can—contains enough to Tirenew one tire. Apply it to your spare tire for its protection and appearance. Give dealer's name and address and state which color you want—tire gray or pure white.

**Buy by the Box**—Buy a box of ½-gallons—convenient and economical. If your dealer can't supply you we will

National Rubber Company
4402 Papin St., St. Louis, Mo.

**Many Garages,** for a trifle extra, make weekly Tirenewing of the tires of their customers' cars a part of their caretaking service. *Look for this sign.*



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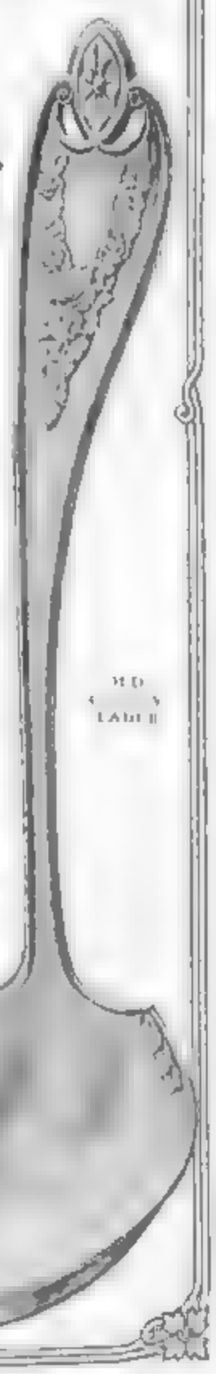
Old-fashioned simplicity, grace and quality, symbolic of the early days of our country, are typified by our new pattern, Old Colony, which is, without doubt, the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware.

The silversmith's ambition to create a design possessing individuality without the loss of simplicity and purity of outline is realized in the Old Colony pattern. The pierced handle deserves especial attention.

Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*



it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

It is not only the heaviest grade of silver plate, but our finishing process makes it the most durable.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "X-90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
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The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate


for ten thousand five hundred dollars. One need not go far, however, to find such losses in coal-mining properties. A well-known New York bond house recently sold some securities in coal-mining properties. The stockholders, I understand, have met a total loss. The last quotation of the bonds I saw was ten cents on the dollar, which means that a bond for which investors paid one thousand dollars can now be sold for only one hundred dollars, showing a loss of nine hundred dollars; in fact I believe the way the promoters sold these bonds was by having a great cake of coal in each of several cities, which was exhibited to prospective purchasers of the securities, the ordinary investor little realizing that it makes all the difference in the world how and where coal is located—but of coal mines I will write at another time.

The above are not the only kinds of humbugs being advertised. There are many others. Some are fashionable, others are unfashionable—some respectable, others disreputable; and every day a new kind of humbug is brought to my attention.

"You cannot beat the devil at his own game" is an old but true saying. This was especially impressed upon me the other day when I had just completed a list of different kinds of schemes for separating the small investor from his money. After assuring myself that the list was complete I opened my mail—and there, in the first letter, was a long article of several columns.

This told about a man who was endeavoring to sell stock among small investors in a new insurance company that he was promoting. As the promotion of both fire and life insurance companies is largely restricted by law, this man invented a scheme of income insurance. As to the tremendous business which the company is doing no arguments seem to be necessary, for the promoter assumed that you and I would be more than willing to have our salaries insured, for then we could go to work when we please, work as we please, be as impudent to our boss as we please, and still be sure of our salary—not sure of our jobs, but something far better; for if we lose our jobs we still have a salary and yet are not obliged to do any work. Therefore the promoter figured that he had the labor unions "skun a mile," and that people would be standing in line for this insurance!

I will not repeat the exact figures promised in this instance for fear of losing the respect of my good friends who read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; but a similar proposition of which I once heard, promoted in another part of the country, promised eight per cent the first year, sixteen per cent the second year, thirty-two per cent the third year, sixty-four per cent the fourth year, one hundred and twenty-eight per cent the fifth year—"and so on." I often wondered why the promoter did not keep multiplying instead of using the phrase "and so on"; but I presume he figured that he would soon reach the point where the annual dividend requirements would exceed the total amount of money in circulation, which would be extremely awkward for the company's officials.

### *Securities at Two Prices*

This, by-the-way, reminds me of another promoter of whom I once heard, who offered a thousand-dollar United States Government bond to every investor who would give him a cent and double it every day for eighteen days. The number of cents he received was surprising, and so was the number of people who, the following days, sent him two cents, four cents, eight cents, sixteen cents, and so on, before they "came to" and realized that in eighteen days they would have sent him enough to buy more than two thousand-dollar United States Government bonds.

In short, as above stated, it is a difficult matter to beat the devil at his own game, and it is almost an impossible task for the small investor to get the better of the promoter. Figures, of themselves, may not lie, but they certainly do help a lot of men to lie; consequently I advise all readers of this weekly to shun advertisements promising more than an average rate of interest of, say, about six per cent, and to insist that the securities be indorsed and recommended by established banking houses of irreproachable character.

In the height of the automobile industry, a year or two ago, many fake companies were organized, and some are being organized today. Whether or not, however, we buy a new automobile, we must buy tires and other accessories for the car we now own, and consequently this has resulted in the formation of various companies for selling accessories. Of course many of these companies are legitimate, but I believe that some of them are frauds of the very worst character, and others are more interested in selling the stock of their company than in selling the stock of automobile supplies they carry on their shelves.

In sedate Boston we do not hear very much nowadays about irrigation companies, but in a trip I took some time ago to a Far Western city I found every one crazy over irrigation promotions. The farmers were buying the land, the gamblers were buying the stock, the banks were loaning on both, and nobody could talk about anything but some "land and water company." Even the publication of the local paper was being suspended for a week in order to print sufficient prospectuses of some such undertaking. The farmers were forming underwriting syndicates, the local attorney had had his office swept and dusted and was laboriously preparing an indenture to "secure" a first-mortgage bond issue, while even the good country preacher was going round with a happy smile, owing to the fact that he had been told that an increase of salary would be given him should the flotation be a success.

### *Irrigation Bonds*

I am afraid, however, the good preacher did not get his increase, for a few days ago I saw by the paper that the company in question had gone to the bad. This is not the only one, however. There is hardly a month goes by when we do not receive information of some additional irrigation company that has become financially embarrassed or is about to be reorganized.

Irrigation bonds are a good deal like the Irishman's children, who, he said, "are either good—or else they ain't!" In the case of a railroad bond, if the company does not earn sufficient for its operating expenses and interest the company can be reorganized and the interest reduced from five to four per cent or some other figure; in fact, there is always some business for every railroad, and if there is trouble it is simply a question of readjusting the securities to the income, or else calmly waiting for the earnings to increase sufficiently to pay interest on the money invested. With an irrigation project, however, the case is somewhat different; for if, after your ditches are constructed, you suddenly find that you have no right to the water, or if something happens to turn away the course of your stream, leaving the ditches dry, the whole proposition is valueless. Of course there are irrigation bonds that are absolutely good, but they should be selected with great care and purchased only from houses of the highest character.

Not only are schemes devised for carrying people over the earth but also under the earth, and many readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have probably lost money in various schemes for tunneling under rivers, harbors and mountains. Certain tunnels have been constructed for the joint purpose of carrying a railroad train and developing a mine, or for carrying a stream of water and creating a mine. In such cases the prospectus reads that the ore obtained while digging the tunnel will pay much more than the cost of the tunnel, and after the same is completed it can be rented to the ——— Railroad Company at a rental that will pay ten per cent on the cost. In this way each stockholder is promised back all or more than his original investment upon the completion of the tunnel, and thereafter an annual dividend of ten per cent or more.

Of course it is needless to say that if there were any such profit the railroad company itself would construct the tunnel, and the securities would never be for sale in the little town in which the reader lives.

There are several other kinds of promotions I should like to mention under this subject of humbugs, but space will not permit. I wished also to say something about the "redeemable investments" and the "bucketshops," but perhaps these can be discussed in a separate article later. I do, however, wish to say a closing word relative to "blind pools." These are continually being operated in various cities, starting in a very small way among friends, but often increasing to large proportions.

Only a few weeks ago one of the leaders in this mode of operation was sentenced to five years in a Canadian penitentiary for

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**A new Wooltex creation at $25**

Did you ever see anything that looked so wintry—so snug—so big and generous—so altogether "comfy"—

And yet had the style and dash that this coat has?

If you were to pay fifty dollars for it—could you suggest one single improvement?

If you *did* pay fifty dollars for it—

It couldn't be a *bit* better made, or of better style, or higher standard.

That is where Wooltex coats and suits—all of them—differ from ordinary garments.

They are high grade clothes—yet at moderate prices—high grade in material, in workmanship, in style and in finish.

Yes, there are twenty-seven distinct ways in which Wooltex coats and suits are better than the ordinary ones.

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Every striking idea found in use by mail order house, wholesaler, manufacturer, retailer, real estate or insurance man, bank, collector, individual salesman or complaint clerk was followed out and its returns studied. This mass of information, this wealth of ideas, this gold mine of absolute facts was then *charted* and *diagrammed*—and developed into one complete yet concise library, so clear and simple that from it any busy man can pick out for any sort of proposition, an idea or suggestion that he can *know* in advance to be successful; or can turn to for original inspiration.

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- Clever Schemes to Get Replies
- Paragraphs to Increase Effectiveness of Enclosures
- Business Getting Postals
- Schemes to Get Line on Prospects' Needs
- Plans for Offering Premiums
- Effective Summaries
- Their Best-Pulling Letters
- Letters Emphasizing the "You" Element
  see Vol. II, pp. 133, 134
- Special Inducements to Retailers
  see Vol. II, pp. 128, 129, 134, 178
- Letters Emphasizing Special Prices
  see Vol. I, p. 140, Vol. III, p. 154
- Dealers' Trade Getting Letters
  see Vol. II, pp. 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 205, 206, 207, 208, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222
- Trade Getting Letters to Consumers
- Letters Asking Credit Information
- Letters to Poor Credit Risks
- Letters Taking Reader Into Confidence
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- "Last Resort" Collection Letters
- "True Note" Collection Letters
- Retailers' Collection Letters
- Instalment Collection Letters
  see Vol. I, pp. 154, 155
- Collection Letters Offering Inducement
  see Vol. I, pp. 156, 157
- Tactful Collection Letters
  see Vol. I, pp. 140, 141, 161, 163, 163, 164
- Collection Letters Quoting from Delinquent's Letter
  see Vol. I, p. 176
- Letters to Bring Cash With Order
- Collection Letters Containing Salesmanship
- Letters for Collection Agencies
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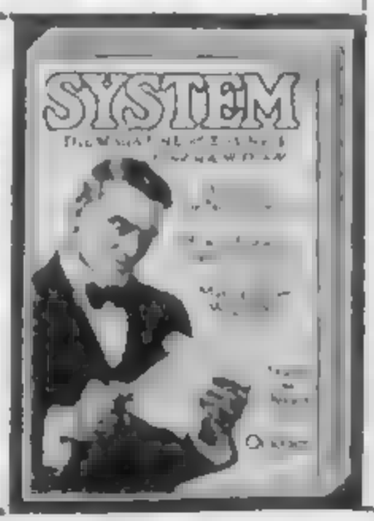
[illegible] of the methods, plans, or bigger earnings for

not risk losing your chance at this advance edition—act today.

conducting such a scheme. This man first appeared in Montreal in the fall of 1908 and began advertising in a small way in certain daily and weekly papers. He claimed to be on the "inside" of the stock market, receiving tips from some well-known operator in New York, whereby he could guarantee a dividend of twenty per cent a month to his clients, causing them to become great advertisers for him.

This man's business grew by leaps and bounds, so that he was obliged to move two or three times to larger offices. His advertisements, however, finally became so bold that certain newspapers, convinced that his methods were not as represented, challenged the "wizard" to throw open his books. On the appointed day, however, instead of throwing open his books, he threw open his rear window and departed.

This brings me to the story of a personal experience I had the first year I was out of college, when working in New York—and with the telling of this instance I will close. It was on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, near the First National Bank building, on an April evening at about half past seven o'clock. The street was quiet, most of the clerks had gone home, and the only people left in the building where I was finishing some work were the caretakers and the women who were cleaning the building and preparing it for the following day. I walked up Wall Street and stood at the corner awaiting a Broadway car in order to go to my boarding house, and the only persons in sight were an Italian fruit-vender, with a basket of odds and ends of fruit, candy, and so on, on a campstool, an elderly gentleman and myself. Presently a car came down Broadway and an old lady alighted, who apparently was going to do some work in one of the buildings. As she alighted she dropped a package from her hand, and the street vender, out of regard for the old lady, stepped to the middle of the street and picked up the package for her.

As he did this two boys came running round the corner and each seized the opportunity to grab a handful of candy and fruit from the poor Italian's basket, and then gave basket, campstool and all a kick into the gutter. It all happened so suddenly that I did not know what to do or to say, but simply turned to the prosperous-looking old gentleman by my side, and said: "What a shame!" To which he replied: "Yes, it is a shame; but, young man, some one will do the same thing to you some day if you stay down in Wall Street long enough!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

NAME OF— POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

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Business Managers, None
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Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
John Grubel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
George H. [illegible], Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok, Metropolitan Tower, New York
[illegible] Ardmore, Pennsylvania
[illegible] Home Insurance Building, Chicago
E. W. Spaulding, The Peter Stuyvesant Apartments, New York
Ethel S. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Chauncey T. Lamb, Home Insurance Building, Chicago

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

None.

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Fourth day of October, 1912.

J. LOUIS BARRICK
Notary Public

(SEAL.)

My commission expires January 18, 1913.

## The Kind of Food a Man Eats

is responsible for a lot of his success or failure.

The brain cannot work clearly when it is distressed with aches and pains—or if it is "logy" from undigested food.

Cut out the fancy "dishes" and "drinks" and try for a time

# Post Toasties

—delicious, crisp bits of perfectly cooked and toasted Indian Corn—eaten with cream and a sprinkle of sugar, if desired.

***"The Memory Lingers"***

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

No. K32188 Price $1.25
No. K020711 Price $0.75
No. K343 Price $2.00
No. K3307R Price $1.00
No. K4471 Price $1.00
No. K42777 Price $1.25
No. K98 Price $0.60
E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
CUTLERY
AND
TOOLS
No. KJ10 Keen Kutter Junior Safety Razor with 7 blades. Price $1.00
No K1. Silver plated in black leather case. Price $3.50
No K3. Gold plated, in English Pigskin case, $5.00.

# Knives That Cut—Razors That Shave

Thumb the blade of a Keen Kutter Pocket Knife and feel the keen, true edge. Buy it, use it for rough work or fine, and that edge *stays*. It lasts an incredibly long time without sharpening. When it *is* sharpened, if you find a flaw in any Keen Kutter Knife, take it back where you bought it and your money comes back in a jiffy, without an argument.

That's the Keen Kutter way of *proving* quality.

Keen Kutter Safety Razors guarantee a *real shave* because they are built right and because the blades are right. Made with a "hang," these safety razors fit the natural shaving motion, and "draw ahead" on the edge of the blade instead of "pushing behind" it. The result is firm control over the razor.

Keen Kutter blades are made of the finest Swedish cutlery steel, ground with great accuracy and thick enough to hold their own against the stiffest beard.

The Keen Kutter Junior shown on the left is a wonderful value at $1.00, which includes case, razor and seven blades. The Keen Kutter regular Safety is slightly longer and different in pattern, with silver plated frame and genuine black leather case, with 12 blades.

*"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."*

Trade Mark Registered — E. C. SIMMONS

If not at your dealer's, write us.

**SIMMONS HARDWARE CO., Inc.**

St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

# More than 3000 purchasers placed their orders for the new 1913

Cadillac

Standard of the World

# without seeing the car or even a photograph

We believe that this condition evinces a degree of confidence in a motor car manufacturer for which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

This year's Cadillac sales conditions are the conditions of last year, and the year before, and several years before that, intensified ten-fold.

Public opinion—always keen concerning a new Cadillac—has been stimulated to the point of intense eagerness by the 1913 features.

*The long stroke, quiet, flexible engine of greatly increased power; the longer wheel base; the larger tires; the improved and simplified Cadillac Delco electrical system (patented) of automatic cranking, lighting and ignition, improved and simplified as the result of the experience gained by the use of the old system on 12,000 Cadillacs; the automatic spark control*—these and other 1913 features mean so much to the man who is convinced of Cadillac precedence to the exclusion of every other car, that anticipation has been amazingly aroused.

The past year we manufactured 12,000 cars, yet 90% of Cadillac dealers could have sold from 10% to 50% more cars if we had been able to supply them.

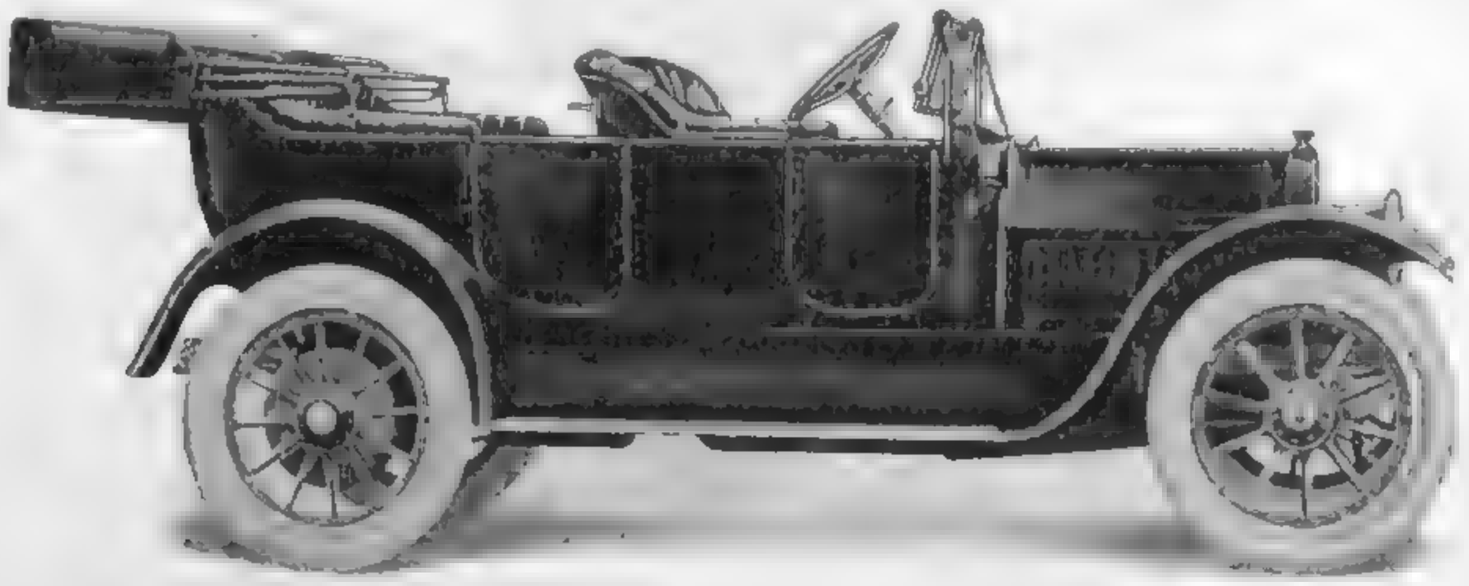
Obviously, many who desired to get Cadillacs failed to obtain them because they delayed placing their orders.

For 1913 the Cadillac Company is preparing to build 15,000 cars. Every one of these has been contracted for by our dealers and orders have already been taken by them for more than one-third of the production.

Our dealers tell us that this year's output will not be nearly large enough, but it is the maximum that we can produce.

In the light of previous experience and the present eager enthusiasm, your course therefore should be clear.

Simple prudence—and simple justice to yourself and to him—suggests the wisdom of an early conference with your Cadillac dealer, even though you may not want delivery of your car for several months.



STYLES AND PRICES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Standard Touring Car, five passenger | $1975.00 | | |
| Six passenger car | $2075.00 | Roadster, two passenger | $1975.00 |
| Phaeton, four passenger | 1975.00 | Coupé, four passenger | 2500.00 |
| Torpedo, four passenger | 1975.00 | Limousine, seven passenger | 3250.00 |

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment

**CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.** **DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

# Where there's a Will—

Bobby has found "the way" even though mother prudently put Kellogg's on the top shelf.

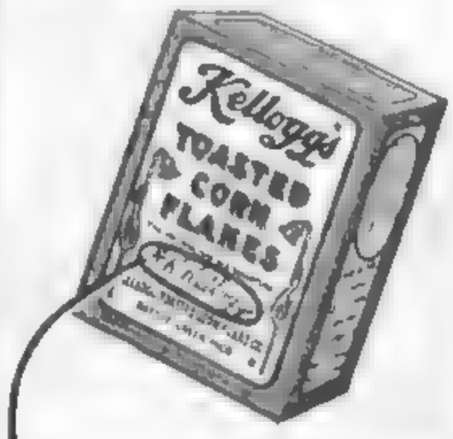
And the reason Bobby likes it better than any of the other goodies is that Kellogg's found "the way" to make it good and *to keep it good*—crisp and fresh all the time, just as it comes from the ovens in the great Battle Creek factory.

It's the Kellogg "way" that has made Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes the most popular of all cereal foods.

That "way" is first to put the utmost goodness into the food itself and then get it to the buyer in the shortest possible time. *Every package goes direct from the ovens to the waiting cars.* There's no inducement for any dealer to buy more than he needs—therefore his stock is *always* fresh and appetizing.

Your grocer will gladly tell you the rest of the story.

This signature is the sterling mark of quality and freshness.




THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg


# Where to Go for Real Game

## By James O. Curwood

*Formerly Special Investigator for the Canadian Government in the Dominion*

TO THE average man who has not already had wilderness experience, a successful big-game hunt is, from several points of view, a somewhat stupendous undertaking. It is quite easy to go hunting or fishing in the ordinary acceptance of those terms. A man may slip away to a point fifty or a hundred miles from his home and come back with stories—if nothing else. He carries what he requires in a suitcase; perhaps gets a bad shot or two at a deer or brings home a few brook trout which he has stretched until their backs are broken to bring them up to legal size. Twenty thousand men hunted and fished in Michigan alone last year, fifteen thousand in Wisconsin, and about the same number in Minnesota. These three states represent the Middle-West hunting-ground; the East crowds into Maine, New Brunswick and Eastern Ontario, or trades hunters with the states mentioned. When the hunting seasons open Maine sportsmen, hustling for Michigan camping-grounds, pass Michigan sportsmen on their way to the Maine woods. Last year the East sent about ten thousand hunters and fishermen into the three lake states, which in turn sent two thousand brothers on similar intent into Maine and New Brunswick. The game statistics showed that about one out of every four hunters got a deer. Fishing, as an Eastern angler of wide experience recently said to me, "is worn to a frazzle." How happy the average angler today if he lands three or four small bass in a forenoon, or if he has half a dozen good strikes between dawn and sunset! The good old days of yore, when you caught whoppers so big that they towed your boat, are gone. No longer does it take two men, with doubled backs, to tote a day's catch between them. The bass that weighed four pounds is stuffed and over the fireplace. That old king of water-beasts, the maskinonge, is preserved alone in faded photograph and memory. The mountain and forest brooks ripple and sing as they did a few years ago, but where are the hordes of speckled beauties that were in them then? Toss in your fly and see. Within the last five years thousands of big-game hunters have turned rabbit hunters; and thousands of others who once knew real fishing now dream of the halcyon days of old as they angle languidly for bluegills, calico bass, or even the stubborn and thoughtful bullhead.

### The Happy Hunting-Ground

For these reasons the questions "Where and how shall I go to have a real big-game hunt?" and "Where shall I find fish that are fish?" are questions to which a good many hundred thousand men would like to find agreeable answers. Therefore I forewarn my readers that, in the space given me, it is not my purpose to paint mind-ravishing pictures of the beauties of Nature "in all her mighty grandeur" or to philosophize on the nearness of God in the wild places. We are coming to facts, with Nature dished up in spots on the side.

My own experience in hunting, fishing and exploratory work has taken me through practically every part of that vast hunting-ground I am about to describe, reaching from the north shore of Lake Superior to the Arctic Sea, and from Temiscaming in the east to Great Slave Lake in the north and west. A large part of this vast territory, which today embraces the greatest hunting and fishing regions in the world, lies at the doors of thirty million Americans, and yet it is a curious fact that until three or four years ago almost no American sportsmen had taken advantage of it. I know of parties that have outfitted for African hunts in order to reach a "real game country," and whose leading spirits have never crossed the border into the game and fish paradise which they can almost see with a long-distance telescope. This country fairly begins with the back yards of Port Arthur and Fort William. Leaving out the hinterland regions of great game north of the height of land and extending to the Arctic Circle, there is, within

*Only the choicest*

*IMAGINE 500 different kinds of tomatoes!*

That's what you would find listed if you looked through all the seedmen's catalogues. Yet of all the different kinds actually grown and used only a few of the choicest are good enough for

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

That is one reason for its distinctive flavor and quality.

The tomatoes we use are raised from special seed. They are selected varieties which ripen evenly-red on the vine; solid, fruity specimens rich in *natural* sugar.

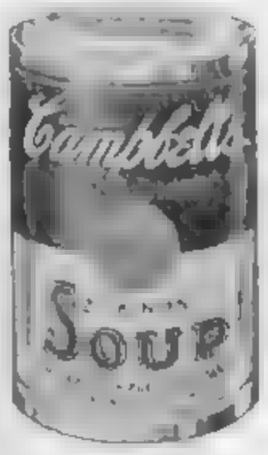
Such tomatoes are among Nature's most valuable aids to digestion and nutrition. And combined with other nourishing ingredients by the Campbell blending-formula they create a soup unmatched for wholesomeness and flavor.

Try it for dinner today and realize all that this means.

"This [illegible] shirt
[illegible]
And [illegible] the height of
[illegible] delight
Within my bosom hid."

**21 kinds**
**10c a can**

| | |
|---|---|
| Asparagus | Julienne |
| Beef | Mock Turtle |
| Bouillon | Mulligatawny |
| Celery | Mutton Broth |
| Chicken | Ox Tail |
| Chicken Gumbo (Okra) | Pea |
| | Pepper Pot |
| Clam Bouillon | Printanier |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato |
| Consommé | Tomato Okra Vegetable |
| | Vermicelli-Tomato |




**Look for the red-and-white label**

Acme Quality Varno-Lac

Stains and varnishes at one application. Perfect imitations of expensive woods easily produced. Durable and lustrous.

# Acme Quality Paints Always "Make Good"

They give you your money's worth, because they're made of the stuff that *lasts*—lasts a long time—gives a hard, tough surface that cannot be easily bruised, scratched or made dull. Easily applied. Always uniform. Look the best.

## ACME QUALITY

## Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

There's a kind to meet every possible painting requirement, indoors or out. Made ready for use. Complete directions for applying. Beware of substitutes. The Acme Quality label is your infallible guide in selecting the right paint for all painting purposes.

**Get Our Painting Guide Book**

Costs you nothing. Tells you all you should know about any kind of painting. Send post card this minute. Tell your dealer you are *determined* to have none but Acme Quality reliable paints. If he can't furnish them, state your wants to

**ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS**
**Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.**

two or three days' journey of the business man in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago or St. Louis, a game and fish paradise almost unknown to Americans and but little hunted, which reaches for six hundred miles east and west along lines of rail, and as far north as one cares to go by canoe. Canadians themselves are unable to explain why a hundred thousand square miles of the continent's best hunting ground, easily accessible, has been barely touched by the American hunter. For ten years New Brunswick and parts of Quebec, as well as Lower Ontario, have been flooded by American sportsmen. Only a few have struck straight north—above the shores of Lake Superior.

To go into this country it is not necessary to make long preparation, as is the case when one answers to the lure of railroad and hotel advertising and goes to a "popular" hunting ground, where he mingles with a crowd of other hunters and where his pocketbook is tapped in a score of different ways. In my humble opinion it is not necessary for the prospective moose and bear hunter to take with him more than the clothes on his back, a box or two of cigars, a "change" in his suitcase and a rifle. Thus, at the beginning, seventy-five per cent of the worry and expense of a big-game trip is done away with. From the Middle West one should make for Port Arthur or Fort William, either by rail or water, to get into the hunting country at best advantage. All through the hunting and fishing season water transportation is open; and one can buy a ticket from Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit or Chicago to Port Arthur and return at less expense than he can travel one way from Michigan to Maine, or from Chicago to the Minnesota woods. Even from the Far Eastern states the water route to the north shore of Lake Superior is the cheapest and pleasantest, though it is about a day and a night longer than the rail route.

### *Big Game at Small Cost*

From Port Arthur the big-game and fish country reaches out for hundreds of square miles—north, east and west. Along the lines of rail for a distance of several hundred miles the towns are mostly towns in name only—"dropping-off points" in the wilderness, where one will find a general store or two, a post-office, and a population of honest-souled wilderness people who are actually glad to see you when you jump off the train, not because there's money in sight, but because you're a stranger and will help to break the monotony. Here is where the big saving in expense comes to the tenderfoot hunter. At practically every one of the scores of little wilderness stations there are men who will gladly furnish a canoe, camp equipment—and even a gun if you haven't brought one—for a dollar or a dollar and a half a day. You supply the grub and the tobacco, which will cost about ten dollars for a month's trip. I have known of many instances in which "good fellows" have offered their services free just to have a good time in the woods with a stranger. There is no point at which one cannot secure whatever he needs, with the one exception of good fishing tackle; and once in the woods the hunter will be surprised to find how little he requires! Canada's big-game and fish country is a wonderful land of lakes and streams, and it is seldom that one strikes a point where he cannot get inland by canoe. When at last he is headed up some stream, with the wilderness growing wilder and wilder about him and lakes opening up ahead of him every few miles, he will find that his account is something like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fare to hunting ground and return | $30 |
| Expenses en route | 10 |
| Hunting license | 50 |
| Guide, $1.50 a day, twenty days | 30 |
| Grub and necessities | 20 |
| Total | $140 |

This means, of course, that a man has a mind to go economically. He will not have any difficulty in finding guides who are willing to take from two to four dollars a day for their services if he has the money and the inclination to pay; but the other class is in the great majority.

One need not go far from Port Arthur for real wilderness sport—both fish and game. Between Whitefish Lake and the Superior shore there is a virgin country in which the moose and bear shooting would be hard to beat in any part of

Most dealers in haberdashery are trying to give you the best value possible for your money; and one way to do it is to sell

## PARIS GARTERS

Every dealer knows that; and when you strike one occasionally who offers some other garter, when you ask for "Paris," don't let him "put it over."

Prices 25c, and 50c for silk

*Look for the name PARIS on the back of the shield.*

A. Stein & Company, *Makers*
Chicago and New York

**Send for This Test Tag**

and see for yourself how thoroughly Waterproof you can make your shoes with

## DRI-FOOT

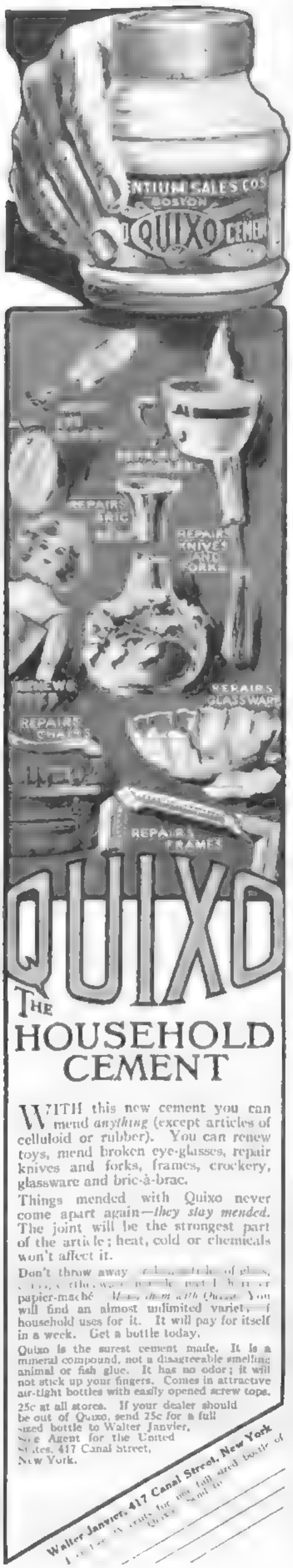
**Waterproofing**

See how soft and pliable it keeps leather under all conditions. Dri-foot will make your shoes wear much longer. It doesn't interfere with polishing, doesn't make shoes gummy nor greasy, yet one thorough application will render them proof against rain or snow.

Get rid of the expense and nuisance of rubbers. Prove it by the Test Tag, then get a can of Dri-foot at a shoe dealer's

25c, full size can.

**FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY**
**Phillipsburg, N. J.**




WITH this new cement you can mend *anything* (except articles of celluloid or rubber). You can renew toys, mend broken eye-glasses, repair knives and forks, frames, crockery, glassware and bric-à-brac.

Things mended with Quixo never come apart again—*they stay mended.* The joint will be the strongest part of the article; heat, cold or chemicals won't affect it.

Don't throw away [illegible] papier-maché [illegible] You will find an almost unlimited variety of household uses for it. It will pay for itself in a week. Get a bottle today.

Quixo is the surest cement made. It is a mineral compound, not a disagreeable smelling animal or fish glue. It has no odor; it will not stick up your fingers. Comes in attractive air-tight bottles with easily opened screw tops.

25c at all stores. If your dealer should be out of Quixo, send 25c for a full sized bottle to Walter Janvier, Sole Agent for the United States, 417 Canal Street, New York.

Walter Janvier, 417 Canal Street, New York

I enclose 25 cents for one full sized bottle of Quixo. Send to

Canada, and yet it is almost unhunted, except directly along the line of rail. It is an ideal country for the man with from two to four weeks at his disposal. Canoe trips may be taken from several points near Whitefish Lake. Several of these lead into the magnificent lake region of the Rainy River district to the west, a paradise for deer and bear and fish; and another, that may be easily covered within a month, strikes east and south from Whitefish Lake into Arrow Lake, and thence through a splendid wilderness country down to the Minnesota border.

The sport for the fisherman in this region of hundreds of lakes and streams is almost beyond the dreams of the average American angler. When I first struck Port Arthur, a number of years ago, I asked the Indian agent there whether there was any good fishing near. He said there was not—none of any account at all nearer than eight or ten miles. I asked several others and they told me the same thing. Then I went on a sight-seeing tour, and, in crossing the dam across a stream half a mile from the town, I chanced to look down into the water. What I saw there took my breath away! I saw at least a score of pike—some of them whoppers. I was out of breath when I raced into the Indian agent's office.

"W-w-w-what did you say there was no fishing round here for?" I demanded.

"There isn't," he replied, "unless you want to go out and fish in the bay."

I told him what I had seen up near the dam and asked him if it was a dream. He smiled, as a man sometimes smiles when he sees a small boy catching two-inch shiners.

"Oh, you can catch all you want of those things!" he said. "You can go up there and get a wagonload."

That describes the average North-Canadian's opinion of pike and maskinonge, two of the gamiest fish that swim. When you get deep in the woods north of Lake Superior it's the exception to find a man who considers them worth eating. Everything is trout—trout and whitefish.

### *Sport in the Big Woods*

Thus far I have dealt with that part of the big-game and fish country easily accessible to the man whose vacation is limited to two or three weeks. Almost any point I have named can be reached in three days and two nights, or vice versa, from any town or city between St. Louis and Western New York. For the man with more time there is the big-game and fish country reaching into the Far North.

The Hudson's Bay trip by way of Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson River is one of the finest I know of. There are several ways of taking this trip. One may go by boat to the upper end of Lake Winnipeg, or the start may be made either at Le Pas or Prince Albert, on the Saskatchewan. With plenty of time—from the first of September to the first of November, for instance—the ideal trip begins at Prince Albert. Ten days may be saved by going by rail to Le Pas, but by doing this one misses a splendid canoe trip of two hundred miles down the Saskatchewan.

The new transcontinental railroad—the Grand Trunk Pacific—has now opened up a new hunting and fishing paradise that has heretofore been known only to the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company's people. From Fort William one may take the branch line, now completed, which runs straight north and west through two hundred miles of wilderness to the main line in the Lake Seul country. Only by means of canoe, snowshoe and dog-sledge have these regions been traveled before, and only trappers and Indians have hunted in them. In this country one meets with the caribou, not only singly and in pairs, but in herds of from ten to fifty; and the moose are so plentiful that during a summer canoe trip to Lake Seul I counted eighty-odd, without hunting for them. Pike, maskinonge and trout may be caught in nearly every mile of the waterway.

At Lake Superior Junction, where the branch and the main line connect, one may outfit and put his canoe directly into the waterway that opens into Lake Seul, Lake St. Joseph and the Albany River. The main line is completed westward, running for two hundred miles through a virgin fish and game country. When the line of rail is completed eastward, as it will be very shortly, the most wonderful game and fish country in the world—nine hundred miles in length—will be opened up for the first time to the white man and his rifle.

Where You Can Buy Queen Quality Shoes

*Every dot on the above map of the United States indicates a Queen Quality Agency.*

This means that 3,800 progressive merchants are now ready to show you the new fall and winter models in Queen Quality Shoes. They now have every size and width, in all the popular leathers and fabrics.

Queen Quality SHOE

Queen Quality is the best known women's shoe in the world. It is the undisputed leader in shoe styles—it introduced and made famous the "flexible sole," which makes "breaking-in" unnecessary.

The Queen Quality factory has 13 acres of floor space, 5,000 employees, a capacity of 17,000 pairs of shoes per day—5,000,000 pairs per year—all the result of giving the very utmost in shoe value.

The first Queen Quality Shoes were made 21 years ago. Today they are known throughout the world and are the choice of millions of particular women.

And still Queen Quality Shoes are not high priced; ranging $3.50, $3.75, $4.00, $4.25, $4.50 and $5.00.

If you have worn Queen Quality Shoes you will probably continue buying them. If you haven't, try them. You will get more than your money's worth in style, fit and durability.

*If your dealer does not carry Queen Quality Shoes, write us at once and we will send you a handsome style book showing the latest fall and winter models. Try your Dealer first.*

*See that the trade-mark is stamped on every pair.*

THOMAS G. PLANT CO.
BOSTON, MASS. U. S. A.

# Victor-V

**Victor-Victrola XVI, $200**
Mahogany or quartered oak

## The comp Victor-Vi

Each year has witnessed im ment of these wonderful m plete line now on exhibitio certainly well worth your tim In no other way can you fully

Any Victor dealer in any city in t will gladly play any music you wis and demonstrate to you the Victor-

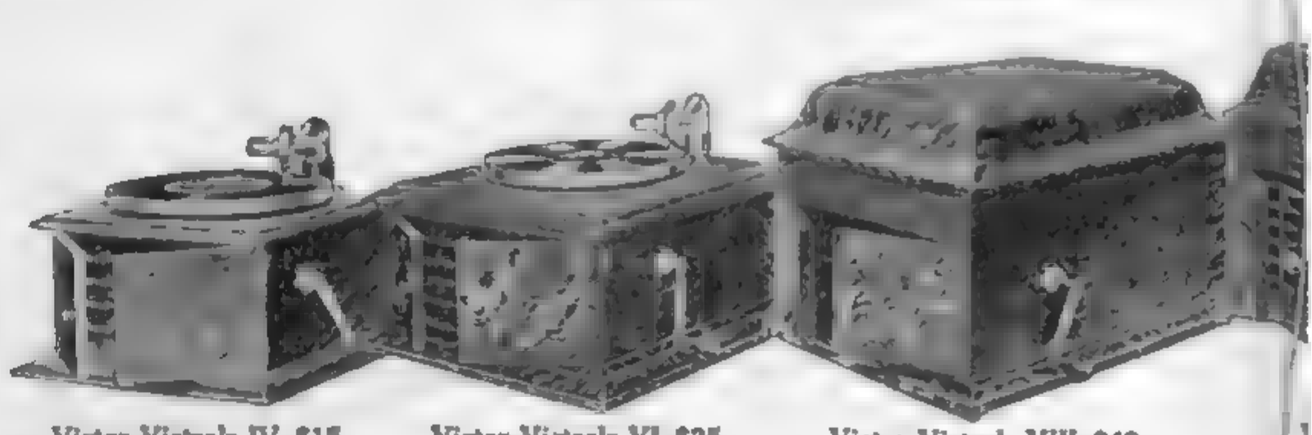
**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S.**
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Re and Victor Needles—*the combination.* Ther no other way to get the unequaled Victor t

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eigh t

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each

The instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.



**Victor-Victrola IV, $15**
Oak

**Victor-Victrola VI, $25**
Oak

**Victor-Victrola VIII, $40**
Oak

# Victrola

## lete line of ctrolas

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**Victor-Victrola IX, $50**
Mahogany or oak

**Victor-Victrola X, $75**
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**Victor-Victrola XI, $100**
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# To the Man Who Earns the Family Bread

It is important for the man of the family to know what it means to him in muscle and energy to eat the right kind of bread.

A pound of strong, glutinous flour, costing less than 4c, has more food value than a pound of meat.

The Guaranteed Flour

# OCCIDENT

—according to exact chemical analysis made daily in the Occident Mills, contains a far higher percentage of muscle and energy-producing properties than the highest grade flour average published by the U. S. Government.

This extra food value in OCCIDENT Flour is due to two facts:

1st. We select for OCCIDENT Flour only the choicest portion of the hard, glutinous, Spring wheats of North Dakota—the richest bread wheats produced.

2nd. All the dirt from the crease of every wheat kernel is removed, together with all wheat hair and fibre, so that every ounce of OCCIDENT Flour is clean, pure food.

Because of this extra cleanliness and wheat goodness OCCIDENT Bread keeps fresh and moist longer than other bread; has a sweeter, more satisfying taste and is a purer, better balanced, more valuable food.

*Send for Our Free Booklet "Better Baking"*

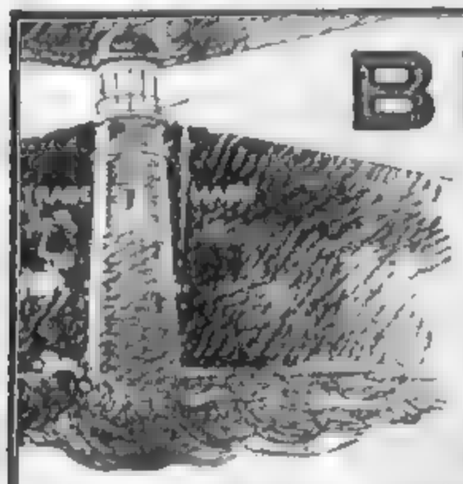
**Costs More —Worth It**

OCCIDENT costs only a few cents more per sack, and every sack is guaranteed to please the housewife better for all baking than any other flour she has ever used or her money refunded. It will pay every man to give OCCIDENT Bread a month's test. Test it on our Money-Back Guarantee.

**Russell-Miller Milling Co.**
**Minneapolis, U. S. A.**



# BEACON SHOES For MEN



*High Quality at Low Price*

Volume of business is one reason. Thirty-four hundred Beacon Agencies already are established. Every year we make and sell more Beacon shoes. Over four thousand pairs made daily.

Other reasons are High Grade Leather and the Goodyear Welt Process.

Write us if one of the Beacon dealers is not in your town. We will mail you catalog and guarantee satisfaction on any mail order you send us at Regular Prices.

**F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company**
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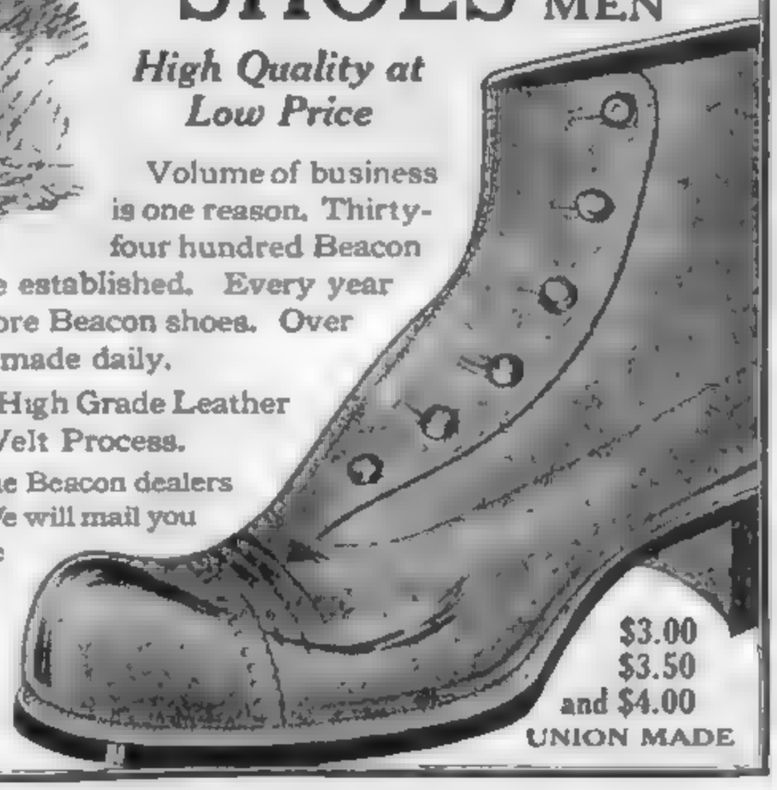


$3.00
$3.50
and $4.00
UNION MADE


## BEFORE THE BATTLE

(Continued from Page 11)

of the Mississippi, proportionately, than east of that stream. It is conceded that Wilson will hold the South, though the Roosevelt people claim to have hopes in Louisiana, North Carolina and Tennessee. It is my opinion that Roosevelt will show some results east of the Mississippi that will surprise a good many of the geographical prognosticators, unless there shall be some unexpected revulsion of feeling. This revolt is not a matter of geography. You will see evidences of it in New England that will enlighten many of those who compare it to Greenbackism, or Populism, or any other political fad of former days.

At that there are some evidences in the West that there has been a slackening of the Roosevelt impetus. Roosevelt is not so strong as he was in Washington, owing in some degree to the third-ticket manipulations out there; but he has a lot of strength. The probabilities in early October were that Wilson would carry the state, though the Republican chairman claimed Taft would get the state vote despite the handicap of Roosevelt's candidacy.

In Oregon Roosevelt has a strong labor and a strong farmer support. The fight is between Wilson and Roosevelt, with the chances in Wilson's favor. There has been considerable squabbling among third-party leaders and they have made some tactical blunders, notably in failing to nominate Jonathan Bourne, Jr., for the Senate. The Taft people, who formerly decided to vote for Wilson to defeat Roosevelt, are now convinced Roosevelt is beaten and are inclined to stand pat; but if the Taft people all vote for Taft Roosevelt is likely to carry the state. It is probable they will vote for Wilson in many instances and give the state to the Democrats.

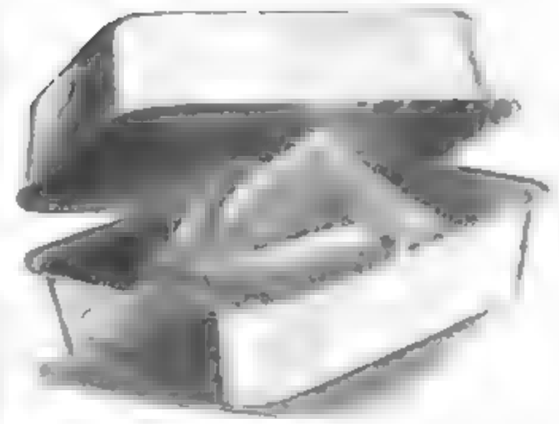
The fight in California is between Roosevelt and Wilson. The ballot muddle, which was not settled when this was written, will have a large effect on the November result, for if the Taft electors are excluded from the ticket the Taft men will vote for Wilson by the thousand. Roosevelt was at the top of his strength when he was in California and he didn't help himself any by that trip. Governor Johnson will have a hard job to keep California in line, but he may be able to do it. Bryan had a reception in California, and in early October the swing was with Wilson, though the only certainty was that Taft would not carry the state.

### *Mr. Taft Indorsed by Mormons*

After my article on Utah was printed I received several letters from Mormons, claiming the Mormon Church would not support Taft because of his lack of action in Mexico. This view seems to be mistaken, for in a signed statement in the Improvement Era, the official organ of the Mormon priesthood quorum, Joseph F. Smith, president of the church, indorsed the Taft Administration and justified the President's policy in Mexico, much criticised by Mormons because of the sufferings of religionists who have been driven from that country. Unless the Mormon Church decides to go to Wilson at the last moment, Taft will carry Utah.

It is a fight between Roosevelt and Wilson in Nevada, with Roosevelt having the better of it. And in Idaho the public declaration by Senator Borah that Taft was fraudulently nominated, which view was concurred in by Representative French, made Idaho impossible for Taft. The early October indications were that Roosevelt will carry Idaho, with Wilson second. The Warren machine is fighting desperately to hold Wyoming for Taft and may be successful, because of the small vote that is to be handled, though there will be Roosevelt votes in Wyoming. Wilson is strongest in Montana, as this is written, with Taft a close second. Roosevelt has some strength there, but the result in that state depends on the attitude of the Amalgamated Copper Company. If that organization should think Taft will be elected the state will be thrown to Taft, but if it doesn't think so Wilson will carry Montana. The Amalgamated will see to it that Roosevelt does not get the electoral vote of that commonwealth.

The contest in Colorado will be between Wilson and Roosevelt, and Wilson in early October had the better of it. The state platforms adopted by the Democrats

Everyday Uses of the

# "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Roaster

1. Steaming fruit in jars.
2. Baking on top of stove.
3. Baking bread, biscuits or apples.
4. Baking or steaming fish.
5. Steaming asparagus or corn.
6. Baking bacon.
7. Frying food.
8. A food warmer.
9. A drip pan.
10. A bread box or a cake box.

The Thanksgiving Turkey may be evenly browned because the "Wear-Ever" Roaster heats quickly throughout. Not only does it save meat because it is self-basting, but it saves fuel because aluminum stores up so much heat that the Roaster may be used for baking on top of the stove over one burner—thus making it unnecessary to use the oven.

Fruit steamed in jars remains unbroken, is beautiful in appearance and of superior flavor.

The Roaster Rack is an excellent cake cooler—upon which cake may be cut. Bread and cake will remain as moist and fresh in the Roaster as in any box.

No utensil is more generally useful every day of the year.

The "Wear-Ever" Roaster (seamless, cannot rust, cannot chip or scale—has no lugs to break—the corners are round—is easily kept clean.

Ask your dealer why it pays to

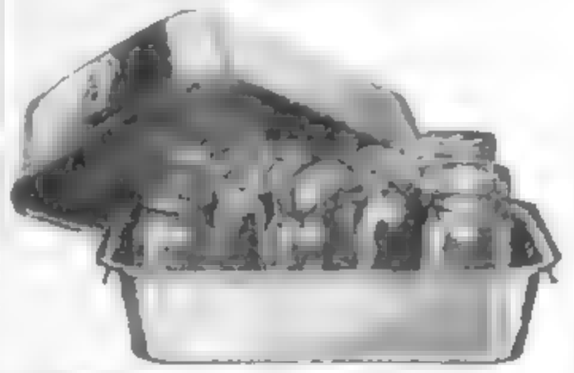
**Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"**

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

If "Wear-Ever" utensils are not obtainable at your dealer's, mail us 15 two-cent stamps (30 cents) stating your dealer's name, and we will send you a one-quart "Wear-Ever" Saucepan—stamps to be returned if pan is not satisfactory.

Send for *"The Wear-Ever Kitchen,"* a booklet telling how to care for aluminum ware

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
Dept. 18, New Kensington, Pa.
or NORTHERN ALUMINUM CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario
(Distributing Agents for Canada)



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36-page Catalog FREE

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Factory Prices to You

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co. Statesville N. C.

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN
SAME DULL FINISH SAME
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All dealers. Collars, 25c
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# 150 Gifts To Women

**Profit-Sharing Coupons**

We have a new Premium List just from the press. It pictures 150 things wanted by women, children and men.

Anything shown in it can be paid for by coupons from packages of Mother's Oats.

Also by coupons from Mother's Wheat Hearts—the granulated white heart of the wheat.

## Any Gift at Once Send Coupons Later

The book tells a plan by which any premium can be had at once. You can send the coupons later.

So you don't need to wait, as you used to wait, to save up enough of the coupons.

The premiums include

**Fireless Cookers**
**New Kitchen Utensils**
**Lace Curtains—Linen**
**Jewelry—Cameras**
**Silverware—Chinaware**
**Roller Skates, etc.**

150 things like these are given free to our customers.

# Mother's Oats

is the highest grade of rolled oats, famous for 20 years.

**Standard Size Package, 10c**
**Family Size Package, 25c**

*Prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South*

Mother's Wheat Hearts is the finest granulated wheat cereal made from the white heart of the wheat.

Our way of winning users is to give them these premiums. That is our method of advertising.

There's a coupon in every package. And it gives back to our customers, in these useful premiums, about one-tenth of all they pay.

Thus you get these premiums, and you get at the same time the finest cereals any price can buy.

## *Send a Postal*

Send us a postal with your name and address, and we will mail you this new book of gifts. Write now, please, before you forget it. Address

**MOTHER'S OATS**
**Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago**


spoiled Roosevelt's chances of drawing heavily from the Democrats, though the national Democratic tariff plank is damaging to Wilson to some degree because of its possible effect—should law result—on the beet-sugar industry. Roosevelt might carry the state against Wilson on a well-conducted tariff fight. It will be close in Colorado between Roosevelt and Wilson, with Taft a bad third.

The Kansas Democrats are standing well behind Wilson and there are many Taft Republicans who have decided to vote for Wilson to kill off Roosevelt. The situation in Nebraska in early October was as I described it in my previous article dealing with that state.

The one certain thing in Missouri is that Taft will not carry it. There are many Missouri Democrats who have not recovered from their disappointment over the defeat of Champ Clark and who intend to vote for Roosevelt, and many Taft men intend to be effective against Roosevelt by voting for Wilson. The Roosevelt people have very sanguine expectations. If they are too sanguine Wilson will win.

As the campaign swung into its final stages in Indiana Wilson was undeniably strongest with Roosevelt a good second and Taft a poor third. Independent polls show former Senator Beveridge in a good position in his race for the governorship; but the combination of the Democrats, who are firm behind Wilson, and anti-Roosevelt Republicans will probably be sufficient to make the state safe for Wilson.

A poll of Minnesota, taken a few weeks before election in eight townships impartially selected, showed, basing computation on the percentages secured, that Taft will have 73,000 votes, Roosevelt 120,000 votes, and Wilson 134,000, which indicates how close the fight is there between Wilson and Roosevelt.

### *Possibility, Probability, Certainty*

The Roosevelt movement has not attained any great headway in Wisconsin, which is the home of Senator La Follette, who was a Progressive long before Colonel Roosevelt embraced that creed. The Senator is bitterly against Roosevelt, and his followers will in large numbers vote for Wilson, which makes it probable that Wilson will carry the state, especially as there are about 160,000 sturdy and reliable Democratic votes in the state, and Taft's majority in 1908 was but 81,000, the great bulk of the Republican vote being made up of La Follette men.

Roosevelt is holding his ground in Illinois. There is a strong labor sentiment for him. Taft is a bad third in any computation.

Michigan Republicans seem well disposed toward Mr. Taft. There is a Progressive sentiment that is widespread and Colonel Roosevelt will get many votes, but the chances are in favor of Mr. Taft's carrying the State.

The three parties opened their national campaigns in Ohio late in September. Wilson's reception exceeded that of both the Roosevelt and Taft speakers two to one. The contest in reality, in Ohio, is merely a struggle between Roosevelt and Taft for second place, and Taft seems to be gaining a bit because of active campaign work by an effective committee.

This covers the country where the Roosevelt strength is supposed to be greatest. In the Southwest, especially in Oklahoma, Roosevelt has much support. West Virginia is likely to be for Wilson because of the Republican division, and Maryland is quite certain for Wilson. In the big states of New York and Pennsylvania the national situations are much complicated by the local situations. Politically Wilson seems to have the advantage, but Pennsylvania has a large Progressive, independent element among her voters, and Taft is stronger in the state of New York than elsewhere.

Summing it all up, this campaign presents one certainty, one probability, and one possibility.

The certainty is this: Mr. Taft cannot be reelected.

The probability is this: Mr. Wilson is likely to be elected.

The possibility is this: Mr. Roosevelt may carry enough states to throw the election into the Congress.

Then, in addition to all this, there is one other phase. There may be a landslide. If there is a landslide it will be a Roosevelt landslide, and The Colonel will be the next president of the United States.

# In the Service of the U. S. Government

U-S-L Batteries in Army and Navy Service

**U S L** TRADE MARK

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

*(Formerly National),*

# Storage Battery

The success of the **U-S-L** Storage Battery in meeting the grilling needs of truck service throughout the country has placed it in the service of the United States Government. Above are pictured two **U-S-L** installations doing heavy navy and army duty at Boston and Springfield, Mass.

One of these, used for hauling freight cars, was installed only after most searching official tests.

This acceptance by Government engineers is but another endorsement of the service standing of **U-S-L** Storage Batteries. Their remarkable voltage dependability under all conditions of work, their economy in requiring less charging current for a given energy output than others, make the **U-S-L** the unquestioned leader among all batteries.

## For both Pleasure and Commercial Uses

they have established a new standard of what to expect from a battery—especially where hills and sand, rough roads, frequent stops and starts, and other trying conditions have caused the ordinary storage battery to fall short of requirements.

So you see there is a *difference* in batteries. A good thing to bear in mind when buying an electric truck or pleasure car, for any manufacturer can supply **U-S-L** Batteries. Get **U-S-L** plates on all renewals.

**U-S-L Service** gives you the benefit of the services of trained experts, wherever you are located. These men operate from our service stations located in eight principal cities, where a stock of spare parts is always on hand.

*Fill out the coupon and get valuable information*

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*General Offices:* 30 Church St., New York
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**Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis**

Makers also of **U-S-L** Electric Starter and Lighter for Gasoline Automobiles

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**30 Church St., New York**

Gentlemen:—Please send me the U-S-L Bulletins marked below.

1. Power for Motor Vehicles—Pleasure and Commercial
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(NOTE—With the bulletins will go forward the U-S-L Book illustrating and describing the U-S-L facilities, service and products.)

Name

Address

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# Ready-made clothes

YOU know how it is; many men, even when they wear ready-made clothes, feel that they'd really be better off if their clothes were made-to-order. Thousands of low-priced "custom" tailors exist today wholly on this ancient prejudice; many thousands of men annually have their clothes "made-to-measure" at about the cost or a little higher cost than fine ready-made, on the theory that they're getting "something better"; paying tribute to the tape line "fetish."

## The correct view of it

But you'll find now many men who make no apology, even to themselves, for wearing ready-made clothes; they think they're better clothes. Well, they're right; and the others are wrong. It wasn't always so, but it's so now. Your tailor can't produce, at anywhere near the price, as good a suit of clothes as you can buy, ready-made, of any clothier who handles ours.

## The best argument of all

The old arguments—money-saving; time-saving; seeing the clothes finished and on you; knowing about fit, and style, and becomingness before you pay your money—these are all good arguments for ready-made clothes.

But the best argument now is the quality; ready-made clothes are better—in style, in tailoring, in quality of materials, in fit—than ninety-five per cent of so-called "custom-tailored" clothes; ready-made clothes like ours are the standard by which to measure the "custom-tailored" product; the situation has been reversed by our goods.

## The prices are easy; $18 and upward

Go to the store that sells our clothes; you don't need to look for it; you'll find it advertised in the newspapers. Any dealer who sells them wants you to know where he is. Ask for our clothes by name.

Send six cents for the Fall Style Book

# Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

# What Will Your Salary Be Five Years Hence?

Will you then be working for the same old wage? Or will you occupy a position of responsibility commanding a handsome salary?

You must decide now which it shall be. You must answer this question: "Shall I do my daily work and trust to luck for advancement, or shall I guarantee a better position five years hence *by fitting myself for it?*"

***It's all a question of training—as the experience of thousands has proved. Whether you plan to be a merchant, a physician, a musician, a farmer, your success must depend upon the education you have had.***

To obtain that education was once a difficult problem for those whose means were limited. Now, anyone can secure the needed training without a cent of cost and without sacrificing his or her present occupation.

Just as soon as we receive your letter we'll explain how thousands of ambitious young men and women have, in the best educational institutions in the country, qualified themselves for "bigger jobs" through our plan. We'll explain how you can, without cost to yourself, answer to your own satisfaction the question: "What will my salary be five years hence?"

Educational Division

**The Saturday Evening Post**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania


# The Irritating Husband

**By W. L. Howard, M.D.**

THE nagging man exists; hundreds of homes know him. He differs, however, from the nagging woman in this: the man is made a nagger, the woman nagger is born so. When the irritating causes cease she still remains in a condition of unrest and discontent. It is a psychopathic condition innate in her; in the man it is simply the reflex of constant friction in his home.

Man does not understand that the emotional outbreaks in women generally have a nervous origin and are not always a mere demonstration of temper.

Many times the man is cruel; he wounds by harsh words when he could bring harmony by tender acts and silent tongue. He doesn't, as a rule; he simply nags, nags. Especially is this so when the man starts drinking.

A case will best explain what I mean by this kind of a nagging man. There are many other sorts, brutish kinds, which we shall study later.

B married a young woman he had known for some years. She came from a neurotic family. During their engagement she demonstrated many uncontrollable impulses, which told of a smoldering furnace of nagging potentialities in her make-up. One brother was in confinement for the morphine habit; her father was a dipsomaniac. There was no sister to get a line on. The mother was one of those broken-hearted and dispirited beings so often found in these unphysiologic households.

Shortly after the marriage, rumors of the husband's intemperance became public property. Things went from bad to worse. The household was constantly in disruption. The husband would come in at all hours of the night and swear and growl because the dinner was cold.

It was drink, drink, until the wife could no longer stand the miserable existence. She obtained a divorce.

### *Some Nagging Women*

Now those who understood the inside of the trouble knew that this woman was a nagger. On the honeymoon she let fly her vituperations, and, in order to escape from this tongue-lashing, the husband of a few days began to drink to forget her unkind words. Gradually *he* became a nagger, an irritator in words and deeds. No woman of the sweetest nature could have stood this nagging man.

A year after she obtained a divorce he married again. His second wife was a psychically balanced woman. She was fit to be a wife and mother. She is both. From the day this man's first wife left him he has never drunk a drop. Harmony and peace are to be found in his new home.

For three years after the divorce his first wife remained comparatively calm. But, finally, she married again. Her new husband, although sorely in need of her money, and enjoying the ease and luxury it gave him, could stand her nagging and insinuations but a few months. One day he closed her mouth with a slap and followed it up with cruel words. So he was sent away with the reputation of being a nagging man and a brute. He was undoubtedly both, but he was made so—he was not a born nagger. To put it more fairly, the woman was a nagger as the result of unhealth; the man because of symptoms of this unhealth reacting upon normal instincts which he had not learned to control.

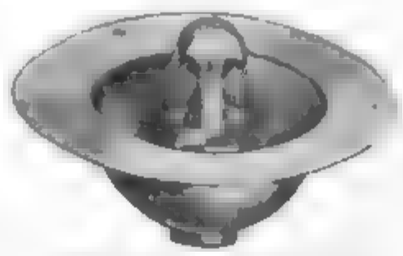
Let us hear what some nagging women have to say for themselves, for it is a fact that I find, in the present generation, a ready acceptance on the women's part to acknowledge a physical unrest and exhaustion, and that they know these conditions make them naggers. But here the causes of the explosions often lie with the man.

*Dear Doctor Howard:* I come of a family of nagging women and, in fact, am "hit with the same stick" quite a little myself. My grandmother was a tiny, frail consumptive who, in the intervals of bearing children, kept up the household end of a large farm.

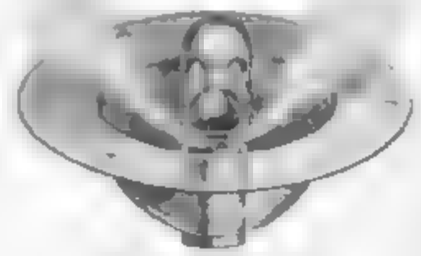
She came of a stock which made of cleanliness almost a religious observance, and her kitchen floor had to be clean enough


# This Is How the Caloric Makes Brown Crusts

There isn't a woman who reads this who hasn't said to herself, at some time or other, that she *didn't believe* a fireless cookstove *browned* roasts and biscuits like the stoves she has always used. Here is the reason why the *Caloric* makes these brown crusts:



This is how the steam valve looks when not in operation



Here's how it works under steam pressure

This little steam valve is in the cover of every 8 and 12 quart Caloric oven. It works automatically. No need for you to be in the kitchen during any part of the process of cooking. The steam pressure pushes up the ball, allowing all useless steam to escape, while *retaining* all the heat. This gives you a *dry oven*. And a dry oven means *perfect* baking and roasting.

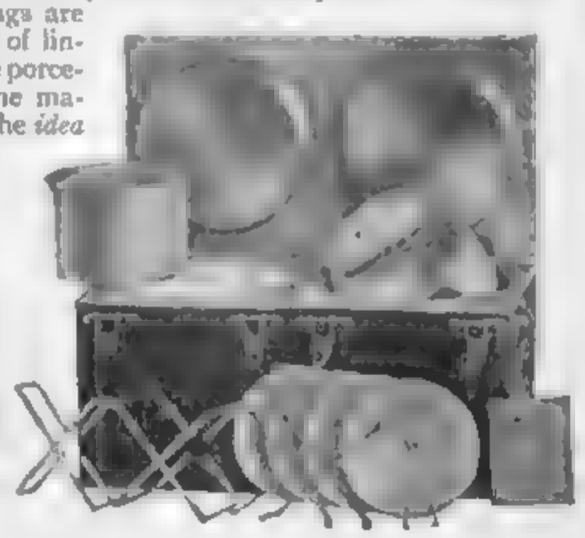
It is a simple little invention. Yet no other fireless has it. It took us years of thought and experiment to find just the device that would get the best results, and here it is.

## Built on the Right Principle

That's the reason for the Caloric's success.

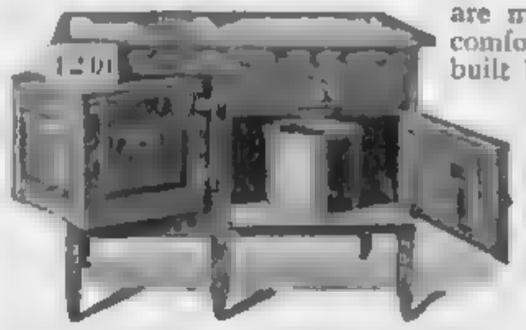
It has the *flawless* system of insulation, and this insulation means *years* of service. Faulty insulation is cheap to make and quick to wear out.

Caloric aluminum oven linings are *seamless*. We make three kinds of linings—***Seamless Aluminum,*** white porcelain enamel and terneplate. The material is a matter of choice—it's the *idea* back of the material that counts. Faulty insulation ends the usefulness of any stove. The Caloric should outlast any other fireless made. With every **Free** Caloric cookstove we give you a *cloth-bound* cookbook, containing over 300 Caloric recipes, and a full set of handsome aluminum cooking utensils. There are enough of these utensils to enable you to use all the compartments of the cookstove at the *same time*.



# Caloric

## Cabinettes and Kitchen Cabinets



are marvels of convenience and kitchen comfort. The cabinette is a table, solidly built but rolling easily on casters. It is arranged to hold a single-compartment *seamless aluminum* Caloric cookstove, which adjusts to the position you want by means of a hinge. This table has a top of polished nickeloid, 28 x 40 inches, and it is as fine a piece of kitchen furniture as can be made.

The Caloric kitchen cabinet is a complete kitchen in itself. It will save you an endless number of steps, for everything you want is there and it is all within easy reach. A two-compartment, seamless aluminum Caloric cookstove is ingeniously swung into place in this cabinet.

Write for the Caloric Catalog. This will not only show you all sizes and styles of Caloric cookstoves, but it will introduce you to all the Caloric specialties. We particularly want to tell you about the new ways in which we now use seamless aluminum. It will be a surprising story to you.

Over 6,000 dealers sell the Caloric. Where we have no dealer we ship direct and pay the freight.

**DEALERS PLEASE NOTE**—Other dealers have found Caloric exclusive agencies tremendously profitable. The Caloric name stands for quality from one end of the United States to the other. We'd like to hear from you. Ask us about our new dealer plans and about our new full lines. (14)

**THE CALORIC COMPANY, Dept. 17, Janesville, Wisconsin**

# A Silver Lining

NOT every cloud has a silver lining, but the threatening cloud that overshadows the family upon the accidental death or disability of the bread winner who has had the foresight to secure an accident policy in The TRAVELERS has a silver lining.

Among the 570,000 people who have received benefits under our accident policies, many have written us, "In the hour of our trouble what would we have done without the help of the insurance money from The Travelers." Their cloud had a silver lining.

No man with a family can afford to leave them unprotected in case of his death by accident.

No man who depends upon his earnings can afford to be without insurance himself in case of accidental disability.

Do you carry accident insurance? Do you carry enough?

Let us tell you about the kind sold by The TRAVELERS, the greatest accident company in the world.

S. E. P. Tear off

The Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.—Please send particulars regarding Accident Insurance. My name, address and date of birth are written below.


to eat from. My grandfather would sit in the kitchen and spit tobacco juice all over the place—did not know any better, I am sure.

You can imagine the life—the woman, physically unfit for any of the duties of wife or mother, compelled to do labor that a strong man would find taxing, and vexed in the doing almost beyond endurance. Her religion forbade her complaining, but I know by my own disposition something of what that little woman endured.

Before her youngest child was grown this poor woman lay down and died—of consumption. Most of her children followed, by the same disease, in rapid succession.

My mother has been a lifelong invalid, compelled as was her mother to do work for which she had not the physical strength. My father and mother never should have been married; neither of them was fit to be a parent, they being the invalid descendants of two invalid families. The mental unrest and unhappiness which, in my grandmother's case, were repressed to a great extent, were given expression in the second generation to a somewhat greater degree. It was a case of nerves all unstrung, physical weakness, poverty, and not very much help from my father. In the midst of such conditions I was born. I have no constitution, a nervous condition that is "all to the bad," and had many of the same things to contend with that my mother and grandmother suffered. I am a wife and mother, and really my sympathies are enlisted for "the nagging woman" who has a husband such as you have depicted. I have spent mornings "cleaning up" my home, so weak that I could not stand alone, with an angle of wall and bookcase behind me and chairs in front of me while I swept and dusted, and when my husband had been in the house thirty minutes there was not a trace left of broom and duster ever having been used. Every door in the house bore its collection of black finger-prints. I am a physical and nervous wreck, and I am a nagger.

At first I didn't nag; but I did later—I couldn't help it. Of course it did no one any good, and did positive harm—I say nothing of its effect on my husband, you have told that yourself.

Will you, or can you, take up this question from the above standpoint, and tell us how to avoid this nagging? I know that self-control is an essential. I know that I have not enough of it; and "there are others." How I envy the well woman, the one whose marriage has brought out all the strong points of a woman—not made a physical wreck like myself.

No so-called barbarous nation allows such sacrifices of human lives as our so-called civilization practices daily. We shall have the brutal husband, the cruel insinuator and the nagger until preachers, teachers and parents understand that a boy who grows up ignorant of woman's emotional moods—who gets no hint of her physical limitations—is going to be unconsciously brutal in words, and merge, finally, into that unbearable beast—a nagging man.

### *Food Better Than Cleanliness*

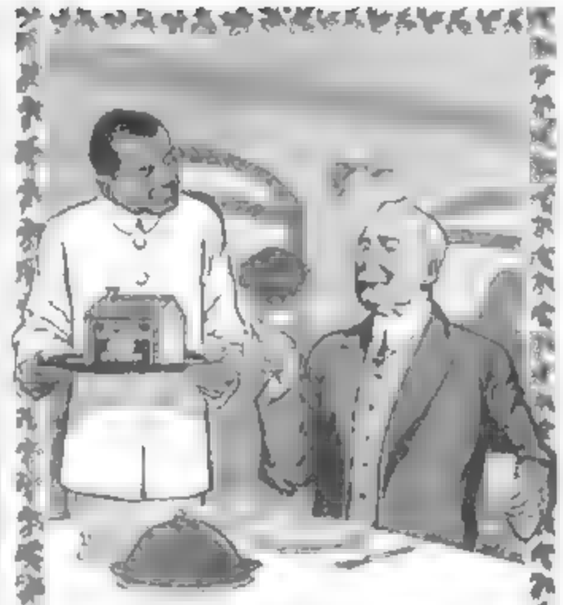
The writer of the letter I have quoted is an intelligent woman, who recognizes the real basis for her impulse to nag: an unstable, nervous organization and a physical condition that should have prevented her from marrying. She was ignorant of these facts when a girl, and was left to find out through pain and suffering.

She writes of her grandmother's coming from a stock who made of cleanliness almost a religious observance, and says her grandfather would spit upon the floor because he did not know any better.

But can she be "sure"? Most men who, when they come home and find all day has been spent in "cleaning up"—a veritable obsession among some women—want to leave at once. When the wife says, "Wait a moment; I'll get you something to eat," and he is given "something cold," he is started upon a career of nagging.

"Why, for Heaven's sake, can't you let the cleaning go, and study the wants of a man's stomach? If you would spend all day getting something decent to eat and let this house-upsetting alone we might get along together. You are not fit to keep a man at home. Go on with your craze—I'm going out to get something to eat." And out he goes, leaving his wife crying and not fully comprehending. But she seldom learns the lessons, and the husband becomes

(Continued on Page 44)

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# Woodrow Wilson's Message
## to the American People

SEA GIRT, N. J., October 19, 1912.

*To the Voters of America:*

I am glad to have an opportunity to state very simply and directly why I am seeking to be elected President of the United States. I feel very deeply that this is not an ambition a man should entertain for his own sake. He must seek to serve a cause, and must know very clearly what cause it is he is seeking to serve. The cause I am enlisted in lies very plainly to my own view. The government of the United States, as now bound by the policies which have become characteristic of Republican administration in recent years, is not free to serve the whole people impartially, and it ought to be set free. It has been tied up, whether deliberately or merely by unintentional development, with particular interests, which have used their power, both to control the government and to control the industrial development of the country. It must be free from such entanglements and alliances. Until it is freed, it cannot serve the people as a whole. Until it is freed, it cannot undertake any programme of social and economic betterment, but must be checked and thwarted at every turn by its patrons and masters.

In practically every speech that I make, I put at the front of what I have to say the question of the tariff and the question of the trusts, but not because of any thought of party strategy, because I believe the solution of these questions to lie at the very heart of the bigger question, whether the government shall be free or not. The government is not free because it has granted special favors to particular classes by means of the tariff. The men to whom these special favors have been granted have formed great combinations by which to control enterprise and determine the prices of commodities. They could not have done this had it not been for the tariff. No party, therefore, which does not propose to take away these special favors and prevent monopoly absolutely in the markets of the country sees even so much as the most elementary part of the method by which the government is to be set free.

The control to which tariff legislation has led, both in the field of politics and in the field of business, is what has produced the most odious feature of our present political situation, namely, the absolute domination of powerful bosses. Bosses cannot exist without business alliances. With them politics is hardly distinguishable from business. Bosses maintain their control because they are allied with men who wish their assistance in order to get contracts, in order to obtain special legislative advantages, in order to prevent reforms which will interfere with monopoly or with their enjoyment of special exemptions. Merely as political leaders, not backed by money, not supported by securely intrenched special interests, bosses would be entirely manageable and comparatively powerless. By freeing the government, therefore, we at the same time break the power of the boss. He trades, he does not govern. He arranges, he does not lead. He sets the stage for what the people are to do; he does not act as their agent or servant, but as their director. For him the real business of politics is done under cover.

The same means that will set the government free from the influences which now constantly control it would set industry free. The enterprise and initiative of all Americans would be substituted for the enterprise and initiative of a small group of them. Economic democracy would take the place of monopoly and selfish management. American industry would have a new buoyancy of hope, a new energy, a new variety. With the restoration of freedom would come the restoration of opportunity.

Moreover, an administration would at last be set up in Washington, and a legislative régime, under which real programmes of social betterment could be undertaken as they cannot now. The government might be serviceable for many things. It might assist in a hundred ways to safeguard the lives and the health and promote the comfort and the happiness of the people; but it can do these things only if its actions be disinterested, only if they respond to public opinion, only if those who lead government see the country as a whole, feel a deep thrill of intimate sympathy with every class and every interest in it, know how to hold an even hand and listen to men of every sort and quality and origin, in taking counsel what is to be done. Interest must not fight against interest. There must be a common understanding and a free action all together.

The reason that I feel justified in appealing to the voters of this country to support the Democratic party at this critical juncture in its affairs is that the leaders of neither of the other parties propose to attack the problem of a free government at its heart. Neither proposes to make a fundamental change in the policy of the government with regard to tariff duties. It is with both of them in respect of the tariff merely a question of more or less, merely a question of lopping off a little here and amending a little there; while with the Democrats it is a question of principle. Their object is to cut every special favor out, and cut it out just as fast as it can be cut out without upsetting the business processes of the country. Neither does either of the other parties propose seriously to disturb the supremacy of the trusts. Their only remedy is to accept the trusts and regulate them, notwithstanding the fact that most of the trusts are so constructed as to insure high prices, because they are not based upon efficiency but upon monopoly. Their success lies in control. The competition of more efficient competitors, not loaded down by the debts created when the combinations were made, would embarrass and conquer them. The trusts want the protection of the government, and are likely to get it if either the Republican or the so-called "Progressive" party prevails.

Surely this is a cause. Surely the questions of the pending election, looked at from this point of view, rise into a cause. They are not merely the debates of a casual party contest. They are the issues of life and death to a nation which must be free in order to be strong. What will patriotic men do?

Woodrow Wilson

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(Continued from Page 42)

a nagger in words and deeds. If he takes to drinking, home, of course, ceases to be home. It remains a place for the woman to clean and the man to go to when he feels ugly and can take it out of the defenseless wife.

I am certain from a study of thousands of these broken homes and ugly, impossible husbands that many could have been made otherwise by "feeding the brutes." Pie, pickles and piety will develop nagging in a man, from dyspeptic as well as from psychic causes.

I have mentioned the ignorance of men concerning the emotional moods of women. Many cases of constant nagging on the part of husbands arise from this ignorance.

X was a man thirty-six years of age. He had been married about four years. His wife was somewhat younger than her husband; they had no children. X became ugly at home; simply changed from a companion to a silent, morose individual. He would refuse to go to entertainments with his wife, and shut down upon her dancing. For this harmless amusement she had a violent passion. She belonged to a social set in which entertaining was the principal form of occupying time. There came a point where separation seemed inevitable. I had the stories of both sides and saw no way out of the difficulty. He was determined in his attitude, and she refused to obey any of his wishes regarding dances. I finally persuaded him to give her one winter of freedom in dancing and see if her unrest would be suppressed. He did so, and she became a changed woman and he ceased his nagging.

How could the change be made by allowing her to dance? Remember that she had no maternal duties; there was no outlet for a suppressed emotion, and so she was irascible, irritating and complaining—and he, of course, nagged.

The reason most women love dancing is because it enables them to give harmonious and legitimate emotional expression to their neuro-muscular irritability, which otherwise escapes in more explosive forms. Music, in a slighter degree, satisfies the same craving, for, in a muffled but harmonious manner, it exercises the whole emotional keyboard.

### *Three Bad Husbands*

Husbands who make veritable Gehennas of their "homes" may be divided into three classes: Brutes, Insulting Complainers and Subtle Irritators.

The Brute is best described by quoting a letter from a correspondent.

*Dear Doctor Howard:* I am willing to admit that nagging is a disagreeable thing and, in my case, is a form of nervous disease; I know this without my doctor telling me so. But I should like to ask if a man's actions may not make it justifiable in some cases?

I weigh a hundred and four pounds, yet I do all the housework on a farm—a stock farm—where I have to do all the cooking. Frequently there are as many as ten men to get meals for. I have to churn the milk and get the butter into town. My husband is well-to-do, yet, in order to get pin money, I sew at night when he is soundly snoring.

Now, if husband comes home unexpectedly—he travels a good deal, buying stock—and the table is not in readiness when he arrives, he thinks he is neglected. If he brings two or three strangers home with him he gets very ugly because I have not a good dinner ready for all. He also expects me to carry and fetch any small article he may need, and has often sent me along to help drive cattle to load on the cars when I was already engaged in caring for a small baby. Fortunately we live in a Southern climate, where baby can be left when his mother is ordered to do some hard work.

Now do you blame me for being a nagger? I do go off in tantrums, and he goes off to the neighboring town.

This man belongs to the class I call brutes. Through his coarseness, his savage instincts, he has broken down a woman he promised to protect and love, and now that, through her devotion to his welfare, she is a physical wreck, he calmly and savagely kicks her aside.

Next, in causing mental pain and misery to a good woman, comes the insulting complainer. He seldom uses direct accusations or makes specific complaints. But in his sneers, his innuendoes and periodic silences

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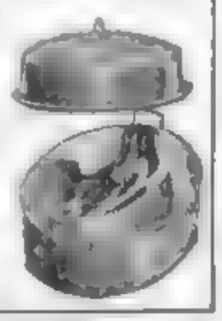

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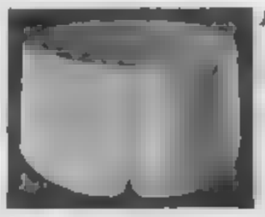

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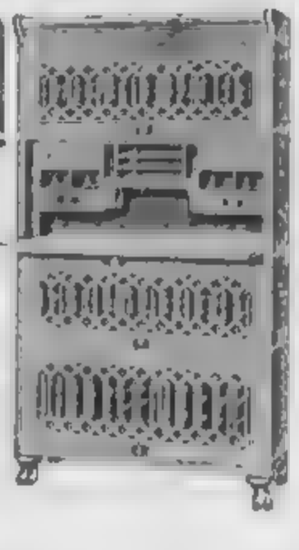

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he makes known his nagging presence and his wish that his wife was like Mrs. B. "Why don't you go out and get some color in your cheeks? You ought to take a five-mile walk every day. You want to flesh up."

The wife of one of these naggers came to me in great mental distress. She was a frail woman, in fact one of those many American girls who are not physically fit to endure the strain of motherhood.

The worst class of nagging men are those of individuality along certain mental lines. These are the artists, literary men and musicians. Even a certain class of ministers are not exempt. Now here I have to hark back to the fundamental facts concerning nagging. It is the feminine in this class of men that causes the output of discontent and fault-finding. Not effeminate characteristics—get this distinction clearly in your mind.

In every man born there exist some of the characteristics of the female; many have some of the feminine traits highly developed, others are apparently devoid of any, but, biologically speaking, they exist even in these individuals.

To the female belongs the love of beauty, of form, of harmony and imagination. But to carry out successfully the arduous physical attention required to put these æsthetic dreams before man necessitates that steady application, that uninterrupted toil, which, physiologically, woman is unsuited for—her natural duties as a mother prevent it.

It is true that a few women have accomplished things in art and science, in literature, that will redound to the benefit of all men. But in these very women we find strong *male* characteristics—that is, these individuals have striven along the nonproductive lines of the male, and hence have been able to devote all physical energies to mental work. From a psychical view of the matter they are not complete women.

### *Artistic Temperaments*

The artist, the musician and the literary man belong to a class of naggers by themselves. Such a man makes an impossible husband when united to a woman who makes cleaning and order in her house a first principle. Such men cannot be interrupted in a train of thought to come to meals at regular hours. They want to throw on to the floor papers or notes where they can find them the next day or month just as they were left. This is not carelessness nor a form of disorder, as the nonunderstanding wife believes, but is a form of order in his mental make-up.

Such men work in fits of long hours and days; this is usually followed by apparent indolence, but, in reality, the man is subconsciously forming ideas and terms. Such inconceivable conduct on the part of the husband irritates the good housekeeper, and she strives to keep his papers and books nicely picked up, and chides him for being shiftless, or blames him for being late to meals, or, perhaps, absent.

Now the feminine in the man breaks out and he nags, nags. He becomes ugly in his remarks and careless of all little requests on the part of his wife. If the conditions continue the husband becomes a constant irritant and an impossible mate.

The subtle irritator? He is a male who lacks full manly growth. He is a child in many matters. He is generally the product of a selfish and weak mother. He is a man who is controlled by this mother's advice and training after he marries; who meekly submits to her dictation and allows the little wife to understand that she takes second place in his home.

Such conduct is murder of love and wifehood. It is nagging by supineness, by cowardly negativeness. Such husbands are at first humiliating to their wives; then comes wrangling of two women, each asserting what she considers her individual rights. The silent, weak and spineless man is coddled by one and scorned by the other, and, finally, the bride returns to her home.

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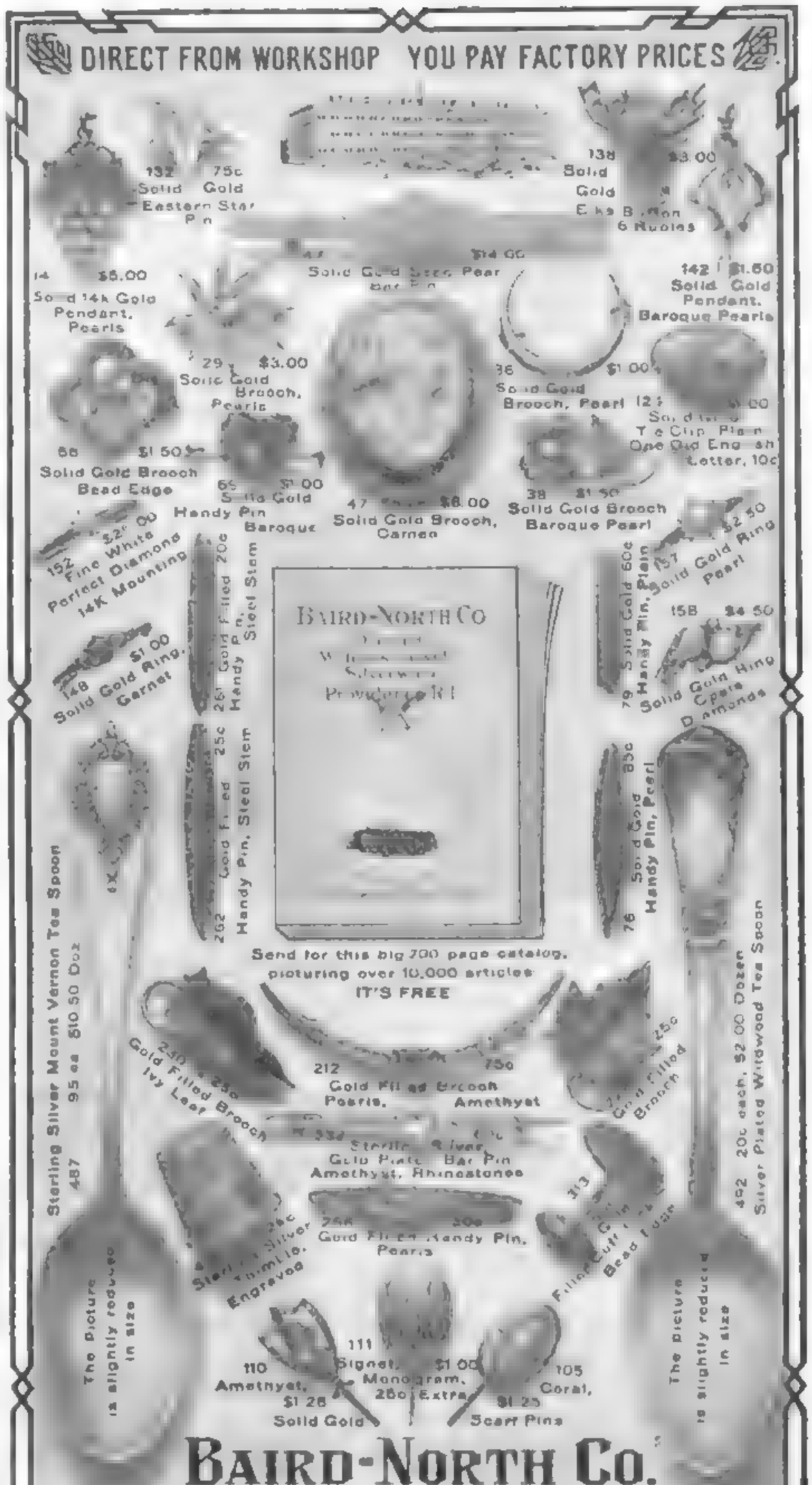


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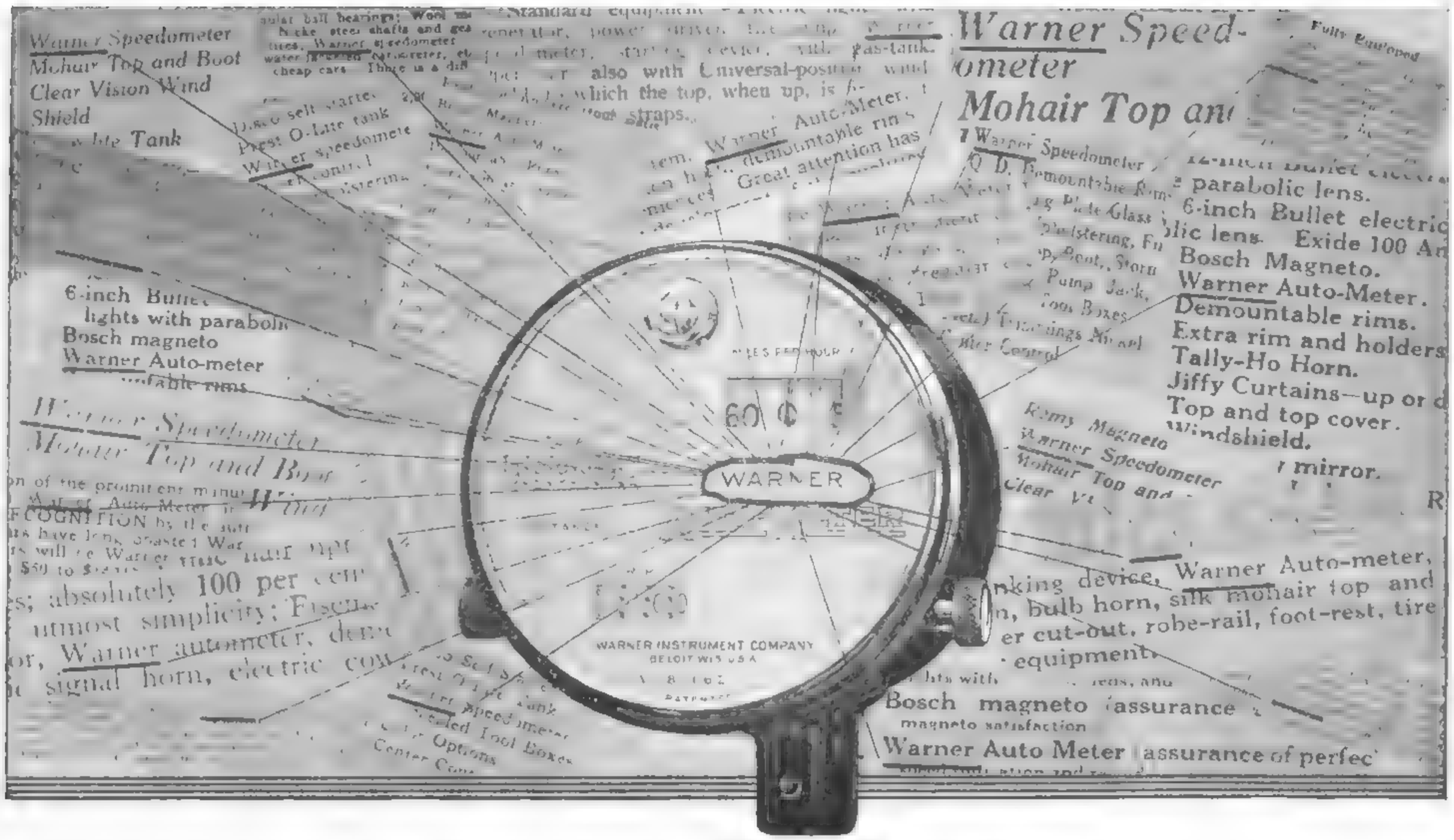
State




*Model K-2—Price $75*

**How manufacturers advertise who equip with Warners**

# WARNER AUTO-METER

## This is the Most Prominently and Conspicuously Specified Speed and Mileage Indicator in the World

WE show on these two pages a number of clippings taken from recent automobile advertisements and catalogues. Glance over them carefully. They illustrate a vital point. They explain in a forceful yet simple way the truth about the speed indicator situation.

*All of these cars are using the Warner Auto-Meter for their equipment. The group of clippings on this page was taken from literature issued about the following cars:*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| American | Flanders | Matheson | Republic |
| Andrews-Fox | Grand Rapids Truck | McFarlan | S G V. |
| Armleder | Grant | National | Simplex |
| Austin | Haynes | Ohio Electric | Stafford |
| Cadillac | Hupp-Yeats | Overland | Staver |
| Church Field Electric | Jenkins | Packard | Stearns |
| Cinco | Knickerbocker | Patterson | Stevens-Duryea |
| Columbia | Lozier | Pierce-Arrow | Stoddard-Dayton |
| Cunningham | Marion | Pilot | Vera Six |
| De Launey Belleville | Marmon | R-C-H | |

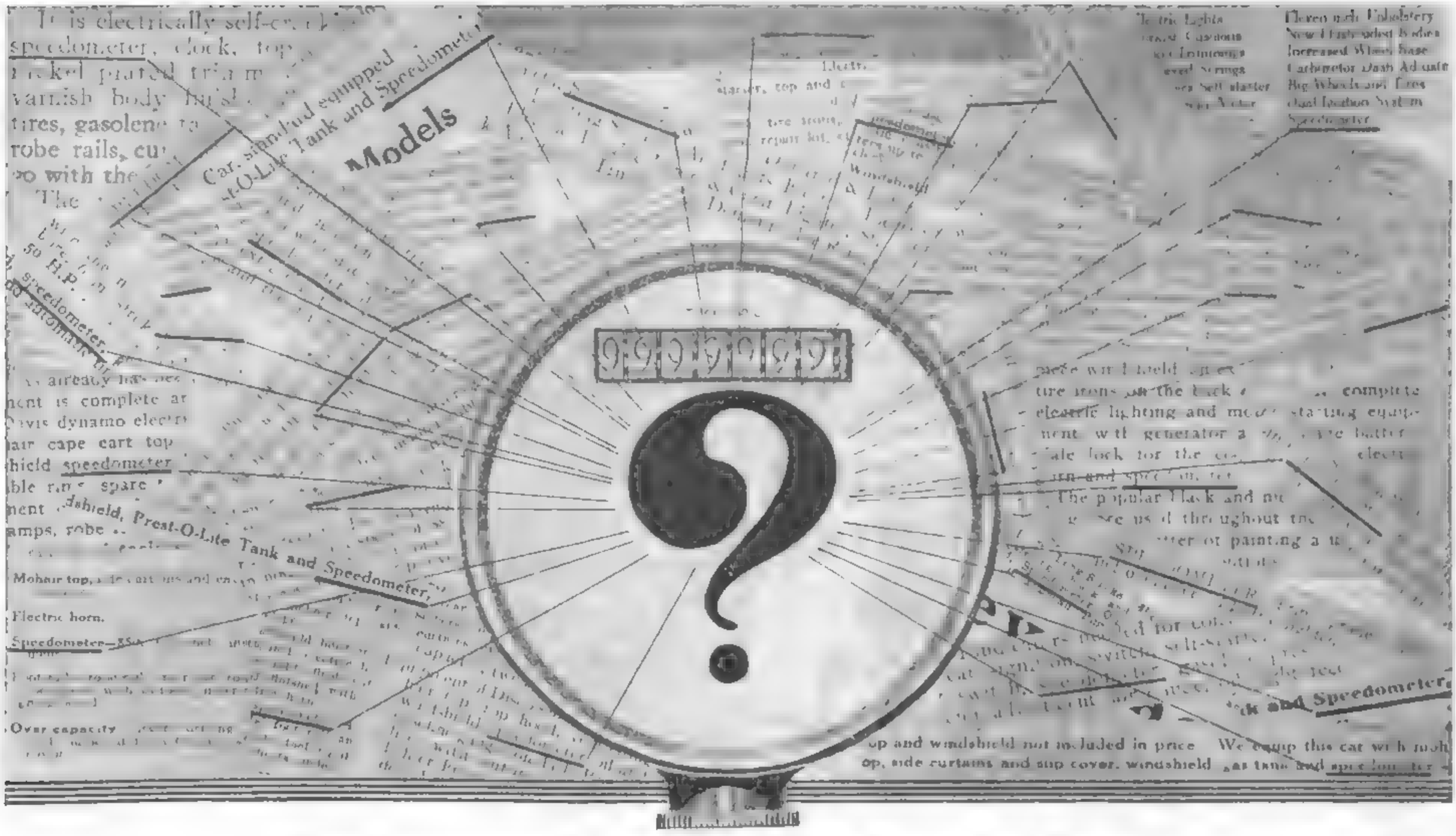
¶ The group on the left hand page was taken from literature of the leading automobile manufacturers of America. Here is the printed and published approval of the highest priced and highest grade automobile producers of this country.

¶ You can see for yourself how they value the Warner speedometer. They know the name "Warner" stands for quality, accuracy, and reliability in speed and mileage indication. They realize that it has a known value. They go out of their way to get this fact to you. They lay particular stress on the Warner, for it is an aid in establishing the value of their car.

¶ See how they feature it! How they advertise it! How they spend money and time calling your attention to the fact that part of their 1913 equipment is the Warner speedometer! They are proud of the Warner and point to it, as a part of their car, with real satisfaction.

¶ Now look at the group of clippings on the right hand page. These, too, are all clipped from 1913 literature. They are right up-to-date. In fact, it is the most recent automobile literature published. This tells another story—an entirely different one. See how the name of the speedometer equipment is omitted. In every single case the make of the speed indicator has been entirely eliminated.

¶ Why are the names left out? Are these manufacturers ashamed, or afraid, of the instruments on their cars? Surely—in their estimation—these instruments must fail to square up with the quality of their product, or else they, like the makers who are "Warner equipping," would not fail to call your attention to the maker's name. But they do fail to. Isn't the reason obvious?




## How manufacturers advertise who do not equip with Warners

¶ That which is kept from you is generally subject to the most careful examination.

¶ Evidence of this kind cannot fail to clearly explain a great deal to intelligent motor car buyers. It must surely clear up the speedometer problem in the minds of those few who are still on the fence.

¶ Everything in this world is judged by its name. This is true of pianos, clothes, furniture, talking machines, automobiles and speed indicators. A name indicates standing—quality—reputation. Merchandise without a name is usually questionable.

¶ In buying automobiles you are accustomed to having various features in construction or finish pointed out by name. That is—your attention is called to Vanadium steel gears or Krupp steel springs. You are told a car has a certain magneto, a certain axle, a certain carburetor, certain imported roller bearings, and a certain gas tank.

¶ In the same way your attention is called to the Warner Auto-Meter. These big facts are featured for they represent big values—known values. But when the name of a speed indicator, or anything else, is omitted, and avoided, there must be something fundamentally wrong. Any manufacturer who neglects, fails, or avoids mentioning the name or identification of any part of his product certainly shows lack of pride in that part's reputation and working dependability.

¶ For over eight years the Warner Auto-Meter has been recognized as the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. It is for just this reason that it was selected as part of the regular equipment for the cream of the highest priced American automobiles. Over 100,000 1913 cars will go on the market Warner equipped.

¶ This list is given here. All these cars you know. They are the representative high grade cars of America. Anything and everything that is a part of these cars must measure up to their high quality, and high standing.

¶ The producers of these cars could not afford to tamper with unknown values.

¶ They chose the Warner for their speedometer equipment. Their stamp of approval is your guarantee of quality.

¶ Watch all the current automobile advertising. Look through the big weeklies, magazines and daily newspapers. See how the automobile manufacturers are proudly featuring the Warner, and how others neglect to mention the name of the instrument they are using. There must be a reason. Draw your own conclusions.

¶ The Warner Auto-Meter is the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. It has been keeping accurate registration on tens of thousands of cars for over eight years. We have never known one to wear out.

¶ Those that were first made eight years ago are still giving perfect, accurate and reliable service today. We have not changed our basic patents and principles. We are making the same instrument, fundamentally, today, that we did back in 1904.

¶ The Warner instrument is the simplest instrument made. Inside of the heavy brass case you do not find an intricacy of moving parts that are bound to continually get out of order.

¶ The construction of the Warner is on a par with that of the very highest priced watches. It is a thoroughly jeweled instrument. All jewels used in the interior construction are genuine sapphires. The ball bearings used are the famous imported Hoffman's. The Warner factories are the model of the industry.

¶ Be sure the car you buy is Warner equipped. Make a point of this. If you fail to find it, ask the dealer why his car is equipped with any instrument that cannot measure up to the high Warner quality. Take this precaution and safeguard your entire automobile investment, for a Warner on a car indicates the quality of the entire job.

¶ Warner instruments are priced from $50 to $145. These prices are rigidly maintained. They are never cut. For sale by leading dealers all over the world and at our own branches listed below. Handsome catalogue on request.

# The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCHES

Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Denver, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore., Seattle, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, New York, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, St. Louis

Canadian Branch:—558 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

# What do you know about heat?

Your heating problem is too important to be left entirely to others. You should have sufficient information to come to a wise decision. Our heat Primer:

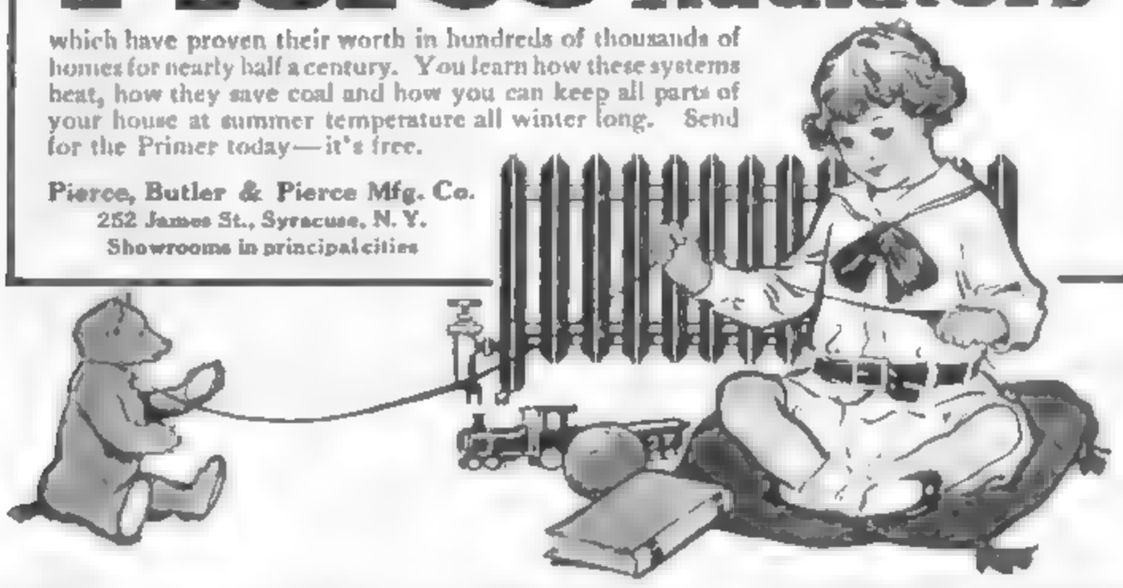
## "What Heat for Your House?"

will put you on speaking terms with your steamfitter. It is packed with helpful information. It handles the subject of house heating in a simple, broad, truthful way; discusses heaters in general and gives you specific information about

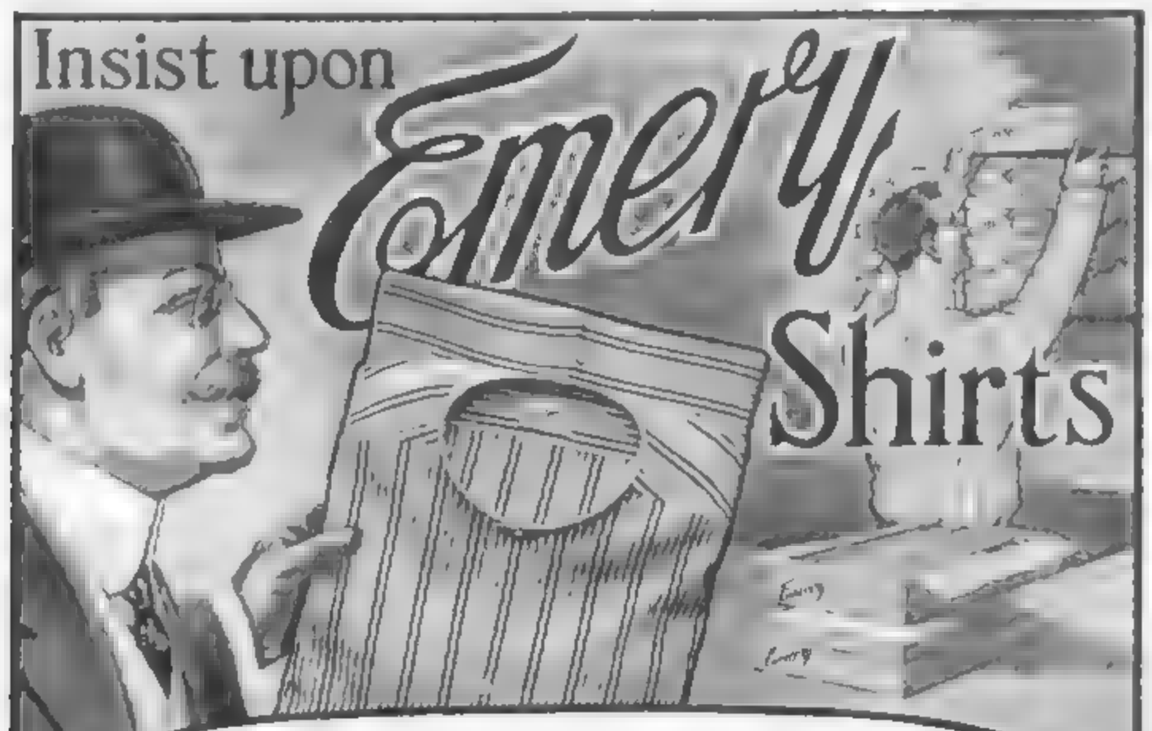
**Pierce Boilers and Radiators**

which have proven their worth in hundreds of thousands of homes for nearly half a century. You learn how these systems heat, how they save coal and how you can keep all parts of your house at summer temperature all winter long. Send for the Primer today—it's free.

**Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co.**
252 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Showrooms in principal cities



Insist upon *Emery* Shirts



# The Shirt that fits

*Emery* shirt patterns have been developed to high perfection, through our third-century experience in catering to America's particular dressers. The neck bands are *pre-shrunk*. There are sleeve lengths for men of short, long and medium reach, in each size of shirt. The bodies are generously proportioned according to the best custom makers' ideas.

There is satisfaction in *Emery* shirts: for we—

**GUARANTEE fit, color and wear**

Our *Guaranty Bond*, given with each *Emery* shirt, means—A New Shirt for One That Fails.

*All this for $1.50!* And from $1.50 up to $5 for the finest shirt fabrics obtainable. Look for *Emery* when you buy shirts.

*Write for The Emery Book, illustrating and describing styles for fall and winter. Let us fill your order through your dealer*

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, The *Emery* Shirt, Philadelphia

Sales offices also in New York, Chicago and St. Louis

# HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

(Continued from Page 22)

"I next see you at the head of a Roman legion, going forth to battle. You are a tyrant, ruling by fear alone, and with your own sword I see you cut off the heads of ——"

"Further back," besought the sitter. "I—I've had enough of all that battle and killing. I—I don't like it. Go on back to the very first."

Patiently the adept redirected his forces.

"I see a poet. He sings his deathless lay by a roadside in ancient Greece. He is an old man, feeble, blind ——"

"Something else," broke in the persistent sitter, resolving not to pay twenty dollars for having been a blind poet.

The professor glanced sharply at him. Perhaps his control did not relish these interruptions. He seemed to suppress words of impatience and began anew.

"Ah! Now I see your very first appearance on this planet. You were born from another as yet unknown to our astronomers. You are now"—he lowered his eyes to the sitter's face—"an Egyptian king."

Detecting no sign of displeasure at this, he continued with refreshed enthusiasm.

"It is thousands of years ago. You are the last king of the predynastic era ——"

"What kind of a king—one of those fighters?"

"You are a wise and good king. I see a peaceful realm peopled by contented subjects."

"That's what I want to know. Go on, tell me more. Married?"

"Your wife is a princess of rare beauty from—from Mesopotamia. You have three lovely children, two boys and a girl, and your palace on the banks of the Nile is one of the most beautiful and grand palaces ever erected by the hand of man. You are ministered to by slaves and your counselors of state come to you with their reports. You are tall, handsome and of a most kingly presence. Your personal bravery is unquestioned. You are an adept in all manly sports, but you will not go to war as you very properly detestall violence. For this reason there is little to relate of your reign. It was uneventful and distinguished only by your wise and humane statesmanship ——"

"What name?" asked Bean in low, reverent tones.

"The name—er—the name is —— Oh, yes, I get it. The name is Ramtah."

"Can I find him in the histories?"

"You cannot," answered the seer emphatically. "I am probably the only living man that can tell you very much about him."

"When did he—pass on?"

"At the age of eighty-two years. He was deeply mourned by all his people. He had been a king of great strength of character, stern at moments, but ever just. His remains received the treatment customary in those times, and the mummy was interred in the royal sepulcher, which is now covered by the sands of the centuries. Anything else?"

Bean was leaning forward in his chair, his eyes lost in that far glorious past.

"Nothing else now, I think. If I could see you again sometime I'd like to ask ——"

"My mission is to serve," answered the other, caressing the mustache and beard with a deft hand. "Anything I can do for you any time—command me."

The countess appeared from between the curtains.

"Was the conditions right?" she asked.

"They have been—at least so far," replied the professor crisply, with a side glance at Bean, who seemed on the point of leaving.

"Say, friend, I guess you're forgetting something, ain't you?" demanded the countess archly. And Bean perceived that he had indeed forgotten something. He rectified the oversight with blushing apologies, while the professor inspected the mantel ornaments with an absent air. What was twenty dollars to a king and a sire of kings? He bowed himself from the room.

They listened until the hall door closed.

"There's yours, Ed. You earned it all right, I'll say that. My, don't I wisht I was up on that dope!"

"You were the wise lady to send for me, Lizzie. You'd have killed him off right here. As it is, he'll come back. He's a clerk somewhere, drawing twenty-five a week or so. He ought to give up at least five of it every week—cigarette money anyway. Anything loose in the house?"

"They's a couple bottles beer in the icebox. Gee! Ain't he good though! If he only had the roll some has!"

. . . . . .

In his little room far up under the hunched shoulders of the house Bunker Bean sat reviewing his Karmic past. Over parts of it he shuddered. That crafty Venetian plotting to kill, trifling wickedly with the inlaid dagger; the brutal Roman, ruling by fear, cutting off heads! And the blind poet! He would rather be Napoleon than a blind poet, if you came down to that. But the king, wise, humane, handsome, masterly, with a princess of rare beauty from Mesopotamia to be the mother of his three lovely children: that was a dazzling vision to behold, a life sane and proper, abounding in majesty both moral and material!

He sought to live over his long and peaceful but brilliant reign. Then he dwelt on his death and burial. They had made a mummy of him, of course. Somewhere that very night, at that very instant, his lifeless form reposed beneath the desert sands. Perhaps the face had changed but little during the centuries. He, Bunker Bean, lay there in royal robes, hands folded upon his breast, as lamenting subjects had left him.

And what did it mean to him now? He thought he saw. As King Ramtah he had been too peaceful. For all his stern and kingly bearing, might he not have been a little timid—afraid of people now and then? And the Karmic law had swept him on and on into lives that demanded violence—the Roman warrior, the Venetian plotter, the Corsican usurper!

He saw that he must have completed one of those vast Karmic cycles. What he had supposed to be timidity was a natural reaction from Napoleonic bravado. Now he had finished the circle and was ready to become again his kingly self, his Ramtah self—able, reliant, fearless.

He expanded his chest, erected his shoulders and studied himself in the glass. There was undoubted majesty in the glance! He vibrated with some fresh, strange power.

Yes; but what about tomorrow, out in the world? Would he remain a king in the presence of Breede, even in the lesser presence of Bulger, or of old Metzerger, from whom he purposed to borrow seventeen dollars and seventy-nine cents? All right about being a king, but how were other people to know it? Well, he would have to make them feel it. He must know it himself first, then impress it upon them.

But a sense of unreality was creeping back. He pictured again the dead Ramtah in trappings of royalty. If he could only see himself, and be sure! But that was out of the question. It was no good wishing. After all, he was Bunker Bean, a poor thing that had to fly when Breede growled "Wantcha." He sat at his table, staring into vacancy. He idly speculated about Breede's ragged mustache. A moment later he was conscious that he stared at an unopened letter on the table before him.

He took it up without interest, perceiving that it came from his Aunt Clara in Chicago. She would ask if he had yet joined the Y. M. C. A. and warn him to be careful about changing his flannels.

"Dear Bunker"—it began: "My own dear husband passed to his final rest last Thursday at five P. M. He was cheerful to the last and did not seem to suffer much. The funeral was on Saturday and was very beautiful and impressive. I did not notify you at the time as I was afraid the shock would affect you injuriously and that you might be tempted to make the long trip here to be with me. Now that you know it is all over you can take it peacefully, as I am already doing. The life-insurance people were very nice about it and paid the claim promptly. I inclose the money, which wipes out all but ——"

He opened the double sheet. There were many more of the closely written lines, but he read no further, for a draft was folded there. His trembling fingers pulled the ends apart and his astounded eyes rested on its ornate face.

It was for ten thousand dollars.

. . . . . .

At six minutes after eight the following evening the Countess Casanova, strangely

# Truth—and the Proof—

The thoughtful buyer of roofing realizes the importance of his selection. Do you?

Your roof is right when it doesn't leak—it's wrong when it does—there is no middle ground. *If it leaks, the only limit to your loss is the value of the contents of your building.*

Roofing is not a material that is consumed or worn out in a year. You buy for the future and a mistake means trouble ahead. The amount involved is sufficient to make it important for you to investigate thoroughly before you buy.

We make no claims for

**BIRD**

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**Roofings**

**Paroid Proslate**

**Red Rope**

which we are not prepared to *prove* to you. Write and tell us where you live and we will show you a building in your own neighborhood where a NEPONSET roof has stood the test of real service. Interview the owner. If there is none there we will pay your car fare to a place where you can see one.

NEPONSET roofings have back of them the business experience of over 100 years—three generations of one family—over 25 years' specializing in roofings.

This trade mark

stands for absolute satisfaction unlimited by *any* period of years.

***Write Us***

and let us prove our claims. We will send you an invaluable pamphlet on the roofing problem and tell you where you may see a NEPONSET roof and give you the name of a reliable dealer.

**F. W. BIRD & SON** 18 Neponset Street E. Walpole, Mass.

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Hamilton, Ont. Winnipeg Montreal St. John, N. B.


moved from her professional calm, hurriedly closed the sliding doors between the two rooms of her apartment and sprang to the telephone, where she frantically demanded a number. The delay seemed interminable to her, but at last she began to speak.

"That you, Ed? F'r goodness' sake beat it here quick. That boob las' night is back here an' he's got it. I dunno—but something big, I tell you. He's actin' like a crazy man. Listen here—he wants t' know can you *locate* it—see it lyin' there underground. . . . Why, the mummy . . . yes . . . m-u-m-m-i-e . . . yes, sure! He's afraid mebbe they already dug him up an' got him in a musee somewheres; but if it's still there he wants it . . . yes, sure thing, dontchu und'stan? Wants it! . . . How can I tell? That's up to you. Git here! Sure . . . fifty—fifty!"

Bean glanced up feverishly as the countess reappeared. She was smoothing her hair and readjusting the set of the scarlet wrapper.

"It's all right. I think he'll come; but it was a close call. He was jes' packin' his grip f'r Wash'n'ton—got a wire from the president today t' come at once."

"Oh, I'll pay!" murmured Bean, and waved a contemptuous hand.

His manner was not lost upon his hearer.

"Lots of money made in a hurry these days," she suggested, "or got hold of some way. Gits left to parties—thousand dollars, mebbe—two, three, four thousand!"

Again he performed the pushing gesture, as if he were discommoded by money. He scarcely heard her voice.

The countess did not venture another effort to appraise his wealth. She fell silent, watching him. Bean gazed at a clean square on the wall paper where a picture had once hung. The authoritative tread was again heard on the stairway, and again the Countess Casanova welcomed Professor Balthasar to her apartment. She expressed a polite regret for having annoyed him.

Professor Balthasar bestowed his shiny hat upon her, enveloped his equally shiny skull with the silken cap, and assured her that his mission was to serve. Bean had not risen. He still stared at the wall.

"I'll jes' leave you alone with our friend here," said the countess charmingly. The professor questioned her with a glance and she shook her head in response, yet her gesture as she vanished through the curtains was one of large encouragement.

The professor faced Bean and coughed slightly. Bean diverted his stare to the professor and seemed about to speak, but the other silenced him with a commanding forefinger.

"Not a word! I see it all. You impose your tremendous will upon me."

He took a chair and began swiftly:

"I see the path over the desert. I stop beside a temple. Sand is all about. Beneath that temple is a stone sarcophagus. Within it lies the body of King Tamrah ——"

"Ramtah!" corrected Bean gently.

"Did I not say Ramtah?" pursued the seer. "There it has lain sealed for centuries, while all about it the tombs of other kings have been despoiled by curiosity-hunters looking for objects of interest to place in their cabinets. But Ramtah, last king of the predynastic period—though others will tell you differently, but that's because he never got into history much by reason of his uniformly gentlemanly conduct—he rests there today precisely as he was put. I see it all; I penetrate the heaped sands. At this moment the moon shines upon the spot, and a night bird is calling to its mate in the mulberry tree near the northeast corner of the temple. I see it all. I am there! What is this—what is this I get from you, my young friend?"

The professor seemed to cock a psychic ear toward Bean.

"You want—ah, yes, I see what you want; but that, of course, humanly, would be impossible. Oh, quite impossible, quite, quite!"

"Why, if you're sure it's there?"

"My dear sir, you descend to the material world. I will talk to you now as one practical man to another. Simply because it would take more money than you can afford. The thing is practicable, but too expensive."

"How do you know?"

"It is true, I do not know. My control warned me when I came here that your circumstances had been suddenly bettered. I withdraw the words. I do not know, but—you will pardon the bluntness—can you afford it?"

"What'd it cost? That's what I want to know."

"Hum!" said the professor. He was unable to achieve more for a little time. He hummed again.

"There's the labor and the risk," he ventured at last. "Of course my agents at Cairo—I have secret agents in every city on the globe—could proceed to the spot from my carefully worded directions. They could do the work of excavating. So far, so good! But they would have to work quietly and would be punished if discovered. Of course here and there they could bribe. Naturally they would have to bribe, and that, as you are doubtless aware, requires money. My control tells me that this mummy is one the authorities have been looking hard for. It's about the only one they haven't found. The loss will be discovered and my men might be traced. It requires an enormous sum. Now, for instance, a thousand dollars"—he regarded Bean closely and was reassured—"a thousand dollars wouldn't any more than start the work. Two thousand"—his eyes were steadily upon Bean now—"would further it some. Three thousand might see it pretty well advanced. Four thousand, of course, would help still further; and five thousand"—he had seen the shadow of dismay creep over the face of his sitter—"five thousand, I think, might put the thing through."

Bean drew a long breath. The professor had correctly read the change in his face at "five thousand," but it had been a sudden fear that his whole ten thousand was not going to suffice for this prodigious operation.

"I can afford that," said Bean shortly. He hardly dared trust himself to say more. His emotion threatened to overcome him.

The professor suffered from the same danger. He, too, dared trust himself to say no more than the few necessary words.

"There must be a payment down," he said with forced coldness.

"How much?"

"A thousand wouldn't be any too much."

"Enough?"

"Well, perhaps not enough," the professor nerved himself to admit.

"I'll give you two now. Give you the rest when you get—when you get it here."

"You move me, I confess," conceded the professor. "I will undertake it."

"How long will it be, do you think?"

"I shall give orders by cable. A month, possibly, if all goes well."

"I'll give you check." He gulped at that. It was the first time he had ever used the words.

The countess parted the curtains. Curiously enough she carried pen and ink, though no one remarked upon the circumstance.

Bean had that morning left a carefully written signature at the bank where his draft had been deposited. He later wondered how the scrawl he achieved now could ever be identified as being by the same hand.

And he was conscious, even as he wrote, that the Countess Casanova and Professor Balthasar were laboring under an excitement equal to his own. It was a big feat to attempt.

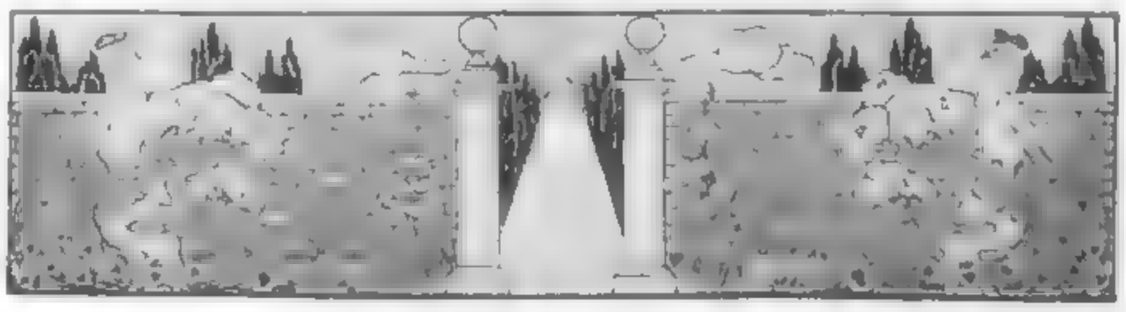
As before, they waited until he had closed the lower door.

"Oh, Ed!" breathed the countess emotionally.

"Anything loose in the house?" asked the professor.

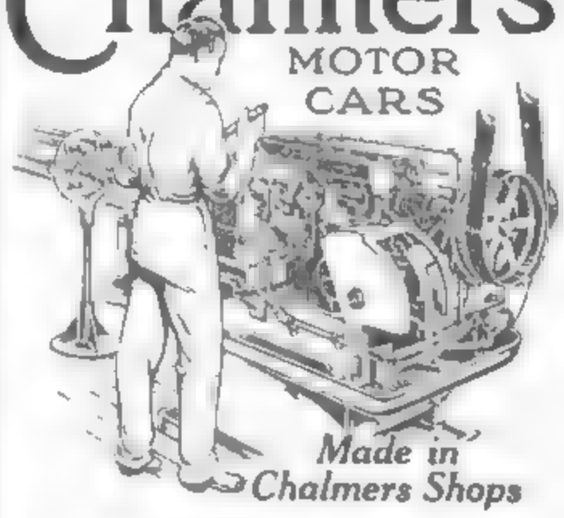
"They's a couple bottles beer in the ice-box—but oh, Ed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)




# Chalmers

MOTOR CARS




*One of many automatic machines in the Chalmers factory*

## Machines More Than Human

*(One of a series of talks on the care and accuracy with which Chalmers cars are built in the Chalmers shops)*

In the great Chalmers factory are many wonderful machines which perform in a few minutes operations that formerly took hours of hand work. No motor factory in the world is more completely equipped with up-to-date machinery.

Right here you have one of the reasons why we can sell quality cars at medium prices.

Among the most wonderful of the hundreds of "automatics" in the Chalmers factory are the automatic screw machines.

Into these almost human machines are fed steel and brass rods of different sizes and shapes. And out of them comes the finished product—bolts, pins, studs, magneto couplings, rocker arm screws, and many similar parts—in fact, one-fourth of all the small parts which go into an automobile.

These machines, which do almost everything but talk, are at once *less* than human and *more* than human.

Less than human, because they must be controlled and supplied with material by man.

More than human, because they do in minutes work that a man could not accomplish in hours. They perform five and six operations at one time, and their work is absolutely accurate, because they are entirely automatic in their operation.

In the Chalmers factory there is a battery of more than fifty of these machines whose wonderful operations do much to make possible the production of a high grade motor car at a medium price. The Chalmers equipment of automatic screw machines is larger than that of many specialty screw manufacturers.

This is but one example of the many labor-saving devices in the Chalmers factory. The money saved in manufacturing cost goes into increased quality in the car.

Many interesting facts about the great Chalmers factory and the processes of building Chalmers cars are told in the "Story of the Chalmers Car." Send coupon for this book today.

And see the cars at our dealer's.

| | |
|---|---|
| "Thirty" (Four cylinders), . . | $1600 |
| "Thirty-Six" (Four cylinders), | $1950 |
| "Six," 2, 4 or 5 passenger, . . | $2400 |
| "Six," 7-passenger, . . . . . | $2600 |

*(Fully Equipped)*

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 Chalmers catalog

Name

Address

# Great Singers Must be "Tobacco Wise"

## Tuxedo is the Tobacco Chosen by Opera Stars

MEN who depend upon their voices come to know tobacco as the ordinary smoker never knows it. A sensitive throat or mouth feels the slightest sting, bite or scorch of tobacco.

Tuxedo is *the one* tobacco which singers, actors, public speakers—all men who guard their throats zealously—can smoke with pleasure and safety.

Tuxedo tobacco *does not* sting, bite or irritate the delicate membranes of the mouth or throat.

CARL GANTVOORT

Carl Gantvoort, who has a leading rôle in the revival of the Smith-DeKoven opera, "Robin Hood," says

*"I always fill my pipe with Tuxedo. Tuxedo and I are firm friends."*

Carl Gantvoort

DONALD BRIAN

[illegible] of "[illegible]," says:

*"I have found that the use of Tuxedo does not interfere with my singing. On the contrary, I've never undertaken a more satisfying, more really beneficial smoke."*

Donald Brian

# Tuxedo

## *The Perfect Pipe Tobacco*

Tuxedo tobacco has made thousands of men converts to the pipe because it has made pipe smoking possible for them. Under the famous "Tuxedo process" the mild, tender leaves of the highest-grade Burley tobacco are so skillfully treated that Tuxedo burns slowly and affords a cool, mild, thoroughly enjoyable pipe smoke.

Leading men in all walks of life—well-known doctors, lawyers, ministers, lecturers, etc.—smoke Tuxedo and testify to its soothing influence.

A host of imitators bear testimony to the superior excellence of Tuxedo, but none has succeeded in discovering the "Tuxedo process". Tuxedo still remains the mildest, most enjoyable and satisfactory smoking tobacco in America.

GEORGE LYDECKER

George Lydecker who is contributing much to the success of the new musical comedy, "The Girl from Montmartre," says:

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Jack Henderson

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*"Tuxedo surely is the singer's smoke. Cool and smooth, I recommend Tuxedo highly to all singers."*

J. Humbird Duffey

# JOHNETTA TRIED IT

(Continued from Page 25

at the hour. He had talked mainly about her. That made him still more fascinating.

He showed the keenest interest in her welfare—asked questions galore, but delicately! Did she live there alone? Oh, just with her mother! No brothers or sisters? No! It must be lonesome not to have a man about the place. Did she and her mother own the house? That was good. And no mortgage or any incumbrance? That was fine! Was the property in her name or her mother's? Oh, that was too bad; it would be so much better to have it in hers. Why? Well, it saved complications about wills, you know—and all that. Was her life insured? No! It ought to be—in her mother's name or her husband's. Oh, ha-ha! A husband would be easy for a woman of her charm! Fact was, he could hardly believe she was not married. What were these Carthage men thinking of? Now if she had lived in his home town she would have been snapped up years ago. What was his home town? Galesburg—er—that is, Peoria.

Johnetta was puzzled by the man's reticences and his revelations, which were often inconsistent; but nothing is more becoming to a man than a mystery and the possession of secrets worth hiding. And his interest in her and her mother was wonderful!

Mr. Newell—his first name was Edbert—such an odd name!—very distongay!—came often and oftener to see Johnetta. He stayed to meals. He made a speedy conquest of her mother. He gave her such sage advice about what unprotected women ought to do with their money. And, of course, both the Ackerleys rather overstated their resources. It would have been almost indecent to expose to a comparative stranger how meagerly they were clothed against poverty.

The old maid and the older mother had spent so many hard years of unlovely and unloved dependence on their weak selves that the mere sound of a man's voice and a man's steps was as welcome as a policeman's footfalls on a burglarish night. His interest in their welfare was almost unnerving. They leaned on him as if he were an angel.

The Peoria angel was the very soul of tact. He praised their cooking, praised the flowers in their garden, praised the vegetables on the plates, praised the tidies on the chairs. They hadn't realized how thirsty they had grown for praise. It came upon them like stumbling on a cascade in a desert. They drank deeper and deeper.

He kept reverting to the question of insurance. Their one suspicion of him arose from this fact—a dread that he might be an insurance agent in disguise. The fear must have escaped their self-control, for one day he laughed and said:

"I presume"—he was the first guest they ever had who "presumed" instead of "guessed"—"I presume," he said, "that you are beginning to think I'm canvassing for a company. To reassure you, I am going to make Mrs. Ackerley a present of a policy on Miss Johnetta's life."

The word "life" had a terrifying sound in this context, but when he added "for five thousand dollars" the uncanniness faded away. Either of the two women would have felt that death was a bargain at half the price.

He would not brook delay. He forced Johnetta to send for Mr. Stites, who had driven nearly everybody in Carthage to desperation with his everlasting talk on the duty of insurance, but had never dignified the Ackerley women with his boredom. At Mr. Newell's suggestion, Johnetta did not mention Mr. Newell's name.

When she learned that an examination by the company's doctor was necessary she weakened, but Mr. Stites could be depended on to overpower that objection. She was pronounced a sound risk and the bill sent to her.

Mr. Newell was ready with the cash to pay it. Johnetta felt a qualm of pride at this and asked him why he should pay for her premium. He explained instantly:

"It's only a small return for the hospitality you have shown me. I was a stranger in Carthage and ye took me in, and your mother has been like a mother to me; while you ——"

He could not go on. His feelings overcame him. And when he said that he would be heartbroken if Johnetta refused him this small privilege she consented—to save him from pain. At his suggestion she did not mention to Mr. Stites that Mr. Newell advanced the premium.

Both Johnetta and her mother felt that they were upon the brink of a great event. They dared not speak of it to each other, but their eyes were full of it.

Still Edbert Newell did not propose. Johnetta grew haggard with suspense. She felt every day that tomorrow would see her one devotee lured away by some other woman, or that the business interests he so often mentioned would take him out of town on any train.

One evening the blow fell; he spoke of having to leave Carthage the next day. He seemed unhappy, distressed, the prey of mysterious anxieties. It was plain that he needed a good wife to soothe his dear soul; but why didn't he speak? He went on deploying his beautiful thoughts, but said nothing about marriage.

Johnetta rocked him into the corner where even Chet Dawes had succumbed—still he did not speak; but the old rocker squawked: Le-ee-eap ye-ee-ee-ear!"

At length the poor man rose and said:

"Good night for the last time. I leave tomorrow afternoon. I'll come and say goodby in the morning if I may."

Johnetta took her leaping heart in one hand, and seized Edbert Newell's arm with the other. Speech came from her in jets, like blood from a severed artery.

"Mr. Newell—Edbert—you'd better not—leave me—before I—I—I oughtn't to—tell you—— You'll probably think it—unlady—unladylike—but I've got to—to let you know—how I—I love you—Mr. Newell—and—if you'll have me—er—if you think you could get along with me—er—er—let's us—get married!"

She had said it! And now the secret that had buoyed her up to the clouds had escaped, and she collapsed like a torn balloon. He said nothing at all; and in the silence shame overcame her and she started to run.

She had reached the screen door and torn it open when he caught her and pulled her back into his arms and against his lips. One horn of his mustache gored her in the eye, but she did not even wink. She just stared up at Heaven with the other and thanked the stars she saw.

v

WHEN calm was somewhat restored, Edbert drew her into the shadow where realism obtruded less on romance and talked to her like the Heaven-sent hero he was.

"I have been wanting to say the word to you myself, Johnetta, but I haven't dared, for I should have to ask you certain things."

"What are they, darling?"

"I can't explain them now. You must trust me. You will know all in good time and will understand."

Johnetta found this rather harrowing; and her uneasiness was doubtless reflected in a tightening of the lips and in a startled deerlike uplifting of the head, for he said quickly:

"Of course, if you can't trust me ——"

This brought her head back under his chin and she murmured:

"I should trust you with my soul, Edbert darling. Ask of me what you will." This last phrase was not entirely original. Johnetta had been reading novels of late.

"Then, if you really love me," he said, "we must be married secretly—out-of-town. You must slip away tomorrow on the noon train; go to Petersville and stop at the Petersville Hotel. You must register under another name. I'll come on a later train and call for you. We'll be married and go to Niagara Falls for our bridal tour."

The effect of all this romance on the spinster's starved soul was overpowering. She had looked for bread and he had given her an illuminated wedding cake, an elopement, a clandestine wedding, and a honeymoon at Niagara Falls! She felt as if she had been carried over the brink of that well-known cataract. The old maid was living a three-volume novel in one hurried chapter. She consented rapturously to anything.

"You are to be my husband! Command me—tell me what to do."

He told her, and told her again. She repeated his instructions as if she were


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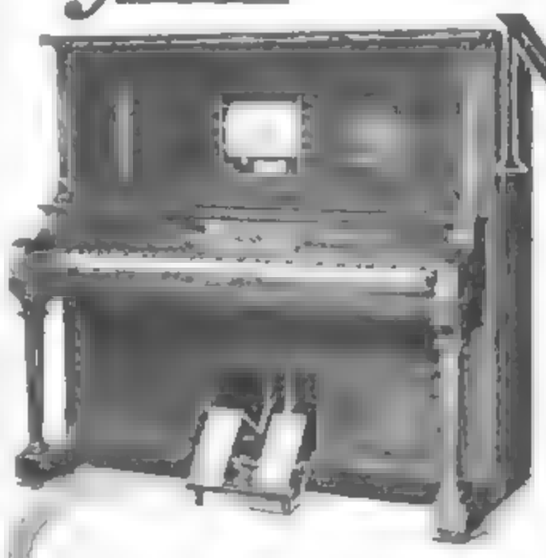

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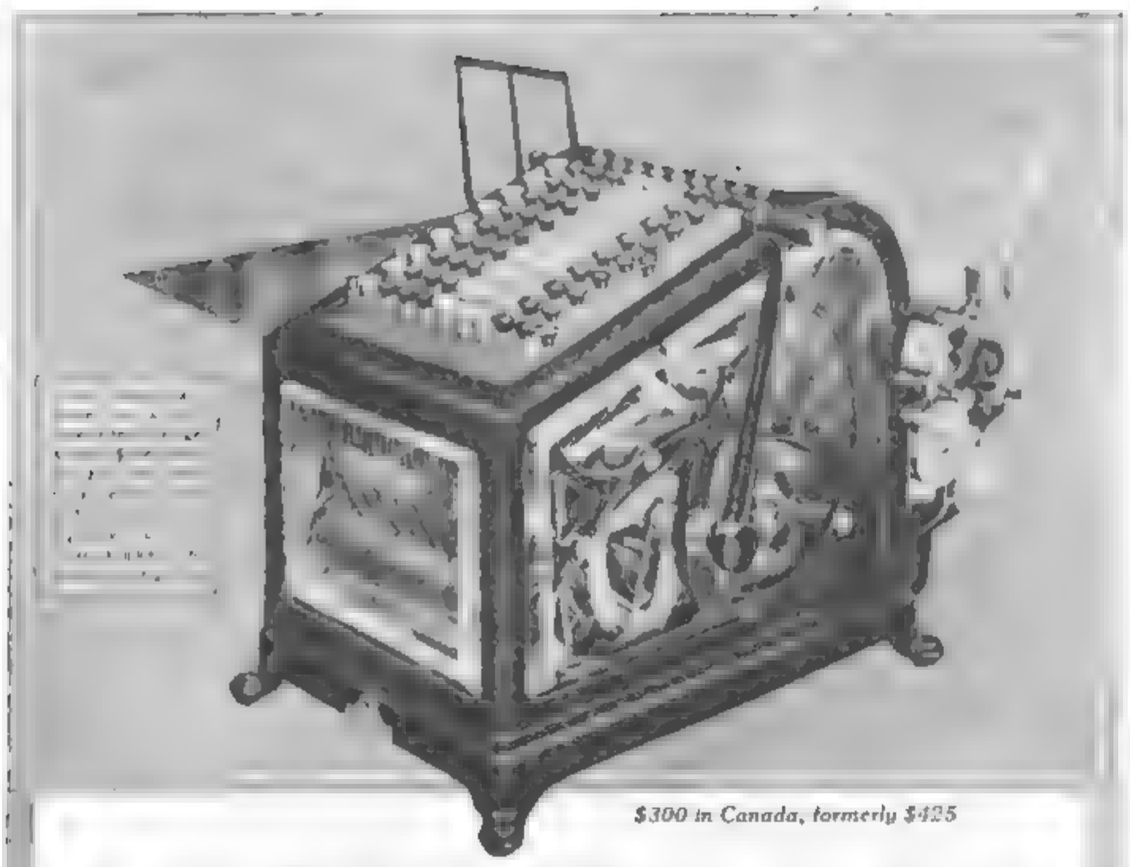

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taking down Holy Writ. She asked when they were to return to Carthage.

"Never!" he said. "Haven't you had enough of this town?"

"Lord, yes!" she exclaimed. "But mother I can't leave mother here."

"We'll send for her as soon as we get settled. Can she keep a secret?"

"She could keep this one."

"Then tell her; but warn her not to breathe it to a soul. Tell her I'll explain it all to her when we send for her."

He hurried away. She could have endured a little longer embrace and a few more kisses, but her lord had his reasons. She woke her mother and poured the whole Arabian Nights romance out on the bedspread before the sleepy and startled old woman. It looked fearfully complicated; but when Johnetta said that it meant her mother's leaving Carthage forever the poor soul felt that her translation to Paradise was at hand. She was so sick of Carthage that a lumber-wagon ride to another village would have seemed like a spin in a fiery chariot.

The two women devoted the rest of the night to packing Johnetta's trunk and improvising a trousseau. Things that served very well for an undisturbed and unobserved old maid became unutterably distressing as gear for a bride.

Finally Mrs. Ackerley dug out a hidden hoard she had saved for her own burial clothes and bade Johnetta spend it all as soon as the drygoods stores were open.

Thrilling as these days were to Johnetta, she found nothing more excruciatingly confusing than trying to buy the interior costume for a bride from the clerks who had known her from childhood. She bought one pair of pseudo-silk stockings and rushed home blushing like a house afire.

"I just couldn't get those things here, mother," she explained. "I'll have a few hours in Petersville before my—my husband arrives; and I'll buy 'em there, where they don't know me."

VI

JOHNETTA reached Petersville somehow, registered at the hotel with a shivery hand that hesitated over her pen-name and sprayed the clerk with ink; she made her purchases with a desperate disregard of prices that swept away her mother's burial clothes and nearly emptied her own raisin-purse. Then she went back and waited for Edbert, trembling as if he were her executioner—trembling until she thought the other guests would complain of her shaking the hotel.

Finally Edbert came, beautiful and terrifying, with the sinister grace of a leopard. Before they set out for the wedding, he asked her to write to the insurance company, transferring her insurance from her mother's name to his. He had the form all ready. It only needed signing.

Timidly as if it were atheistic and sacrilege, she asked her godlike lover:

"Why?"

"Because, if anything should happen to you, those insurance sharks would get the money all away from your poor old mother. If they find I am to collect it they won't try any funny business on me, I can tell you! As soon as they pay it to me I'll turn it over to your mother."

"And would you take good care of her, Edbert?"

"Of course I would. Isn't she your mother? If you should die——"

That settled it. With the pen in air Johnetta paused. Too much excitement had made her peevish. She threw down her pen and began to whimper:

"I didn't come all this way to die! I don't see why you have to talk about my death, and insurance policies, and transfers—and horrible things like that! I don't want to die! I don't want to talk about my death. I came to get married!"

Edbert flushed and snapped:

"Oh, all right then! Come along and get married. Have you got your money with you now?"

"Yes, dear."

"You might lose it. Better let me carry it."

"But it's in my—I can't get it very well. Later."

"Oh, all right! Come along."

He forgot to kiss her. It would have been her farewell kiss as a girl. He called a carriage at the hotel door; and when he got in he said to the driver: "County clerk's office." Then he clambered in.

"You're not going to a minister's?" she gasped.

"What's the use? A justice of the peace is just as good."

Now he had a different Johnetta to deal with. She drew herself up into a stone statue of resolution:

"I don't consider it marriage at all unless a minister of the gospel joins our hands in holy wedlock."

"Oh, all right!" he snapped again. "We'll get a minister then."

"You'd better tell the driver. He's going right on."

"Well, we've got to get a license, haven't we?"

She subsided.

Johnetta noted that the clerk who issued marriage licenses had no appreciation of the epochal beauty of the event.

"He chucked it at us as if it was a dog biscuit," she said.

"They're always like that," said Edbert.

"Always!" she echoed, aghast. "Have you been married before? Are you divorced?"

"Of course not," he stormed. "I mean all court officials are like that."

"Oh!"

Edbert had to stop at two or three hotels to find the name of a good Congregational marrier. When he came out Johnetta would have suspected that he had been drinking if she had not known he was an intensely religious man.

When, at last, they reached the minister they dragged him away from his dining-room table. He was evidently having salt-rising biscuits for supper, for there was a small segment of crust in the minister's beard. It moved up and down during the ceremony, and Johnetta could not keep her eyes off it. She felt that if she did not reach up and remove it she would scream.

However, the ceremony at length was completed, the clergyman accepted the money with alacrity, forgot to kiss the bride and hurried back to complete the salt-rising biscuit. It was not the wedding Johnetta had dreamed. She realized that her mother's prophecy was true: she was more ridiculous than Idalene; she had no organ music, no orange blossoms, no bridesmaids, no train-bearers and no train to bear—not even a veil; no rice or old shoes; not a wedding present. Still, she had a wedding—a poor thing, but her own!

"And now I am Mrs. Newell and you are my husband, my darling beloved!" Johnetta began as they stepped back into Cinderella's coach.

"We'd better have dinner now," said Edbert. "It's pretty late."

This hurt her feelings cruelly; but when he suggested that they have the dinner served in their room, her spirits bounded up again. She thought it showed a delicate tenderness for her feelings. She could never have suspected that he was saving his own. He hardly dared to sit out a wedding feast in a public dining room with that bride!

He ordered a meal that sounded to her like a banquet—and wine!—champagne wine!—in a bucket! She nearly fainted at the idea of a bucketful of champagne. When the waiter had retreated she said to Edbert:

"Why, I thought you were strictly temperance!"

"Well, weddings don't count," he said. "You've got to have champagne or it's no wedding at all."

"Isn't it?" she said. She knew nothing about weddings after the bride and groom vanished in a cloud of rice.

That dinner was a ceaseless astonishment to her. The waiter brought in the table, with the dishes and the cloth already on it! And another table with the food on! And the champagne—it was the bottle that was in a bucket, not the champagne! And the bucket was of solid silver!

Edbert insisted on Johnetta's taking some of the wine.

"Well, here's happy days!" he said, and poured the wine into his throat as if it actually tasted good. He drained it down and gasped: "Ah, that's something like!" Then he reached for her glass and emptied it with the same gusto. Then he reached for the bottle and filled his glass again—and hers; and emptied both.

He paid little attention to the expensive food. He ordered another bottle and when that was finished he rang for the waiter and said: "Hustle up anoth' bollil, ol' shport!"

His spirits bubbled like the wine. He said the drollest things. He kept Johnetta laughing until suddenly she began to be afraid of him.

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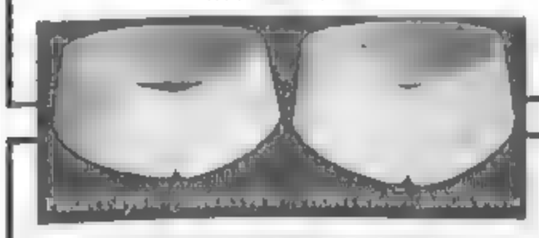

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It was noon the next day before the man she thought she was marrying was partially restored to her through the merciful charity of sleep.

She could not look upon him with the same eyes, but her storm of loathing had worn itself out during her long morning vigil. He was apologetic—rather to himself than to her; but, still, remorse was remorse. And his head hurt him so that his groans wrung her heart. If he had been a mad dog she would have felt sorry for him—and, after all, he was her husband.

Shame made Edbert a little more gracious to her than usual. He was attentive. He promised not to err again. He hated the very name of liquor. He blamed his lapse to the wickedness of Petersville, and he was eager to continue their wedding journey.

This accorded rapturously with Johnetta's views. She flew about packing their things—their things now; no longer his or hers! When the porter had cleared the room of their luggage and they were about to descend, Edbert paused at the door.

"Oh, that insurance transfer!"

"Oh, yes."

"Hadn't we better fix that up?"

"Is there any hurry, dear?"

"Well, if there should be a train wreck and you should get ——"

"But suppose you should get ——"

"Then the money would go to your mother as our only heir. Better sign it and get it over with."

"Well, if you think so. You know best."

The affair distressed her, but she saw that temper of his brewing behind his eyes—and she would have signed her own death-warrant to appease him. She signed the paper. He folded it up, nodded with relief and actually kissed her.

They drove to the station, only to find that the train was half an hour overdue. There was nothing to do but wait. Edbert was reading the morning paper. Johnetta sat where she could stare at him, adoring his graces, bewildered by his flaws. She idly watched the policeman on duty at the station, strolling up and down and looking people over dully. He paused and stared at Edbert, looked at him several times, moved on, turned and looked back. A little later she saw him come out of the telephone booth and resume his walk and his stare.

Johnetta felt that this was strange; then she rebuked herself for the treachery of even a fleeting suspicion and returned to her reveries. At last the train came in. Edbert folded his paper, rose, gathered up the handbags and moved toward the gate to the tracks.

At this moment a burly man came running into the station and spoke to the policeman, who pointed in their direction. The two came forward quickly. Edbert had the bags in one hand and the tickets in the other. The gateman was just reaching for them when the burly man reached across the other passengers in the line and tapped Edbert on the shoulder.

"Wait a minutt! Wait a minutt!" he said.

Edbert's face flashed white; he turned and spoke chokingly:

"What you want?"

"You!" the big man said. "We been trailin' you a long route; but I guess we got you."

The other passengers fell back staring. Everybody was frozen into awkward attitudes, like wax figures in a chamber of horrors.

"Who do you think I am?" Edbert said with a splendid defiance.

The big man was so rude that Johnetta would have slapped him if she could have reached his face.

"Ah, none o' that now!" he growled. "They want you in several cities. Several ladies, alive or dead, is lookin' for you, doctor!"

He swung his hands toward Edbert and there was a click as of a dog's fangs; but Edbert leaped aside, flung the handbags up like a great boxing-glove and knocked the handcuffs flying. He pushed the handbags into the big man's face and left them there.

The next Johnetta knew, Edbert had fled through the street doorway, pursued by the burly ruffian, the policeman and every other man in the station. Only terrified women remained, asking each other what was the matter.


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Johnetta ran to the door. There was a large open square before the station, and she saw Edbert pursued by a crowd that swarmed from the very ground. He turned and twisted, struck at those in his way or dodged their clutches. The crowd, roaring after him, thickened. People ran out of doorways ahead of him and issued from side streets.

A policeman dashed in from the avenue, leaped at Edbert, missed him, fell to his knees and hurled his club after him. A teamster dropped off a wagon and, ducking under Edbert's fist, put his foot out. The fugitive pitched forward, rolled, struggled up with bleeding forehead and set off again, only to be fairly smothered in the throng that fell on him.

Johnetta had seen it all like a football game from the grandstand. She understood it as little, except that she was mad with pity for Edbert. Her heart drummed furiously against her aching side. She panted as if it were she who was running. When he fell she would have fallen, but she clutched the women crowding the doorway.

She shrieked with the pain of those blows on his beautiful head; but the other women shrieked too.

"They're killing him! They're beating him to death!" she screamed. Nobody heeded her.

The officers, however, once they had laid Edbert by the heels and pounded the fight out of him, became his protectors from the mob. Clubs were soon flailing the air and the crowded sku'ls; and Johnetta saw the hurly-burly turn up a side street and vanish, followed by the crowd, swarming like black flies.

*VII*

JOHNETTA stood alone. She wanted to follow, but her feet were like lead. A huge, black, washerwomanly person came to her with the handbags, saying:

"I reckon these is yourn, madam. Your gentleman dropped 'em when the ossifers attackted him."

"Thank you," Johnetta answered automatically. "Where do you suppose they have taken him?"

"To the calaboose, I s'pose. That's whah they allus takes my old man."

"Wh-where is the—the calaboose? How do I get there?"

"You just foller that crowd. There's two green lamp-posts befo' the do'. You can't miss the calaboose!"

Johnetta ought to have called a carriage, but she was not used to calling carriages. She took the heavy luggage and set off with it dangling from her frail arms. She trudged doggedly, blindly on. The crowd had been repulsed from the station and ordered about its business. It had dispersed. Johnetta turned up the wrong street, lost her way and was forced to inquire for it several times.

When, at last, she staggered up the steps between the green lamp-posts she found the burly man chatting proudly with a bareheaded policeman at a high desk. He saw Johnetta with amazement.

"I was lookin' for you," he said. "Come this way."

He beckoned her into an officelike room, plainly furnished. He stared at her incredulously.

"We overlooked you in the rush," he said. "I sent a couple of flatfoots over to find you; but you come over by yourself, did you? It's the best way."

"I want to see my husband, if you please."

"Your—what?"

"Mr. Newell, my husband."

"That guy we pinched!"

"The gentleman you assaulted."

"Why, he ain't your husband!"

"Oh, yes, he is. We were married yesterday. What right had you to lay hold of him? You're not even a policeman."

"I'm a plain-clothes man; and he was wanted—and wanted bad!"

"By whom? For what?"

The officer questioned Johnetta with increasing gentleness. He seemed to know the answers to his own questions. He seemed to be able to tell her just what Edbert had done before she reached the point. He regarded her with deepening pity—shook his head over her.

Then he explained it all to her. Her Edbert was one of those men who make an industry of collecting marriages. He went about the country winning the sympathy and the love of foolish women, then marrying them, getting their money away from them and vanishing.

The insurance companies had traced to him several deaths. Three women who had taken out policies just before their marriages had died under suspicious circumstances shortly after. A comparison of notes had shown that the heartbroken husbands bore a close resemblance to one another and to a good-looking crook known as Apollo Meyer. The detective explained all this in technical terms that Johnetta could hardly understand, but their import was clear and mountainously crushing:

"He ducked for cover after he pulled off his last job. We had his mug scattered all over the country, though; and if them Rube constabills in your town wasn't walkin' in their sleep they could 'a' got five thousand dollars for his apperhension. I guess he found you so easy he forgot himself. He come out into a real town, like this. That flattie at the railroad station has the camera eye. He'd saw Apollo Meyer's picture in the little gallery of Wanteds up here. He spotted your man the minute he lamped him. He 'phoned me and I come a-runnin'. We just beat your Willy Boy to the train before some other town copped the reward. We're all feelin' pretty good about it!"

He was rubbing his hands with pride as he looked at the drooping Johnetta. The world was too heavy for her thin shoulder-blades. She was not crying. She was just bent over, backbroken—sobbing her breath out like an ill-fed horse that has been worked to its last agony.

Detective Kinsella studied Johnetta with soft eyes. Policemen are like doctors. They grow a protective shell over their hearts to keep them from bleeding to death; but there is softness the more inside when it is reached. Kinsella smoked a whole cigar over Johnetta before he spoke. Then he leaned forward and said:

"You been used hard, little lady, by this here rotten dog. He ought to go to the chair—and I guess he will. About all I can do for you is to keep you out of the mess that's goin' to be raised. There's evidence enough, God knows, without yours. I wisht you hadn't told me all you did, especially names and places; but I can forget awful easy if I try—and I've forgot already who you are and where you came from.

"Here's an insurance transfer I found on the guy when I frisked him. Take it and burn it; and burn up the track between here and—well, I've forgotten where you came from. Go back there and take your old name—it's yours, all right. You never were married to him. He's got a dozen other wives above the sod and under it—so your marriage don't count. Keep a stiff upper lip; and don't say nothin' to nobody—except, maybe, if you're a praying woman, you can fall on your knees and be thankful that this man didn't collect on your life insurance. You've had a hard smash, but you can thank God you're not dead, anyway!"

"I don't know about that," said Johnetta.

She rose heavily, like a fallen truck-horse lashed to its feet. When she would have walked out of the door she walked into the wall.

"Better go this way," said Detective Kinsella, opening a side door. "I'm drivin' down to the station. I might as well see that you git on the right train."

Johnetta almost forgot her own bruises as she thought, all the way home, of the load of misery she was bringing back to her mother. It was beautifully dark when she reached Carthage again, and she trudged up the street unnoticed by the couples sauntering through the tender moonlight.

Her mother had gone to bed, but she took the shorn lamb back into the fold. This disaster was too complete to support blame or rebuke. The old maid was a tired-out little girl once more. She had been naughty, and her burned fingers were punishment enough. The old woman became once more a mother, with a child to take care of. This was the solace of both—that in the ruins of their hopes they had found each other again.

The next morning, when Johnetta would have risen early to begin the household patrol, she found her mother standing by her bedside and looking down at her with eyes of a tenderness so long foregone that it was like something new.

"You're goin' to stay right there today, until you get real rested. And I've asked one of Mrs. Skerratt's boys to run downtown and bring you something nice for your breakfast. What you suppose you're goin' to have this morning, honey?—oranges!"

# 6,125 Sold

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They bought up to this year 5,000 Michigans, and watched each car's performance. Last year they ordered over twice our production.

They watched us get W. H. Cameron for our chief engineer—the man who has built 100,000 successful cars. Then we got John A. Campbell, who has been designer for kings, to create this Michigan body.

They watched us build and equip this model plant, with enormous capacity, so cars could be built at a minimum cost. And those who watched have long known that the Michigan was bound to lead the Forties.

### One Month's Sales

Our 1913 model was formally announced Sept. 1. By October 1, dealers had ordered 6,125 cars.

They came here in droves—these men who know the whole market—and in one month absorbed practically our whole next year's production.

Boston, which bought 50 Michigans last year, took 250 of the new model. Toronto took 75. Brooklyn took 100. So did Omaha, Neb. Jacksonville, Fla., took 100. Springfield, Ill., 100. Winnipeg, 200.

Detroit—the home of our three greatest rivals—took 100 Michigan cars.

So from everywhere. And all because these dealers, shrewd and well-informed, believe that nothing in the Forty class this year compares with Michigans.

### Now See for Yourself

Now we ask you to judge if these men are mistaken. Make your own comparisons.

Note first the big features—the splendid designing, the big margins of safety, the over-capacity.

Note the comforts and luxuries—the wide, long springs, the very wide seats, the 14-inch cushions, the great big comfortable body, the nickel trimmings, the 22 coats on the body.

Note the up-to-date features—the four forward speeds, the electric lights, the center control, the left side drive—all like the costliest cars

Note the economies—the big, wide tires—used to double the average tire mileage.

Find, if you can, another "40" which gives all these great features at the Michigan price. Watch that none are omitted, for all are important and all mean added cost.

First write for our 1913 catalog. It pictures all details and shows our different body designs. Then we will tell you where to see the car. There are Michigan dealers everywhere.

Do this in fairness to yourself. If this is the year's best offer you should know it.

# Michigan "40"

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**Steering post** [illegible] and brass [illegible] comfort [illegible]

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**Wheel base,** 118 [illegible]

**Straight line body,** designed [illegible] A [illegible] Finished with 22 [illegible]

**14-inch Turkish cushions.** [illegible] comfortable in use [illegible]

**Rear seat** 50 inches [illegible] inches deep. Doors 20 [illegible] Tonneau room 50 inches either way.

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**Mohair top,** side curtains and envelope complete

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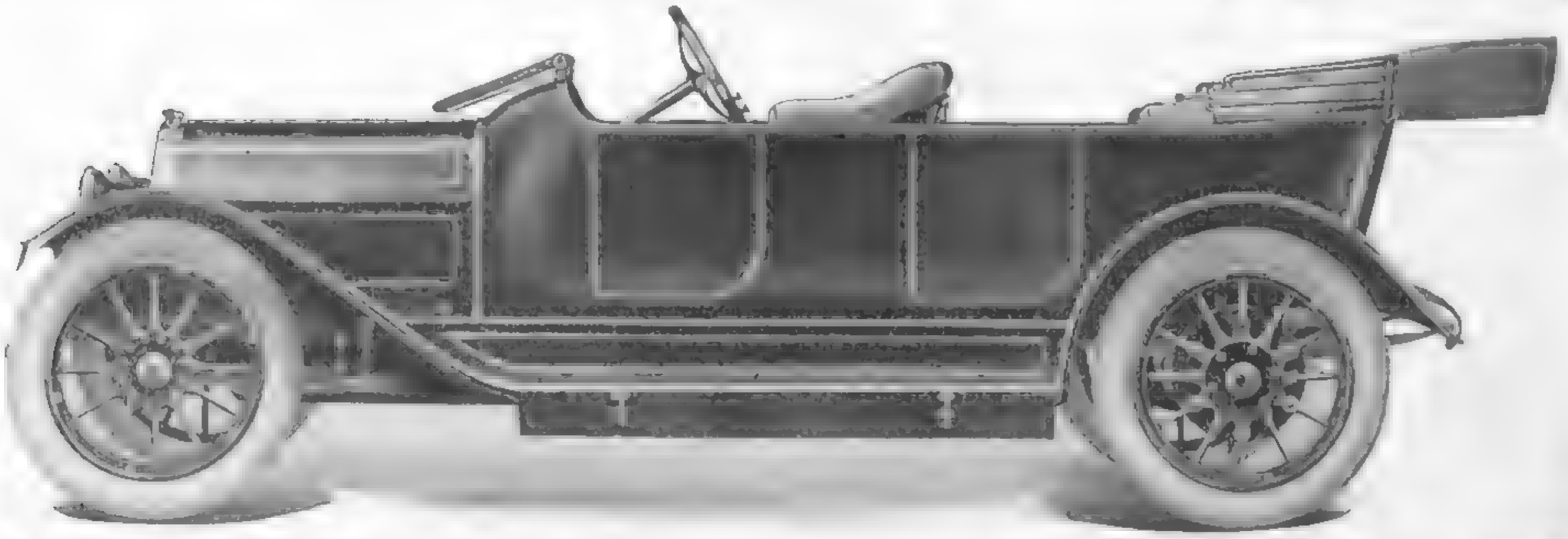

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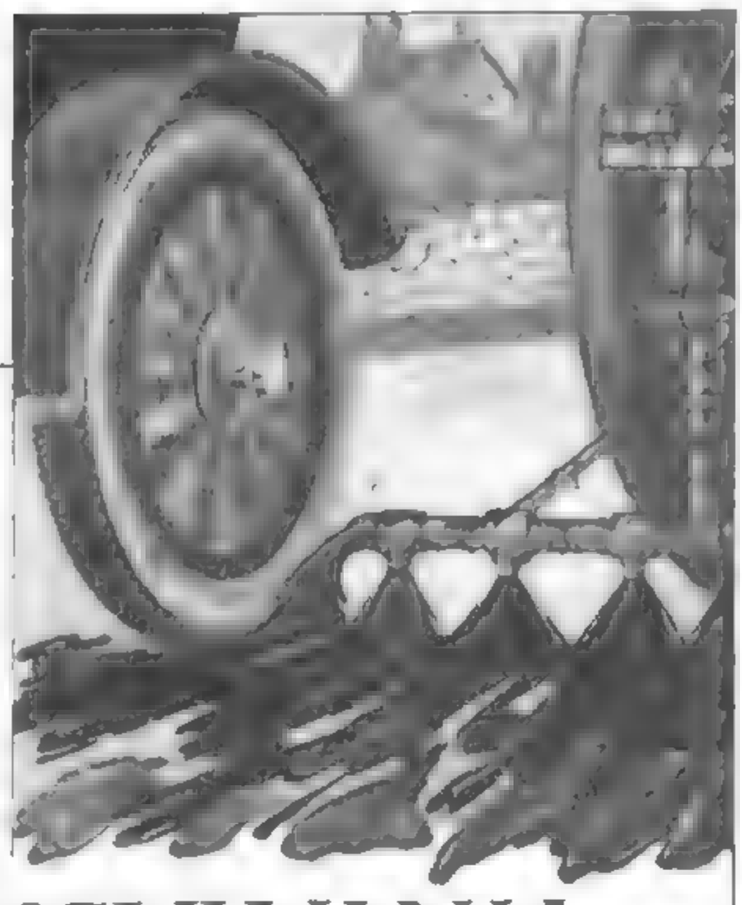

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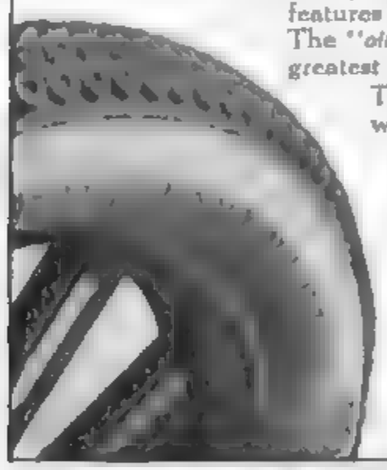

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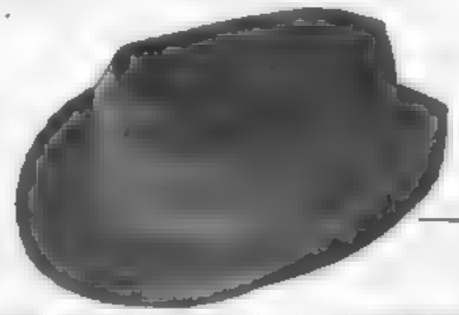

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# THE CURE

(Concluded from Page 9)

it drew all her indignation to the surface. Casting about for adequate expression, she caught the tritest phrase she knew and hurled it at him.

"You beast!" she said. "How dare you?" She had paused to turn on him a freezing stare.

"'Tis the old stuff she pulls," giggled the masher. "Now don't make your eyes look like that! I can't stand 'em. They're too good. How about me looking into those lamps across the table and telling you about 'em and your shape? Aw, say, little girl ——"

While the masher spoke, another character entered the drama. A tall, broad-shouldered young man in correct afternoon clothes had stopped by the curb and observed. Mrs. Peake, looking this way and that for rescue, caught his glance. "Do you need assistance?" his eye said to hers. "If you please," her eye responded. His arm dropped to his side, his fist clenched under his gray glove and he took a step forward. In that instant the masher also perceived. As one long practiced in such retreats, he whirled, dodged and walked swiftly up the Avenue; but he had not shaken off the man with the frock coat. That defender of weak womanhood went past Mrs. Peake on a half-run, and as he went their eyes met again.

He dropped a mask of conventional indifference over his countenance and lightly raised his hat.

She dropped a mask of conventional indifference over her countenance and lightly nodded her head.

He passed beyond her range of vision.

Frightened to panic by thoughts of a session in a horrible, unsanitary courtroom, Mrs. Peake walked as fast as she could go without attracting attention. She looked neither on the right nor left; but through the measured roar of Fifth Avenue there grew in her ears a certain irregular rhythm. She saw the people she passed look up, with a gleam of excitement in their faces, and quicken their gait. She saw two newsboys running, their sheaves of papers stringing out behind them. She hurried on. She had gone two blocks and the noise of the riot had sunk itself in the general hum of the Avenue, before she slowed up to recover her breath.

Shortly after which there happened to Mrs. Peake a marvelous, a miraculous thing. As her indignation flowed out of her a kind of spiritual peace flowed in. She felt it first by her delighted interest in Fifth Avenue. She found herself looking at the costumes, approving this one, laughing at that. Four or five blocks down she paused to inspect a near-old necklace in the window of an almost-antique shop. Casting a glance back to assure herself that her retreat was secure, she entered and spent a long time fitting it to her throat at different heights. In the next block she bought a hat, first trying on a dozen new models before the mirror. As she stepped into her automobile at the Madison Square corner she bestowed a quarter on a beggar.

"That's scattering perfume, I suppose," she thought with a feeling of holy self-satisfaction.

At six o'clock Mr. Peake breezed into his wife's boudoir.

"Peebles defaulted," he said. "Sickness in the family or something! I thought you seemed a little out of sorts this morning." He had pushed her away by the shoulders to look her over, and a glow overspread his face.

"Why, what's happened to you?" he asked. "And where did you get that dress? It's great!"

Mrs. Peake laughed pleasantly.

"And you noticed it, Old Tom, did you?" she asked. "That's a washdress I bought for Helen this afternoon—ready-made—and it just fits me! And how do you like my hair this way?"

Tom gathered her in his arms.

"Bar Harbor—do you remember?"

"And the searchlight out at sea!"

"And you haven't taken on a year since then!"

"Oh, Tom ——"

"Sure!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Pettie," said Mr. Peake a few moments later. "I haven't used that Thursday box at the opera since I took it over. It's La Bohème tonight. Let's! We'll have to include Helen, I suppose, but we'll dump her here afterward and finish up with supper at Ricard's."

"And I'll wear the new brocade ——"

"All right, chase along," said Mr. Peake, and he kissed her again.

When, after an evening of song and stars at the opera, they brought Helen home according to program, Mrs. Peake called a momentary halt.

"Can you wait five minutes, Tom?" she asked. "I promised to send a message to Doctor Leighton and I've forgotten it. It can't be any time at all."

"Still taking soft soap from that stuff?" asked Tom in a tone of indulgent amusement.

"You'll understand some day," replied his wife with the air of a forgiving martyr.

The discreet Hortense, waiting with extra wraps in the hall, heard this one-sided conversation.

"Plaza 56576—Doctor Leighton? Oh, I'm so glad! I knew you were a regular nightbird, but I couldn't be sure I'd catch you in. Yes—now think of my not giving you my name! How clever of you to know me! Well, I was going to write, but I just felt I owed you the compliment of telling you in person—it came to me right in the middle of the last act that I'd do it before I slept again. Yes; there I go, expecting you to understand before I tell you—and you never disappoint. Think of it, I had very little faith when I left your house! And right in Fifth Avenue I got one of those regular spiritual sinking spells and I applied the remedy—your remedy. Funny, it came in the midst of a most disagreeable incident! It's awful what happens to unprotected women in New York. Really, the mayor should do something about it, or what do they elect him for? I—what's that? Yes, Doctor Leighton, you're right. We must put such things out of our minds. I'll never think of it again. But I said: 'The I in me is a flower; I must scatter perfume.' And, somehow—I don't know just when it began—everything was all right again. Oh, but I *do* owe it to you. I won't have you speaking that way of yourself! Well, I shan't detain you; I know how many burdens you have to bear—other people's. But listen while I repeat it again so you'll be sure I have it right: 'The I in me is a flower; I must scatter perfume.' It's a precious, precious thought, and it's helped me so much! Goodby, dear Doctor Leighton!"

## Our Imports

NOT only are we a long way from producing our own food and clothing, but we appear to be progressing quite rapidly toward the point where, on net balance, we shall be importers of farm products instead of exporters. In the last fiscal year, for example, we imported seven hundred and eighty-five million dollars' worth of products of the farm—an increase of more than a hundred millions over the preceding year. This falls not far short of equaling our total exports of foodstuffs and cotton. It is quite possible that within a decade the net balance will be against us.

Among these food imports are coffee at a hundred and seventeen millions; tea at eighteen; cocoa at sixteen; bananas at fourteen. These things we do not raise; but nearly every other item on the list, under a broad classification, might be regarded as in competition with a native product—cattle at five million dollars; cheese at nine; wool at thirty-three; hides and skins at one hundred and two; cotton at twenty; grapes at three; nuts at sixteen; tobacco at thirty-two; and so on down the line.

No doubt these farm imports will increase. They ought to. We want tobacco from Havana, because Cubans can raise to advantage kinds that we cannot. We will trade them typewriters. We want cheese from France and olive oil from Italy. We will trade Italy Minnesota wheat for her oil and France Texas cotton for her cheese. Conspicuous and important among the farm imports are seeds at twenty-five million dollars. If any country has a better plant, adapted to our soil, than we have, we want the seeds of that plant and will trade the country some product in which we excel.

The agricultural ideal is not a Chinese-wall tariff, but a world trade in which we exchange those products we can grow to best advantage for the desirable specialties of every other country.

# THE REDEMPTION OF FULLBACK JONES

(Continued from Page 14)

that of a piledriver; again he would be held two or three times, and then, in a last gigantic effort, head down and back horizontal, would sink himself into the writhing human mass, disappear, and emerge on the other side as a diver from the sea, men hanging to him like kelp. Thus he won to another touchdown.

"Thirty-yard line again!"

And Jones charged, lowering his head. The Midge, observing him closely, was working him to the limit, and it was terrible work. The line would yield just a bit, he would go on with great heaves of hip and shoulder, and then, downed, would claw the earth for a few more inches. As he rose, each time, a leaden weariness sat on his shoulders; he would think: "Now it is all over; I won't be able to go this time." But The Midge, shouting his signal, would throw him a glance that seemed to loop about his heart, and to the movement of the ball he drummed forward, stronger than ever. White lines passed, one by one, beneath his feet; he made another touchdown.

"Thirty-yard line again!" cried the coach.

Jones' nose was bleeding. Midge White took from the approaching trainer a wad of absorbent cotton and jammed it within the nostrils. "Breathe through the mouth, old boy," he cried cheerily. "No stopping today; soak into them!"

And Jones soaked into them. It was a sort of nightmare performance now—a straining, grunting, crunching delirium, and white lines passing slowly.

"Thirty-yard line again!" cried the coach.

Jones, the eternal thirty yards once more before him, gave a sigh and extended to White his left hand, the two middle fingers of which seemed broken. The Midge took from the trainer some heavy adhesive tape and wound it round and round the whole hand, until the fingers, supported and immobilized, ceased to hurt. "Go it, old boy," he cried cheerily. "Ram into them!"

Carefully relieving him now and then with end runs and cross-tackle plays, choosing with cunning the points of attack, Midge White again wielded his battering-ram. And Jones bucked. It seemed there was nothing else in life—nothing but, before him, a line of men which he must pierce; on the ground, white lines he must pass. It was crash, crash, crash; white line, white line, white line—another touchdown!

"Thirty-yard line again!"

Jones sank himself into the varsity. It was like going through ripping cloth now. Easy! Like so much butter. An elfin malice, foreign to him, danced gluntingly within him. Deliberately he went out of his way to sink his head into Carr, the right guard. Carr sat down, and Jones was through. A back came toward him. Sterling! Jones made for him, his knees pumping high like piston-rods. Sterling disappeared. Jones felt him beneath his feet, tripped, stamped, recovered, and was across the last line.

"That will do for tonight," said the coach, wiping his brow as though it was he who had been working. And to the varsity: "Rotten, varsity; rotten!"

"You see," said White to Jones. They were together, beneath the shower's cooling spray; Jones, face up, was letting some of it trickle deliciously to the bottom of his stomach. "You see, you can buck a brick wall."

"But he didn't say anything to me," said Jones. He was thinking of the head coach.

"Humph!" said The Midge.

When Ram-em-to-ell Jones went to sleep that night he was saying: "'I can buck a brick wall.'" But when he got up the next morning he gave a groan of worry and disgust. His body felt hot and feverish as though he had not slept; here and there it ached to the marrow; his nose was swollen, his left hand pulsed, he could hardly stand on his right ankle.

He dropped back to his bed. Sitting on the edge, he gazed miserably at the day before him. White, from his cot, observed him knowingly.

"Well, big one," he chirped at length; "feeling a bit rocky, eh?"

"All in," said Jones heavily.

"Too much luxury; too much luxury!" chirped The Midge. "I told you that you varsity men had it too easy. On the scrub we always get up in the morning thus. One gets used to it."

"Do you suppose"—Jones asked humbly—"Do you suppose I'll be on the varsity today, Midge?"

White opened his eyes wide as if much surprised.

"Not much, old boy. It's the scrub for yours. Same dose as yesterday—a little worse perhaps."

At the mere thought of a repetition of yesterday's toil Jones felt a nausea.

"Cheer up," cried White. "You'll be feeling better after a rub." He was silent, considering. "I tell you," he went on, "you'd better not go to the trainers for it; you had better keep away from them today. They might find something the matter with you, something broken or like that, and keep you off the field this afternoon. If there is anything busted they mustn't know it, and you don't want to know it. Tell you what—I'll fix you up."

He did as he had said. First, he gave the big fellow a hot bath. Then, stretching him on his bed, he rubbed him with oil, loosening cramped muscles, searching sore spots with cunning fingers. He wrapped a starched bandage about the hand, pasting the fingers together so that the good ones worked for the bad ones, and supported the weak ankle with a wide adhesive tape. The nose, ugly and swollen, he inspected but little; they were afraid, both of them, to find it broken; he lassoed it into place with a strip of courtplaster adhering to both cheeks

"Now stay where you are until practice time," he recommended when through. "Lie still on your back and think how you'll ram them this aft."

White departed. At noon he brought up Jones' lunch on a tray, and again disappeared. Until time for practice Jones remained in bed on his back. At times, at the thought of hurling himself into a line again, his spirits wilted; then again his heart drummed as he saw himself stalking through a varsity which fell to all sides of him like ninepins. White returned at three o'clock and gave him a brisk alcohol rub. He had brought with him Jones' suit, all dried and warmed. "Now dress!" he said.

The big man put on his armor, piece by piece—the long woolen stockings, the strap, the ankle-braces, the high-cleated shoes, the moleskin breeches padded at the knees, the striped Jersey; then picked up the sweater with its proud letter on the chest. He stamped up and down the room a bit, finding himself. The Jersey was soft and warm on his skin; his left hand, well bound, did not hurt; the spring had returned within his hurt ankle; all his muscles were pliant and supple; he was fit.

"By Jove, I'll go into them!" he said.

"You'll have to," said The Midge dryly. "Your last chance!"

Again, that afternoon, Ram-em-to-ell Jones was fullback on the scrubs, and again for a full thirty minutes they threw him at the varsity, and again, plunging, plunging, plunging, he pounded the varsity back. The scrubs stood by him, shoulder to shoulder, desperately, affectionately. As they helped, they seemed to be saying: "We're doing what we can, Jones, old boy; we're doing all we can."

In the shower cabin with Midge White afterward, though, his words were of discouragement.

"What's the use?" he growled. "They don't see me; they don't watch me; they don't notice what I do!"

"Who—they?"

"The coaches."

Through the work of the last two days Jones had vaguely missed something, and now he knew what it was. The coaches had not vouchsafed him one word; their eyes had not once been upon him; he had seemed non-existent to them.

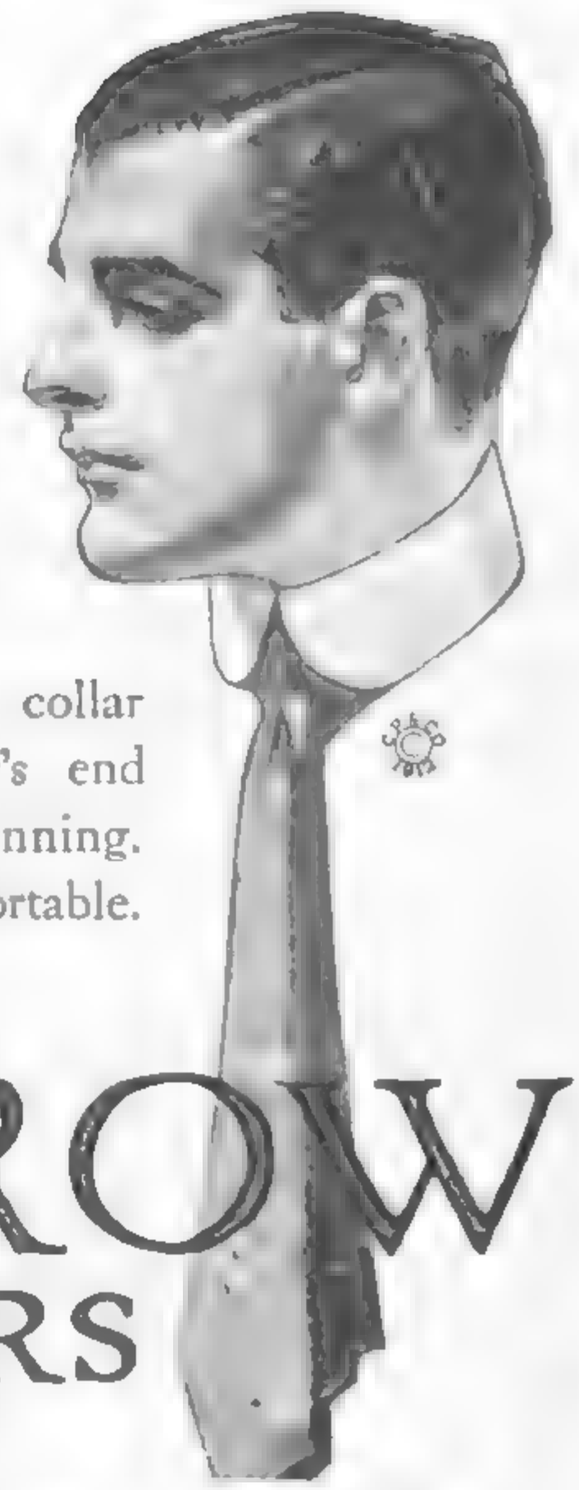
White turned off the spigot deliberately and faced him.

"Say, what do you expect? Want them to wreathe you with roses?"

"No; but what's the use of bucking that way if they don't see it?"

"They see you all right," said The Midge after a while; "but they're not going to let you know it."

"And tomorrow?"

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These socks feel like a piece of silk to the foot, are cool and dressy, but, above all, *they give service.* Sizes from 9's to 12's—all leading colors. If unable to get them from your dealer, order direct, giving size and color.

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Box of 4 pairs guaranteed 4 mos. Box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 mos. Box of 2 pairs guaranteed 2 mos.

Special Lightest weight guaranteed gauze hose made box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 mos.

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York, Pa.

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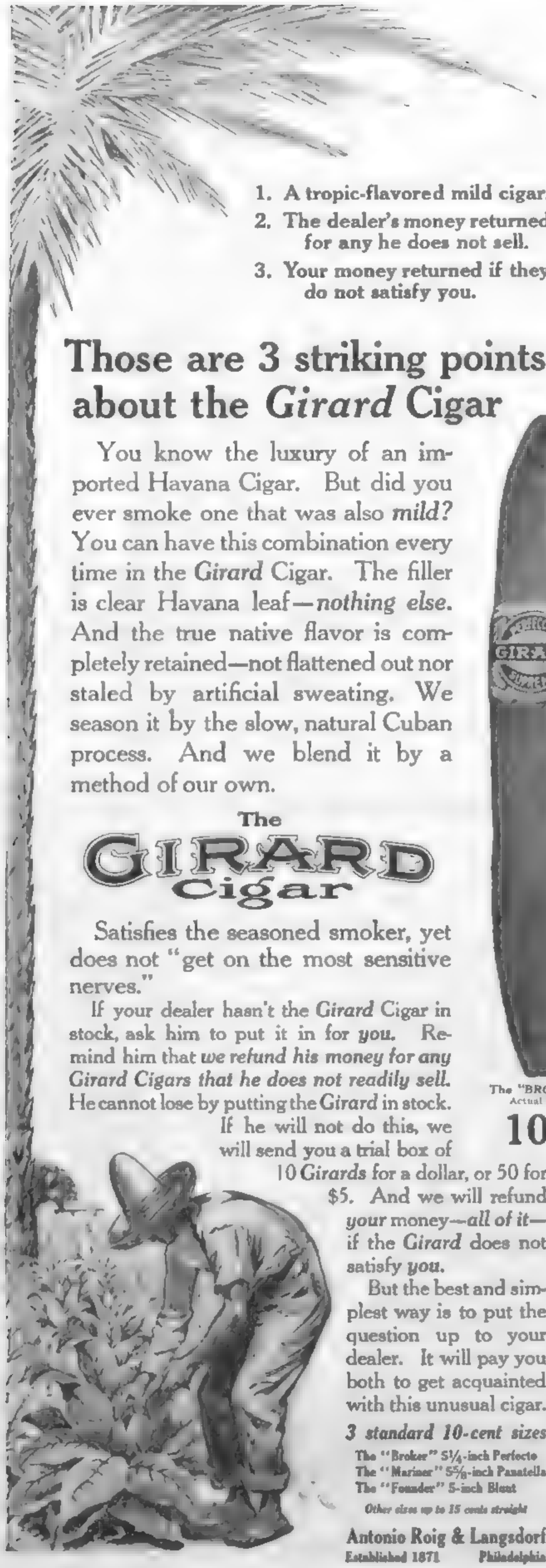

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Satisfies the seasoned smoker, yet does not "get on the most sensitive nerves."

If your dealer hasn't the *Girard* Cigar in stock, ask him to put it in for *you.* Remind him that *we refund his money for any Girard Cigars that he does not readily sell.* He cannot lose by putting the *Girard* in stock. If he will not do this, we will send you a trial box of 10 *Girards* for a dollar, or 50 for $5. And we will refund *your* money—*all of it*—if the *Girard* does not satisfy *you.*

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The "Founder" 5-inch Blunt

*Other sizes up to 15 cents straight*

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"Tomorrow? Tomorrow—they'll keep you guessing."

The next day was Friday, the last before the big game. The varsity was sped up and down the field for fifteen minutes in signal practice, and Sterling was at full. Jones was put in his place for about two minutes, and dropped again. Then, just as the day's work was thought to be over, to every one's surprise the coaches organized a second scrub and lined it up against the scrub. And Jones was on the second scrub!

For a moment, beneath this new indignity, the big fellow debated whether he would not walk off the field in open rebellion. But White's eyes were upon him, at once commanding and begging.

The second scrub was not a brilliant aggregation. It was hard work playing with them. But Jones could see White over there behind the line, and White seemed to be calling him. He went toward White—through the line. For five minutes, with Jones, the second scrub ran the scrub about the field.

"That will do," said the coach. And the season was over.

On the morning of the big game Ram-em-to-ell Jones did not know yet what would be done with him. And at the last moment as, in the locker room of the quarters which rocked at times to salvos of shouts from the waiting bleachers, the squad, all equipped, gathered about the head coach to hear his last ringing appeal, still Jones did not know.

There was a moment of silence. Like the wind of a gale, a storm of far voices passed overhead; then again everything was still. Men trembled; some had tears in their eyes. And now the coach, in a voice low and solemn, said: "The following men are going in first for the varsity."

He called the center, who disengaged himself from the group and stepped forward; then the two guards, the two tackles—each man, as called, joining the center; then the two ends, the quarter, the two halves.

He paused. There remained to be called now but the fullback. Both Sterling and Jones were looking at him steadily.

"Jones," said the coach, "you go in at full—and we are watching you."

Jones felt his chest begin to swell, swell, swell; and abruptly, before he knew it, he had burst forth into the only bit of eloquence ever heard from him.

"You don't need to watch me," he said: "I'll be all there."

Bounding light, the varsity avalanched out upon the field; one side of the arena, a perpendicular human wall, rose to acclaim it; and, sneaking low beneath the din, the scrubs slipped to their places on the sideline.

Midge White established himself for the long watching, as in four years he had well learned to do. Then he was aware that some one near him was weeping. He turned. It was Sterling. The substitute fullback was on one knee; across the raised thigh of the other leg his hand lay loose; and upon that hand, one by one, tears were slowly falling.

"What is the matter, Sterling? What is the matter?" White asked softly.

The other did not answer. His eyes, wistful, were on the varsity, which on its half of the field was spreading to receive the kick-off. White understood.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "And you only a soph—with two good years still before you! Why, you'll be on the team next year! Why, look at me—this is my last year!"

Sterling, as a child drawn from his woe by a toy, turned to White curiously.

"That's so," he said. "It is your last year, isn't it? And you never will have played on the varsity!"

"Oh, I don't know," chirped White, his bright eyes dancing on the bleachers, on the field, noticing everything. "See that great big elephant over there behind the varsity?"

"Who?" said Sterling. "Whom do you mean?"

"That great big bulk there at full."

"What—what—Jones? You don't mean Jones, do you? Ram-em-to-ell Jones?"

"Yes; I mean Jones—just watch him. Keep your eyes on him—watch him, watch him. There! See him, see him, see him? How's that for a run-in? Thirty yards, eh? Now watch him buck. There! How is that for a buck? Isn't it a peach of a buck! Watch him, watch him, watch him. That's where I am playing today!"

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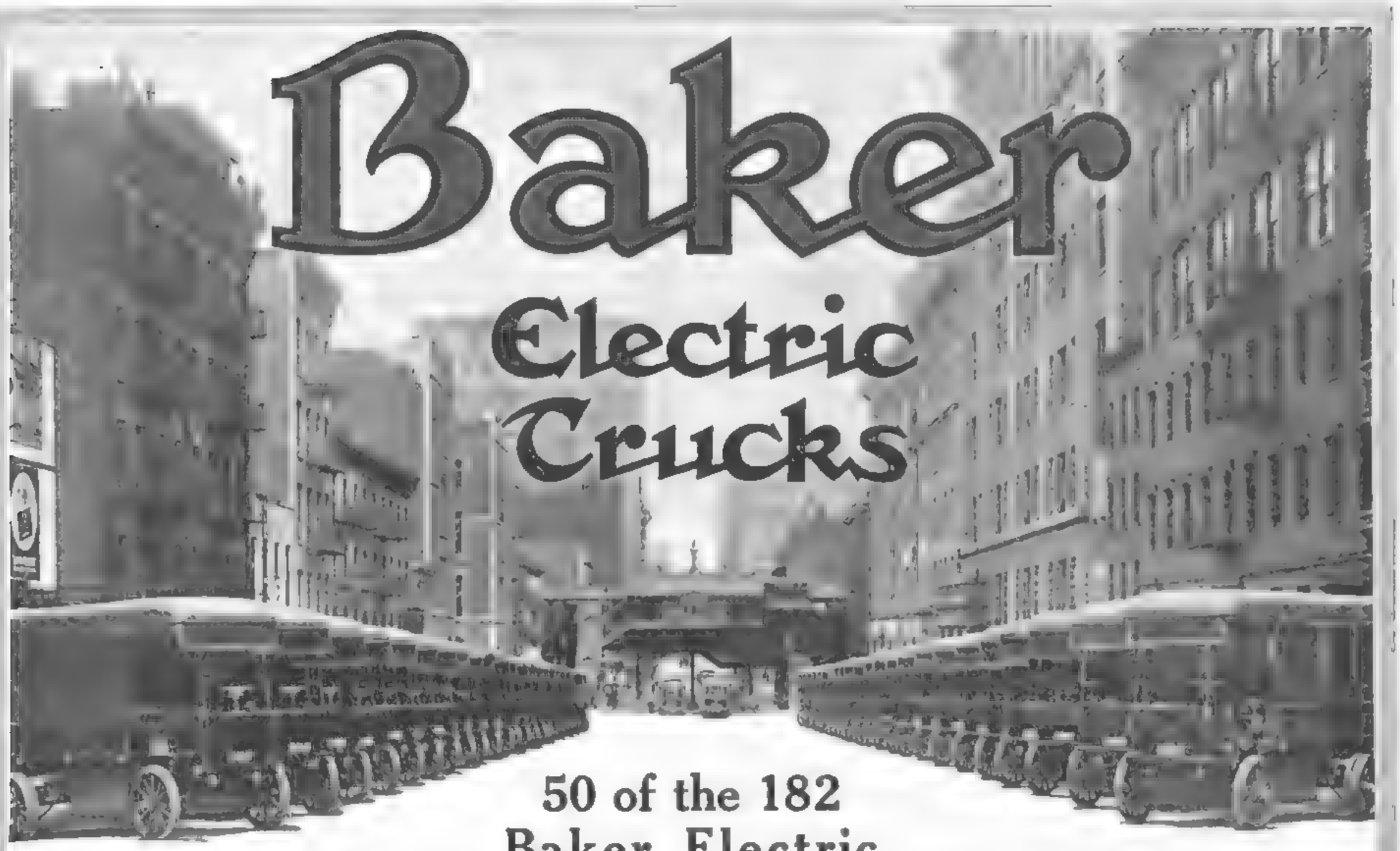


# 50 of the 182 Baker Electric Trucks Bought by the American Express Company

A modern merchandise delivery system is governed by two controlling factors—Economy and Reliability—and the development of these two factors to the maximum is the problem confronting all transportation experts. The first conclusion at which any student of the problem must arrive is, that horse-drawn wagons are as unsuitable for present-day requirements as are horse-drawn street cars, and that their elimination is the first step toward the solution of the problem.

One of the great companies to give this problem special study, in view of modern conditions, was the American Express Company, and after arriving at the above conclusion they purchased several cars of different makes, both electric and gasoline, to determine their relative merits.

Over two years of exhaustive comparative tests ensued, under conditions calculated to demonstrate beyond all doubt the superiority of one vehicle over another, and the results obtained from the Baker Electrics in these tests, both as to Economy and Reliability, were so highly satisfactory that this company placed an order for 50 Baker Electrics. It has since placed additional orders, making a total of 182 Bakers.

Any business, large or small, that wants to save money in its delivery department, should get the facts about the wonderful Baker. It is first, last, and all the time, THE TRUCK OF ECONOMY, coupled with unequalled RELIABILITY.

ECONOMY OF OPERATION: On account of the small amount of current it consumes—less per ton-mile than any other Electric Truck; on account of its simplicity of construction—non-mechanical and inexpensive men learn to operate a Baker satisfactorily in less than an hour.

ECONOMY OF MAINTENANCE: On account of the use of the highest grade materials and workmanship, the small number and cheapness of wearing parts, the accessibility of these parts, the absence of all complicated machinery, no cooling system, no valves, no radiators, no carburetor, no ignition system, no sliding and cam gears, no clutch, no gasoline, no excessive speed.

The superiority of the Electric Truck over the Gasoline for city work is thoroughly established. There are Electrics which have been in constant use for from ten to twelve years, and are still giving satisfactory service. Few, if any, trucks employing other means of power can show such a record on account of the wear and grind due to the nature of their construction. And with this tremendous difference in durability, the month to month maintenance expense of a Baker is far less than that of any other car. Let us send you figures on this point applied to your own conditions.

Fourteen years' experience stands back of every Baker—experience devoted exclusively to electric cars, no experimenting with any other type of machine. It is experience that covers the creation and perfection of every important feature in the development of the industry. With such an engineering record as this, there can be no question as to the correctness of Baker design, construction, or workmanship.

**The Baker line extends from 500 pounds to 4-ton capacity—all having the service backing of the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electric vehicles. Let us study your delivery problems. Our Transportation Cost Bureau is at your disposal without charge or obligation.**

**OPEN TERRITORY: We solicit applications from men or concerns in unoccupied territory who are equipped to handle the Baker along the lines the merit of the truck deserves.**

## The Baker Motor Vehicle Company

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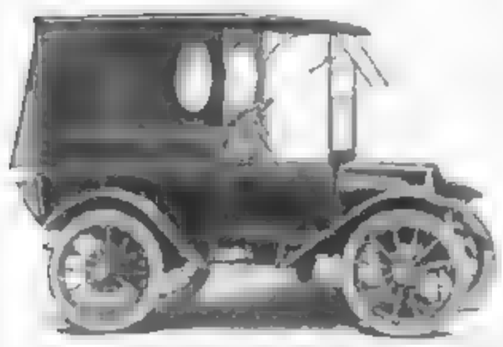
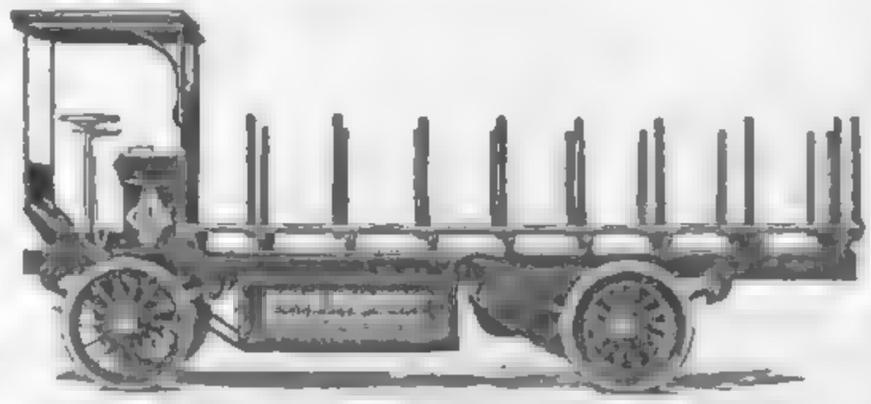
New York, 1708 Broadway
Washington, 1138 Connecticut Av
Spokane, 818 Fourth Av.
Boston, 801 Boylston St
Seattle, 1718 Broadway
Sacramento, 121[illegible] Seventh St
Richmond, 1623 West Broad St
Philadelphia, 1927 Market St
Denver, 1549 Lincoln St
Canadian Branch, Walkerville, Ontario

*Representatives in Other Leading Cities*



Baker 500-pound Electric Truck—for retailers' light delivery work



Baker 4-ton Electric Truck—suitable for manufacturers and wholesalers in all lines where heavy service is required.

# Why Mr. Taft Should Be Re-elected!

IT is now only a few days until the election.

The situation is unusual; but no voter need hesitate over his choice of a candidate for the presidency.

The issue is clean-cut; the lines of difference are sharply defined; the personalities of the three candidates, and the principles they stand for, admit of no misunderstanding.

The conviction that Mr. Taft *should* be, and *will* be, re-elected has taken firm hold of the entire country.

It is only what might have been expected, however. In the long run the good common-sense of the American people makes few mistakes.

* * *

History and custom favor a second term for a President of the United States who has served his country worthily and well. Notably has this been so at times when the nation was passing through more or less critical periods.

Five of the first seven presidents served two terms each. The country was in its formative years, and sure and steady growth with few changes was important.

The crisis of the Civil War called forth a second term for Lincoln. Grant served two terms during the reconstruction period. McKinley was elected for a second term at a crisis when his abilities matched the country's needs. Roosevelt's two terms came at a time when the army and navy were much in the public eye.

Today we face industrial and commercial questions of international importance. Tariffs, trusts and treaties demand the watchful care of an executive possessed of wide experience, broad sympathy, an analytical and judicial mind, unwearying poise and patience.

It is not a time that calls for a man of impetuosity and impulse. Not an occasion for academic discussion or paper debate.

It is the people's bread and meat, their clothing and shelter that are at stake! It means plenty or poverty! It is a time of problems that affect the very life-blood of every American home!

At this crisis what so *necessary*, what so *wise*, what so SAFE—as to continue in office a President who has *already* brought new life and prosperity to a country that, when he was elected less than four years ago, lay prostrate under panic and helpless from industrial distress?

* * *

It is probably true that had it not been for Mr. Taft's courageous act in signing what was—at first—mistakenly presumed to be a bad tariff law there would have been only praise and commendation for his administration.

He has been assailed with much unjust criticism, but people are NOW beginning to realize that the tariff is a much better law than they—in hasty impatience—had supposed. They are beginning to *admire* the *courage* and *wisdom* of Mr. Taft in approving it in the face of the storm that *he well knew* would break upon him.

The tariff has produced the revenue that was *absolutely needed*, and which was *one* of the objects for which it was introduced.

It has done this with reduced duties on necessities and increased duties on luxuries; and with a total *lower* average duty on *all articles*.

It included Mr. Taft's plan for a Tariff Board—the sanest, most common-sense, business-like method of tariff-building that has ever been devised.

It established also the maximum and minimum clause through the operation of which our foreign trade has *already* reached its highest record.

It is a part of Mr. Taft's plan to gradually and judiciously revise such portions of the tariff as the accurate and exhaustive investigation of a Tariff Board demonstrates can *safely* be amended.

* * *

Mr. Taft's position on the question of the trusts is effective, just, and according to the law and the constitution.

In a little over three years he has *done more* to actually solve the problem than had been done in ten years preceding his election. And he has accomplished it quietly, uneventfully, without blowing of trumpets, and without filling the jails indiscriminately with business men and corporation officials.

Mr. Taft believes there are benefits to be had from modern methods of economy in manufacturing and merchandising. While at the same time he seeks ever to *guarantee* and *preserve* the rights of the *wage-earners* and *consumers*.

* * *

Every country in the world is experiencing high prices for the necessities of life.

Prices are highest in the countries that are enjoying the greatest prosperity. Low prices are frequently the forerunner of panic and poverty. It makes no difference how *cheap* a thing may be if YOU have no money with which to buy it.

The fact that articles that are entirely free of *duty*, or on which the duty *has been reduced*, have risen *more* in price than articles which pay higher and increased duties, clearly proves that the tariff is *not* the cause of the high cost of living.

This is further demonstrated by the fact that prices have risen all over the world. Certainly the American tariff is not the cause of a condition that is world-wide!

Mr. Taft proposes an exhaustive international investigation of this condition. Action is then to be taken in accordance with the result of the inquiry.

* * *

In the face of Mr. Taft's splendid record of the past three and a half years, and of the certainty and safety for the future that will accompany his re-election, it is unwise to listen to the appeal of office-seeking politicians whose stock in trade is a wordy clamor for "a change."

Should we not rather heed the counsel of the wise McKinley, who said:

"Let us *hold fast* to that which *we know* is good"?

It might easily be that—like the dog in the fable—in grasping at the alluring shadow of what is *asserted* to be a *larger* piece of meat we would lose our firm grip on the perfectly good portion we *now have* and are *sure of!*

It is always the grass on the *other side* of the street that—until you get to it—*seems to be* the greener!

Which is merely another way of saying that Taft and SAFETY is to be preferred by the wise, cautious voter to Wilson and DANGER!

Assured and certain prosperity is better than reckless experiment or disproved theory.

To vote for Professor Wilson and the Democratic party will inevitably and logically expose us to the *danger* of a recurrence of the conditions which plunged the country into panic and poverty in 1893.

Attempts are being made to ridicule this warning of the effects of "free trade" and "tariff for revenue," but the recollection of the TRUTH is still too vivid to be thus easily removed.

It is *not theory!* It is HISTORY!

* * *

To vote for Mr. Roosevelt and the so-called "third party"—which is "*Obstructive*" and *not* "Progressive"—is merely to ASSIST in the election of Professor Wilson.

It is a worse than wasted vote—for it is helping to *bring about* the very condition that many will THINK they are voting AGAINST!

* * *

Either Taft or Wilson will be elected!

There are but TWO real candidates—and TWO issues!

Taft and SAFETY!

Wilson and DANGER!

Which shall it be?

Republican National Committee

CHARLES D. HILLES, Chairman

JAMES B. REYNOLDS, Secretary

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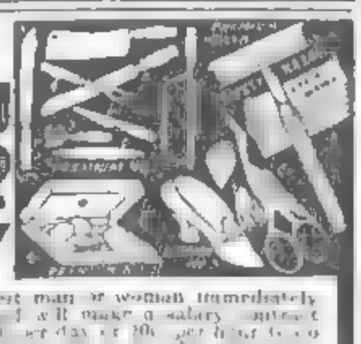

We want an honest man or woman immediately in every town and will make a salary [illegible] guarantee $[illegible] per day or 20c per hour for [illegible] spare time work. No experience necessary. On sales we pay $50 extra per month, give profit and share our profits. Experienced canvassers making $5.00 to $10.00 daily easily. Write quick for our big money-making proposition.

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We'll send two of these wonderful pencils free to any schoolboy or girl between 6 and 14 years of age who will agree to show them to two people.

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Send me the two Blaisdell Paper Pencils I promise to show at least two people how to sharpen them. It is understood that if I want to sell these pencils I can keep the money. I enclose 2 cents for postage.

Name
Address
Age School

BLAISDELL PAPER PEN IL CO PAT


# ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

*(Continued from Page 19)*

The trouble was one we should have foreseen. Every hardware store in our zone of advertising began making up sets of kitchen knives; then they undersold us. Once more I had a hankering for the Curb. I was not yet thoroughly weaned.

However, I was gradually getting a sane and safe philosophy of business, and I said to my partner: "If we are going to succeed in the mail-order business we must do one of three things—first, get the cost of our goods down to a point where other dealers will find it difficult to butt in; second, get our quality and reputation up so that people will give us the preference even at the same price; third, originate something that we can sell exclusively."

Unfortunately neither my partner nor I could see a way to do any of these things; so we parted company and quit. He went along with his hardware business, and I carried out my original purpose and started a small restaurant; but the mail-order idea was still alive and my washing powder was merely taking a rest.

During the three years that followed I conjured up a hundred half-formed schemes for selling goods by mail; but nothing developed in my head that seemed tangible enough to tackle. I had seen so much of the game that I held back and waited for the logical thing. I knew that mail-order selling was no cinch. Meanwhile we made a good living, my wife and I, and ultimately leased a small hotel as we had planned.

One day I went to San Francisco to visit a land show and drum up some trade for my hostelry. It was there I got my big idea—at a dairy exhibit. I was ripe for ideas; my brain was thoroughly fertilized. Sometimes waiting is a good thing—if you spend the interval getting ready.

### *Real Success at Last*

I went home, fitted up a workshop in the basement of my hotel and spent most of my time for three months working on a model for a dairy appliance. It was a simple contrivance, but not an easy thing in the making. It is easy to get big ideas, but unless a man goes out with a grubhoe and stays out from daylight to dark the big ideas will never be worth anything as collateral.

Finally, after much exasperating delay, I secured my patent. Then I went back to my hardware friend with a proposition. He took me up. In his shop we manufactured the first of our goods—and we sold them by mail. The only competing machine on the market was a cumbersome affair that cost more than twice as much as ours to make. It was impossible for its manufacturers to get anywhere near our price. Yet we had no walkaway, but had to fight inch by inch and show the people that we had the goods. Gradually our field widened, until we were operating over several states. By this time we had built a small factory.

Meanwhile I had begun to make washing powder again; and every time we shipped a dairy machine by freight or express I included in the package a box of my compound as a sample. "If you find this saves your back and cleanses the clothes," my form-letter said, "go to your local dealer for more." Then I circularized the dealer himself.

Orders began to come in from grocers, and within a year I had a little factory for the laundry compound. I was still running the hotel too. My fellow townsmen began to wake up to the fact that Harrison Stuart was a live proposition. Some of them who had known me as a freight-handler said it was really remarkable how a poor dub sometimes got into business and made money, when men who were smart and educated, and that sort of thing, could not for the life of them get out of a hole.

Well, there was not a person in that town, with the exception of my wife, who really knew how I did it—who understood how my success had grown out of long years of concentration on a purpose. No one except my wife knew the work I had done, the discouragements I had surmounted, or the battles I had fought to keep out of the clutches of speculation. Few people understand that success is made up of these things.

By this time we had our pick of exclusive goods to handle by mail and we took a few

## ADLER-ROCHESTER OVERCOATS
### Two Delightful Models

Our new "Guard Coat," with its patch pockets, belted back, and snappy cut, is the last word in short coats.

Our "Shawl Ulster," is undeniably the smart long coat of the season. The softening effect of the collar-the full swing of the back and skirt-the unusual fabrics, all make this garment a rare triumph.

Before making your overcoat decision see yourself in an Adler-Rochester Overcoat, catch their real individuality.

L. ADLER BROS. & COMPANY
ROCHESTER N.Y. U.S.A.



## THE POOLEY Record Cabinet

No trouble finding your favorite records—no misfiling—no scratched, warped or broken records.

The Pooley Filing System puts an end to the annoyances found in the old-fashioned methods of filing disc talking machine records. With the Pooley Cabinet, each active record has a separate compartment. By moving the slide and pressing a lever, any desired record is instantly at hand.

Pooley Cabinets are beautifully finished in mahogany, weathered oak or golden oak, and are inexpensive, ranging from **$18 to $60.** They fit any type of machine.

Let your dealer show you the many advantages of the "Pooley."

**Complete Catalog Mailed on Request**

The Pooley Furniture Co.
1620-40 Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO locate any desired record, move indicator to number.

$25 Cabinet (freight extra)
Showing a popular talking machine.

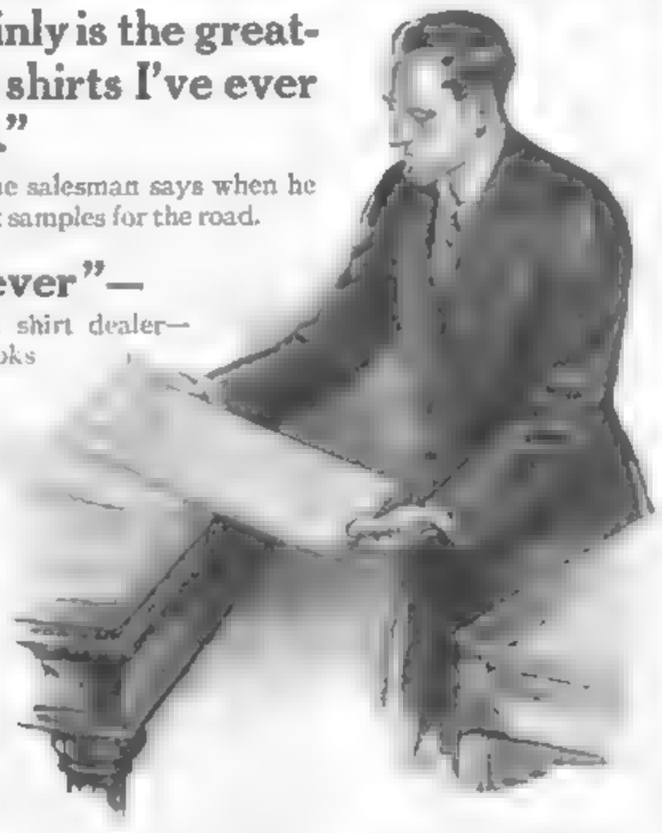
PRESS the lever and the desired record is projected forward.

**"This certainly is the greatest line of shirts I've ever taken out."**

That's what the salesman says when he gets his Hallmark samples for the road.

**"Greatest ever"—**

agrees the retail shirt dealer—the minute he looks them over.



And as for the man who buys the shirts to wear, never has he had such value, style and workmanship at the prices as he gets in

# HALLMARK HATS SHIRTS

***$1.00, $1.50 and up***

Not for years has there been such a sensation in shirts—because they set a real new standard of value. Colors guaranteed absolutely tub proof and sun proof. At your haberdasher's — *or ought to be.*

**End your tie tying troubles, too, with**

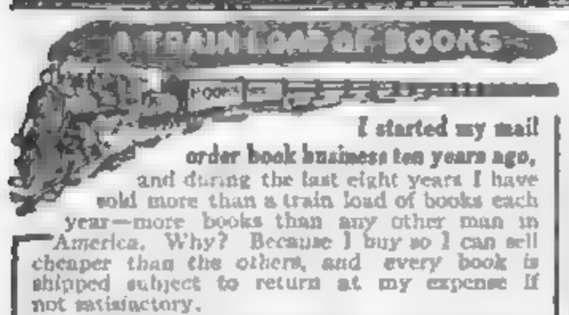
## Slidewell Collars

the collars with the tie-and-time-and-temper-saving shield that lets your tie slide.

***15c. 2 for 25c.***

**HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, New York**






**I started my mail order book business ten years ago,** and during the last eight years I have sold more than a train load of books each year—more books than any other man in America. Why? Because I buy so I can sell cheaper than the others, and every book is shipped subject to return at my expense if not satisfactory.

Publishing books is a precarious business. Many publishers and booksellers fail. I make a specialty of buying bankrupt stocks of new books at my own price, and regular stock in quantities so I can retail at wholesale prices. I now have a big stock of over 6,000 different fine library sets of the works of standard authors and single volumes on every subject, which I offer to close out this season at 10c to 50c on the dollar.

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***Sample Prices***

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Before ordering send for my free thousands of bargains and see how I ship books on approval, to be paid for after examination or returned at my expense if not satisfactory. *Send for my Bargain List now. Postal card request will bring it.*

**DAVID B. CLARKSON, The Book Broker**
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Don't blame the razor

# It's your lather

You had to help soften the beard by rubbing in the lather. Naturally, your rubbing brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and made the skin very sensitive. That helped the *free caustic* to get in its work and made the skin doubly sensitive. Under these conditions any razor will feel as though it were pulling the hair instead of cutting it.

**Mennen's Shaving Cream**

dispenses with the *"rubbing in,"* as it thoroughly softens the beard while the *lather* is worked up on the face. *Reduces shaving to two operations—lathering and shaving, the time saved.* As it contains no free caustic, there is *no smarting,* and you get a delightful, *cool shave.*

***For sale everywhere 25c***
***Sample Tube FREE.***

**GERHARD MENNEN CO.**
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**Dress Collar / Storm Collar } Combined: That's *Presto!***

An improved Collar on men's, women's, and children's coats, raincoats, auto-coats. The **Presto** turned down is an ordinary dress collar; turned up it is instantly a military collar—neat—stylish—dressy. Every **Presto Collar** is guaranteed. Insist on **Presto Collar**. Send us his name, and we will send you Free Moving Pictures showing how quickly you can fit your collar for the weather, and the **Presto Style Book**, making it easy for you to order direct from us. Go to your Dealer first.

**THE PRESTO COMPANY.** **652-B Broadway, New York City.**


of the best propositions. I did not care for a large and promiscuous mail-order business. A big business means tremendous responsibilities and ceaseless cares, and I was getting along in years. Money, you know, is not all there is to life. I wanted to be free to travel a little when my wife and I felt like it. She still had relatives in New York—and has yet. They are coming West to live in the spring. Meanwhile we are going East to spend a month with them. I used to feel a bit shaky when I found myself back among my familiar haunts in the metropolis; I was afraid Wall Street might get me again. I am not afraid any longer. I can stand on Broad Street and watch the Curb maniacs with only a feeling of pity I can admire the façade of the Stock Exchange without even a temptation to enter. I am cured, regenerated, free!

My last trip to New York was on business pursuant to some rather extensive correspondence and a good deal of telegraphing back and forth. A large corporation, you see, wanted to buy my washing-powder formula, trade mark, good-will and everything connected with it. I sold. I believe the time to sell is when a man gets a good offer. This offer had four ciphers to it. The company is making a big thing out of it, but I don't care—I've got enough, and I'm gradually getting out from under my load and turning things over to my boy. I was fifty my last birthday.

I have no grouch, I repeat, against New York. The town is a true modern marvel, a wonderland of opportunity for the man who can stand up against its pace. I could not. Its allurements led me away unresisting from every opportunity—even my greatest one, the laundry compound.

In these days, when young men are hurrying from every corner of the land to seek their fortunes in the great cities, perhaps my history will be worth pondering. It is not really necessary to go to New York to get rich; in fact, it is far easier to get rich away from New York. But, whether you try it in Manhattan, in Maine, Texas or California, you'll stand a poor chance of success if you dally with speculation. And remember that you do not have to go to the Curb or on 'Change to speculate. You can speculate with umbrellas, with washing powder, or with a mail-order business.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last article in a series by Edward Mott Woolley.

## *A Lesson in Manners*

A CERTAIN clever girl, who eventually made a happy marriage after an unpropitious beginning, was a bright, pretty creature who began her business career with a lyceum bureau. There are certain bureaus that have a list of entertainers and singers of sorts, for whom they secure engagements in small country places. It is found that young women can do this kind of business better than men. This girl had gone to a certain country town in Iowa—which, by-the-way, the women on the road call the Woman's State—and had made her arrangements there, and was making ready to drive to a town out on the railroad. As it was the dead of winter she had left her chilly bedroom and was sitting by the parlor stove.

A young traveling man came in and tried to enter into conversation with her. She rebuffed him, but he persisted. If they had both been a little more experienced he would have known enough not to persist and she might have seen that he was just a homesick boy pursuing a social acquaintance with his business methods.

"Oh, very well," she said, "since you seem to like my company you may have more of it. In five minutes I am going to drive to Mallory. Should you care to come? You'll not have time for supper."

He said he would be delighted. They entered the carriage and she contrived that he should sit by the driver. They had a long, cold drive which ended in a church where a prayer meeting was being held. It was a long prayer meeting and the church was cold. Afterward the girl had to see various elders and propose her singers and entertainers. Then came the drive home, and the now disciplined young man sat by the driver without a protest. When he helped her out of the carriage and paid the driver for her he said:

"I apologize. The sheriff of this county is my uncle; and tomorrow morning, if you will let them, he and his wife will call on you and introduce us properly. Thanks for the lesson."

# The Florsheim SHOE

**For Any Wear and Everywhere**

there is a Florsheim shoe—correct in style and honestly made over "Natural Shape" lasts.

Ask your shoeman for The Florsheim Shoe or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

**Price $5.00**

**"Imperial" Quality $6.00**

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

**The Florsheim Shoe Company**
571 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

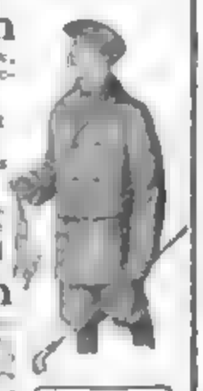


**Guard Your Children's Winter Health**

with a Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw. Most perfect body protection because made of

*Patrick* DULUTH

Sold at Best Stores



Genuine and Original

**Mackinaw Cloth**

**Boys' or Girls' Nansen Mackinaw**

**Request the Illustrated Quality Book** free—with explanation of mackinaw process and all styles of mackinaws for men, women and children.

**Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill**
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***RIDER AGENTS WANTED***

Factory Clearing Sale 1913 Models ***$10 to $27***

1911 & 1912 Models all of best makes ***$7 to $12***

*100 Second-Hand Wheels*
All makes and models ***$3 to $8***

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We SHIP ON APPROVAL

***10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.***

TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. **DO NOT BUY** until you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, CHICAGO



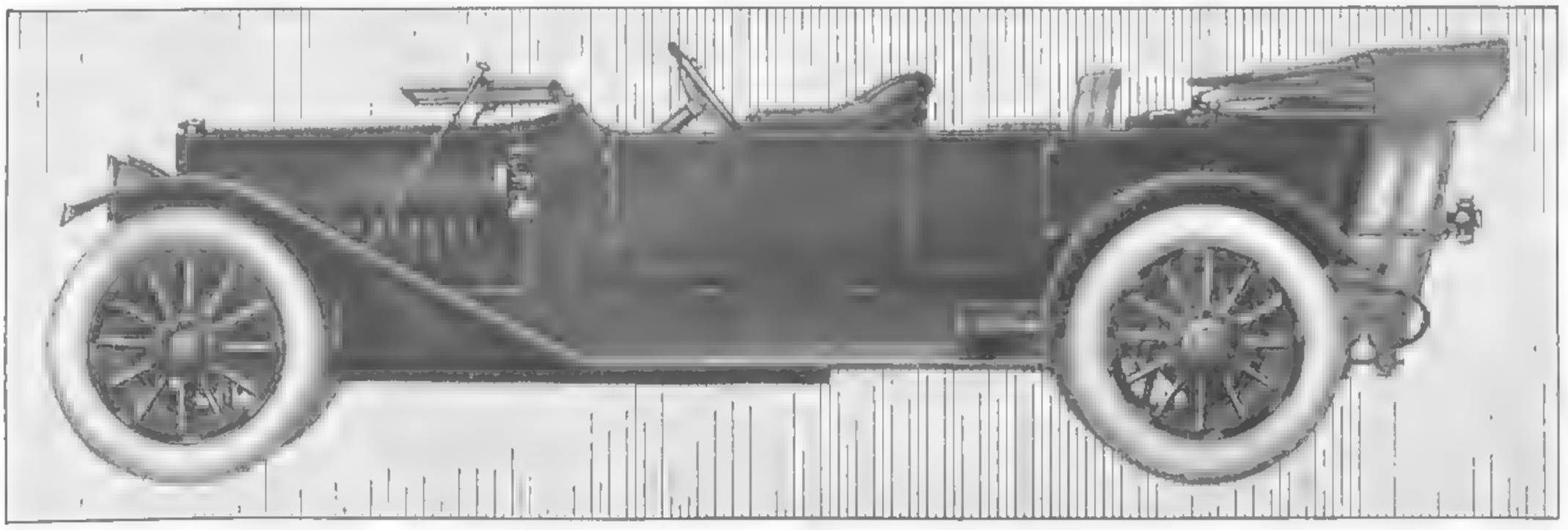
**50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1**

Handsomest plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest styles. Correspondence invited. We pay delivery charges. Samples free.
Charles H. Elliott Co., 1836 Lehigh Ave., Philada.



**SALESMEN WANTED**

New office specialty. Sells for cash. An indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. **Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.**



# KisselKar

## —the car of liberal design

Liberal design means greater comfort, greater durability, more impressive appearance, lower up-keep and slower depreciation. It is one of the factors that separate the KisselKar from average automobiles, and make it a conspicuous value—a distinctive achievement of motor car engineering and manufacturing.

**SIT in a KisselKar**—immediately you sense the unusual roominess of the tonneau—one factor of the liberal KisselKar design.

**Lounge back in the seats**—here is another surprise, a result of liberal design. Never before have automobile seats been made so exceptionally deep, encouraging the completest relaxation. This, and the eleven inches of softest upholstery give you the most luxurious ease.

**Ride in the KisselKar**—there's a steadiness and softness of motion immeasurably superior to every previous idea of car comfort—it is *super-comfort*, due to liberal design.

**The generous KisselKar wheelbase** is the basis of this rare riding comfort. If a car is to be roomy, and at the same time have the "balance" which causes a car to ride with steadiness and handle responsively, it must have a liberal wheelbase in proportion to the roomy body. No car can equal KisselKar roominess, comfort and ease of driving without equaling the wheelbase—and few cars do.

**Ride on rough roads**—here is where the liberal KisselKar design discloses its comfort value. The generous wheelbase modifies the irregularities of the road—springs built according to the weight of *each* model—shock absorbers and eleven inches of resilient seat upholstery absorb the road vibration. The unusually deep seats permit you to relax in a way so that sidesway or lurches do not disturb you—no tendency to brace yourself.

**The one who drives will** appreciate the unusual roominess of the front compartment—the "balance" that makes the KisselKar easy steering and lightfooted in picking the road.

**Liberal design lends distinction.** The commodious tonneau and the generous wheelbase, emphasizing the long straight line effect of the body, make the KisselKar foremost in individuality and attractiveness.

**Every part of the car** shows the liberal KisselKar design—transmission, differential, steering knuckles, brake drums, etc., securing a greater safety margin, minimizing up-keep and depreciation.

**Go to a KisselKar dealer.** He will afford you every opportunity to convince yourself of KisselKar superiority—the super-comfort, the distinction and the roadability by which the KisselKar gives the owner a pride and satisfaction he can secure in no other way.

**Self-starts at touch of foot lever**—No more cranking—a touch of the foot lever in the front compartment and the electric motor spins the engine vigorously—the engine starts—then the dynamo cuts in and charges storage batteries for future starting and lighting.

This system is not an experiment—it has received a year's careful testing—it has proven itself efficient to start the engine of any KisselKar model under all conditions—the only system which will turn over the big engine of the KisselKar "Six." Electric lights are twice as powerful as those ordinarily used on automobiles.

**"Thirty" . . $1700**
**"Forty" . . $2000**
**"Fifty" . . $2500**
**60 H.P. "Six" $3150**
***Fully Equipped***

**KisselKar Service doubles every dollar of car value.** KisselKar Service cares for your car—and nothing responds to good care more than an automobile. Specially constructed and equipped buildings are maintained by the manufacturers at principal points of America. These are service-centers, carrying complete stock of spare parts, supplying service direct, and through coöperation with sales agencies.

The complete service given by this organization lowers the running cost, insures uninterrupted pleasure and retards depreciation. Outside the special merits of the car itself, KisselKar Service is a weighty reason why you should choose a KisselKar.

**Branches and Agencies**

**Boston NewYork Chicago Milwaukee Kansas City Los Angeles Minneapolis St. Paul St. Louis Dallas**

Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, El Paso, San Antonio, New Orleans, Baltimore, Omaha, Butte, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle Portland, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, and 200 other principal points throughout America

***Write for 1913 Catalog***—This catalog is a valuable aid in judging automobile values. It illustrates and describes the full line of KisselKar pleasure models.

**KisselKar Trucks—1500 lb., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 ton Trucks—Delivery Wagons, Fire Department Apparatus, Ambulances, etc. Write for truck catalog.**

## Kissel Motor Car Co., 400 Kissel Avenue, Hartford, Wis.

**Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, fully equipped, $975**

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-in. bore and 5½-in. stroke, Bosch magneto, 106-in. wheelbase, 32 x 3½-in. tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, $975, F. O. B. Detroit
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, $950, F. O. B. Detroit
"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped, $750, F. O. B. Detroit

# Another important particular in which the Hupmobile rises above the 'common herd'

## Great Strength; Little Friction; Silence

The illustration shows the Hup- rear axle—the full-floating t[illegible] to cars of the highest price

The chief advantage of this type is that no load whatever is carried on the axle shafts. They do nothing but drive the wheels; and the axle housing, which is large and strong, carries the [illegible]

The Hupmobile housing is built up of the two tapered steel tubes, 1, 1, the malleable iron central housings, 2 and 3; and the propeller shaft housing tube, 4.

These five pieces form a case so strong and rigid, so impervious to ordinary and extraordinary road shocks, that it does not require the support of either truss or reach rods

The tubes 1, 1, carry the weight of the car, each wheel running on two sets of roller bearings, 13 and 14, of which the former takes the load, the latter taking care of the side strains produced in turning corners.

Thus, the axle shafts, 8, are free to do the driving, with flanges bolted to the wheels at 15.

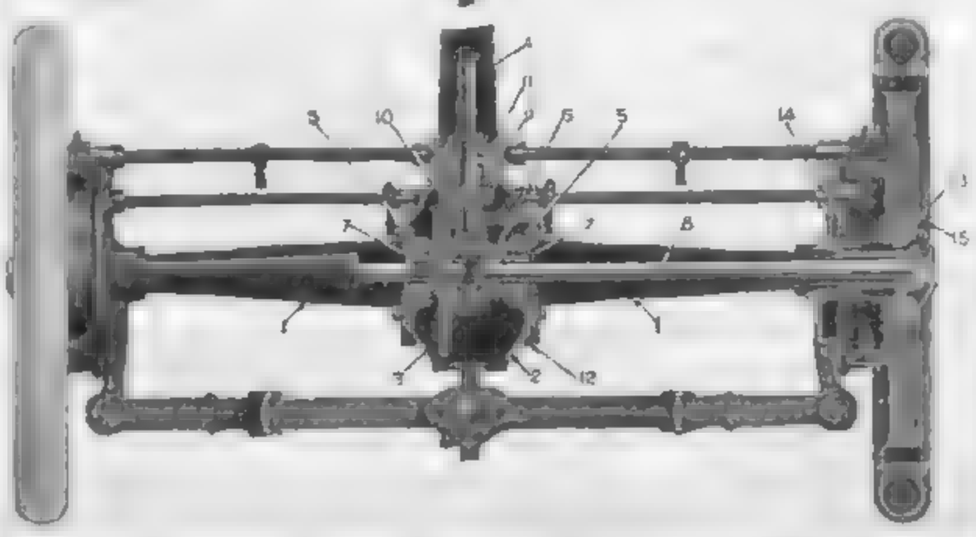
The large roller bearings, 5, 5, take only the up and down loads from the differential, the end thrust being taken by two ball bearings just outside the rollers. One of these is shown at 6.

In mounting the bevel driving pinion, we use two roller bearings, 9 and 10, instead of one, placing one on each side of the gear. They hold it in perfect and permanent alignment, while the ball bearing, 11, takes the end thrust.

An axle of the full-floating type will not be quiet and will develop friction and loss of power unless the gears "mesh" properly

Two threaded adjusters, 7, 7, are used in our axle to set the bevel gear so that proper mesh with the driving pinion is secured and retained

The strength and accuracy of our construction are attested by the fact [illegible] and ground to [illegible] thousandth of an inch, while the bearings are the best of [illegible]




In a previous announcement we made the strong statement that the Hupmobile "looms head and shoulders above the common herd of cars."

Herein is offered you another piece of evidence in support of our belief—the story of the design and construction of the Hupmobile rear axle.

As you know, the rear axle drives the car and carries most of the load. The shocks which it sustains, even under normal running, are enormous.

As the load, in the full floating type as used on the Hupmobile, is carried on the large tubing instead of on the small shaft, it

(1) eliminates strain and re-action on the driving axle.
(2) does away with side thrust in the wheel bearings.
(3) lessens the shocks on the differential gears.

As a consequence you get the least waste of pulling power, easier riding, and longer life to the rear axle parts.

You will not find the counterpart of the Hupmobile rear axle design in America.

You will find it in Europe, where manufacturers like Panhard & Levassor, makers of high-priced cars, have adopted a similar construction for their axle casings.

And so we repeat—

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

**Hupp Motor Car Co.** 1229 Milwaukee Ave. **Detroit, Mich.**

# THE INSIDE OF THE SINGING GAME

(Continued from Page 7)

Many experts—successful singers and teachers—who have given valuable opinions on this point hold a contrary view. Very few singers, it is contended, should receive instruction oftener than every other day, because it requires the time intervening between each studio period to practice at home what has been taught and to prepare for the next lesson. The one recommended exception is when some public appearance is approaching; then all the teaching advice possible to obtain may be seized to perfect the style of interpreting the music and smooth out any technical troubles caused by the melodic structure of the music

At Smasher's the chief topic of "shop" conversation was tone production. It was the first subject one heard on entering an elevator, the reception room or any singing studio, and the last reaching the ears as a pupil left the building. This condition is found wherever the voice is taught, particularly in this country where our specialization in the mechanics of singing tops all else in a vocal course.

Our two hundred pupils in the singing department studied with seven "professors"—four of them men, three women; and no two agreed on a specific method of tone production. There were points of similarity in the technical instruction of nearly all, yet each teacher had pet hobbies that were hard ridden.

At the time I entered Smasher's conservatory the Italian method was on the top wave. Musical papers printed pages about it; pupils talked unceasingly of its virtues, and teachers spent much time endeavoring to clear up disputed points on which many of them differed. This state of affairs was only one example of the confusion surrounding the science of tone production—also called voice-building—a confusion so injurious to American pupils everywhere that, at a recent annual convention of a state music-teachers' association, a committee was appointed to recommend first steps to be considered, a year hence, for the standardization of voice-teaching, which musicians hope will drive some charlatans out of business.

Several of Doctor Smasher's instructors claimed to be teaching the Italian method, others laughed at the appellation and mystified their pupils still further with method explanations so complicated that the purpose of enlightenment was defeated. On two points the conservatory staff agreed. The first was that a tone should be free, by which was meant that at the moment of attack and while it was sustained there should be as much relaxation as possible of the throat muscles and tongue. The second was that every tone should be focused upon the hard palate, which is in the upper part of the mouth, close to the front teeth.

### *A Babel of Shop Talk*

Six of the seven members of the singing-teacher corps taught abdominal breathing, the dissenter being a staunch advocate of clavicular. Singers who use the former take air deep into the lungs, which are thus forced down against the diaphragm. Then the muscles of the entire waist-line act as a physical governor, permitting as much breath to be expelled as the singer wills. By this means of breath control the tone is sustained from below naturally, and eight out of ten great singers employ it.

High-chest breathing—a name sometimes given the form opposite to abdominal or diaphragmatic—is invariably accompanied by a raising of the shoulders. Comparatively few artists indorse its cultivation because it generally causes a partial rigidness of the lower part of the neck, and is said to sometimes develop a tremolo or slow shaking of the tone.

Doctor Smasher's staff of singing instructors also differed on other technicalities more or less important; and their views of standard interpretations of classic songs, operatic and oratorio arias and recitatives were often at variance. The existence and exact meanings of such things as "registers," "chest," "medium" and "head" tones, and the "falsetto," were also in constant dispute, as they are now and probably always will be. Different interpretations by teachers of current terms of expression, intended to cover specific matters relating to tones and their formation, brought further misunderstandings; for then, as now, there was no recognized singing nomenclature.

The Saturday matinée school concerts formed a sort of clearing-house that brought the scientific and artistic creeds of the seven teachers out into the open. Here we observed the advanced and semi-advanced students going through their paces; and on few occasions was there encouraging unanimity, either in tone production or the style in which music was sung.

There were several good natural voices in the conservatory—voices pleasing to the ear. Some of them were of a type—sometimes found—that grows in quality, power and general serviceability through steady use, even though the instruction its owner receives is not all it should be. The progress these pupils exhibited spurred less fortunate ones on and more than once caused a teacher to be credited with those things accomplished by the students who would have improved under any teachers—good or bad alike—solely for the reason that they had the singing talent.

As a body I do not believe Smasher's teachers ranked above or below those in other such institutions. One instructor, I afterward discovered, was a safe and sane developer of voices; and this instructor's pupils, as a lot, were the best schooled and most reliable singers in the establishment. My own teacher was as competent as is usually encountered and one other seemed fully his equal. The abilities of the rest were commonplace, and almost all the pupils thought so.

### *Careless Work the Rule*

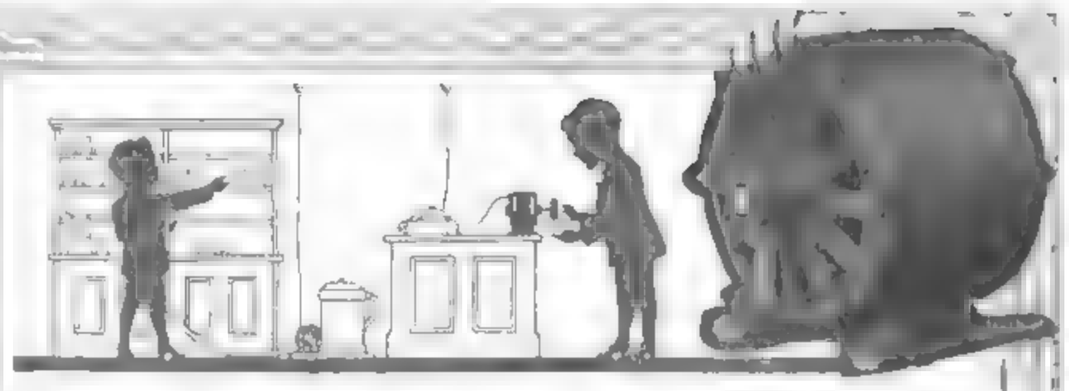
The instructors, who were under salaries, were on duty from nine o'clock in the morning until five or six at night. No matter how much or little teaching they did, the Saturday payrolls were the same. Each of the two most popular gave nearly one hundred lessons a week and every one of the remainder averaged about sixty. Professor High, having made a name in opera, was a commercial asset and received ten thousand dollars for thirty-two weeks' work. The really fine teacher got six thousand for the same quantity—and a higher quality—of labor, though pupils paid one dollar less a lesson in this studio than the five asked in Professor High's.

Two of the other instructors were glad to be paid eighteen hundred dollars a season, and the last three made about a thousand each. This trio had been graduated from the conservatory into the teaching ranks, and the management asked a dollar and a half or two dollars for every lesson they gave. It may be that the same degree of conscientiousness found in the work of the private-studio teacher governed the instruction given in Doctor Smasher's conservatory. I know it did in the case of the competent instructor referred to; but I saw things in some of the Smasher singing studios that did not increase my respect for the occupants.

As my acquaintance widened I was invited by pupils to listen to some of their lessons, and this brought out astonishing facts—that they often prepared their songs in slipshod fashion and displayed a lack of intelligence in listening to the tones they formed. Most of the promising young singers accepted explanations of their vocal errors and musical mistakes, but sought perfunctorily to correct them upon command.

Had any one charged these pupils with not being in earnest they would have voiced indignant denials; yet none of them saw the business side of the work clearly enough to realize the imperative need of keeping his mind alert, to say nothing of informing himself on essentials kindred to success. All the pupils were preparing carelessly for careers, permitting teachers to think for them. I did not know one who thoroughly learned the practical end of how to get a start in the professional game and to rise in it. They had ideas, in a general way—but only hazy ones. Even the teachers, with but two exceptions, knew the subject in only an abstract way.

The first place I tried for, two months after my arrival in New York, revealed

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Eastern Basis

# Barrington Hall
## The Baker-ized Coffee

Eastern Basis

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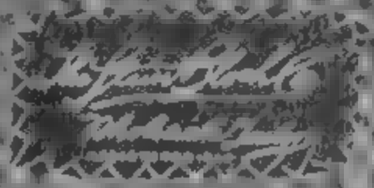

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New York Boston Chicago


the church choir conditions. Virginia Shaw, a Smasher student who was the contralto in the quartet, told me of the vacancy; but, on applying for a hearing, my informant instructed me to return in two days, when a public trial would be held.

Thirty-eight tenors were ahead of me the morning I reached the church. They had been sent by several choir agencies making a business of advising of openings clients who register with them, for a small yearly fee. Successful candidates pay agencies ten per cent of the first year's salaries as commissions.

This particular church had been giving its tenor five hundred a year and allowing a two-months' summer vacation.

A youngster named Miller was called on to start the elimination singing contest. At the request of the music committee he sang The Holy City, a warhorse sacred song often used on such occasions. Every one of us, when our turns came, followed suit—each in his own inimitable style.

Three applicants and I were asked to remain after the weeding out had taken place to sing another heat; and we were permitted to choose our own songs. No one who has not gone through the mill knows what it does to the nerves. We four fought it out, straight on past the sight-reading test, in which we all floundered owing to nervousness, and I won.

The music-committee chairman said I would have a month's trial, at eight dollars a Sunday for two services. At the end of that time, if everything proved satisfactory, the post was to be mine until the following first of May—which marks the beginning of the choir year in all New York churches.

The rest of that season brought a good deal of information concerning the fight and maneuvering essential to starting up the singing ladder. My funds giving out I had to go to work; but others placed in a like situation have found that it is not always the handicap it at first seems. At least it teaches one how to make good use of spare time in practice, study and social intercourse.

### *Out of Smasher's at Last*

Several conservatory students, myself included, sang for concert-bureau managers, hoping to find modest concert engagements. None of us had the five hundred dollars, however, that was casually demanded before any impresario was willing to work in a young singer's behalf. Had we sought pretentious appearances, a thousand would have been the price required to lubricate the wheels of the bureau machine.

Meanwhile students at Smasher's were coming and going—some because they had grown sick of the struggle, others because of illness, and not a few on account of their poverty. The newcomers were not radically different from the bulk of those remaining; but, so far as I recall, no phenomenal prospect put in an appearance.

Having formed friendships outside as well as within the conservatory, I was bound to encounter more than one set of conditions existing in the small world where I moved. Always observant, they gradually started my thoughts in the direction of independence; and one day, in my constant effort to analyze my tones and singing, I discovered that I could progress without the help of my teacher. At times I even secured a "freer" tone—one that was not so throaty as those I usually formed.

I was far from content with Professor High's instruction and had acquired a hankering for private-studio work, where I felt I would meet singers further advanced than those at Smasher's, and also gather useful information by rubbing shoulders with professionals who showed a preference for "coaching" with independent rather than conservatory instructors.

I found the teacher I was looking for just before the closing conservatory exercises in June. He proved—that rare combination in any profession or business—able to unite theory and practice. The extent of Stephen Wainwright's powers was reflected in every pupil he taught, many of them substantial professionals in concert, and one or two getting their starts in opera. After the final hurrah at Smasher's conservatory I bade the place farewell without regret. I still had a long distance to swim in the musical sea, but open water showed ahead.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Pierre V. R. Key. The second will appear in an early issue.


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WE will pay you $50.00 — yes, or double that—for your spare time during the next two months. Let us explain:

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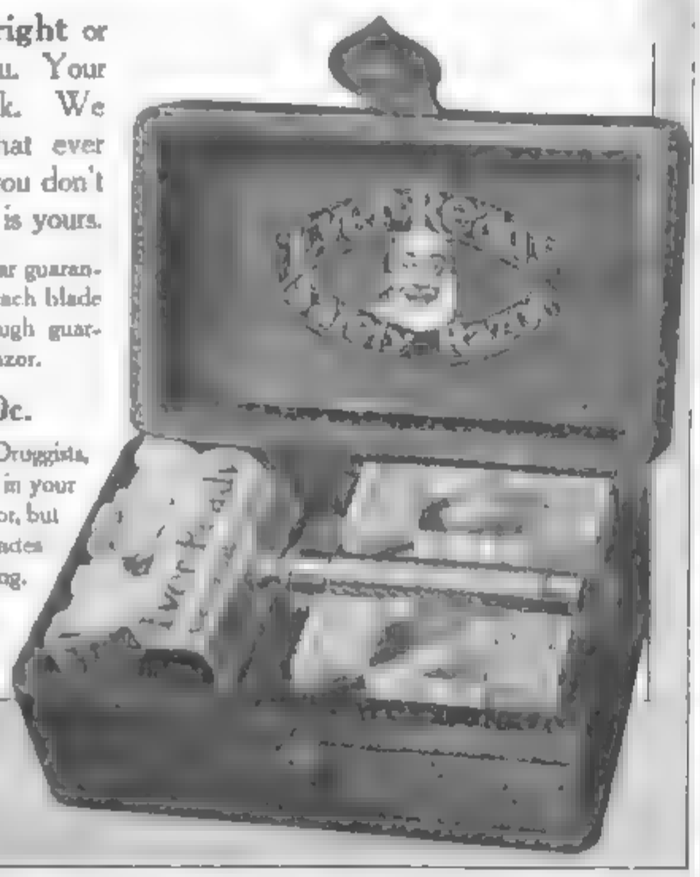

*With 12 Blades*


## THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 17)

Steele McCann followed Billy, plucking him by the sleeve as Bunch boarded the train.

"Fool him, Billy," he panted. "He's working a ramkaboo on you!"

"You're out of order, Steele," protested Billy. "It's his train and his money, and he wants to go to Naples. So do I, for that matter."

"He's playing you for a bug," painedly urged Steele. "You say Naples, but let's wake up in Paris."

Billy turned on him frowningly.

"I like you, Steele, but I think you're overstepping the privileges of a guest," he charged. "Are you going with us?"

"You'd better believe I'm going with you!" declared Steele. "I have to take care of you whether you like it or not."

"How soon can we start for Naples?" asked Billy of the station master.

"Naples?" objected the red-capped man, with his eye on Billy's inside coat pocket. "It was to be Paris."

"We've changed our minds," announced Billy. "We want to go to Naples, and we want to start in a hurry. How much?"

The tall North Italian stroked his beard lovingly and smiled to himself as one smiles on a child in a cradle. Almighty Providence sent Americans to Italy!

"It will cost very much money," he stated, and thought fondly of his wife and children.

"All right; that price is satisfactory," agreed Billy promptly. "I'll double the amount if you shoot us out of here in fifteen minutes."

The red-capped man disappeared.

"Well, once more I didn't see the cathedral," announced Bunch in the dining car, where the party had instantly congregated on his arrival. "Bang's out dickering with the United Kingdoms of Italy. George, bring me a mint julep. Lord, how homelike this makes me feel! We're going to Naples, Honey!"

The count was a brave man, but he turned pale. He knew better now than to think that this might be a joke. He turned to Honey.

"May I have the pleasure of a few moments' private conversation with mademoiselle?" he half whispered, gazing into her eyes with the pleading intensity that only a Frenchman can express. He had on the tie which he knew best became his sad brown eyes.

"Why, certainly," smiled Honey, with dawning regret. The count was a very nice little fellow—and truly brave! She felt quite compassionate for him.

Fifteen minutes later the count, whose face was pale but whose lips were smiling, bade them all an affectionate goodby and asked to have his luggage removed from the train. Business called him to Paris.

Anthony T. Bunch turned to his daughter most sympathetically.

"It's too bad, Honey," he observed. "Your party is breaking up."

*VII*

STEELE McCANN, as he would have expressed it himself, was "on the job" in Naples. Anthony T. Bunch jumped from the train the minute it stopped, and jumped with equal vigor into a flea-laden victoria. Steele McCann, finding himself unaccountably left behind, jumped into the next flea-laden victoria and followed. Bunch drove directly to the lower wharf, jumped out, paid his driver and tried to step into a waiting motor launch. Eleven ragged boatmen, however, insisted on helping the rich American.

McCann tried to follow into the boat, but his confidence in human nature and in hospitality received a severe setback.

"You owe me a hundred, Steele," chuckled Bunch, as he waved his driver to go ahead. "Here's where I lose you."

Steele McCann, dressed immaculately in his panama and blue serge coat and white trousers and shoes, stood on the wharf and invoked American methods in vain. There were but three motor boats in Naples. One of them Bunch had engaged by telegraph and the other two were out. A sailboat was inadequate; a rowboat was foolish; money was useless. He slipped his beautiful dollar back in his pocket and fought his way off the wharf. He brought away one brass shirt-button imbedded in his palm.


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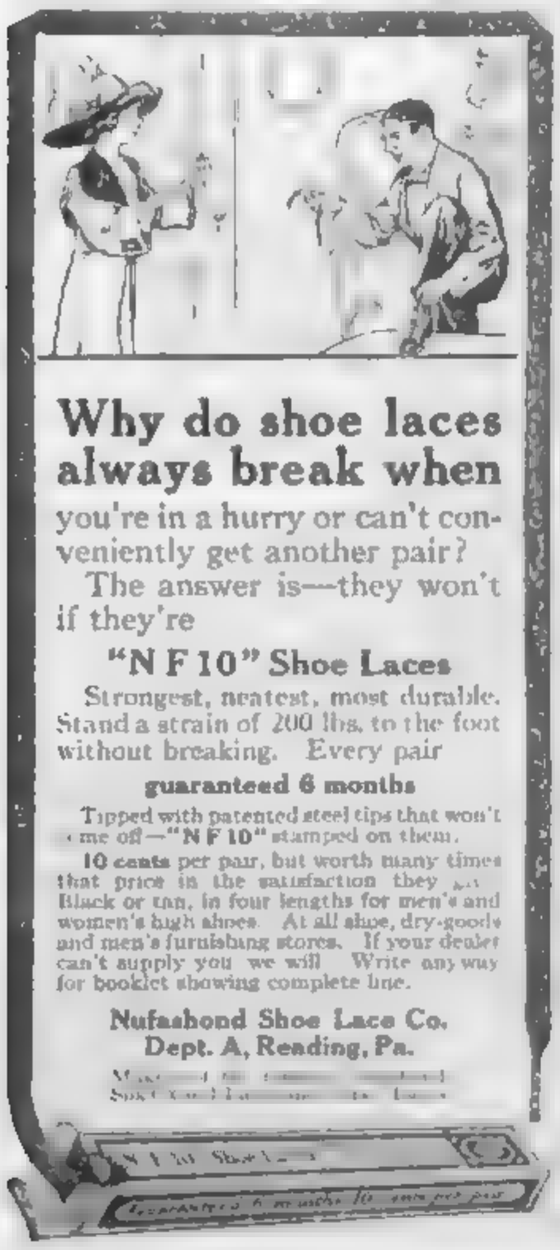

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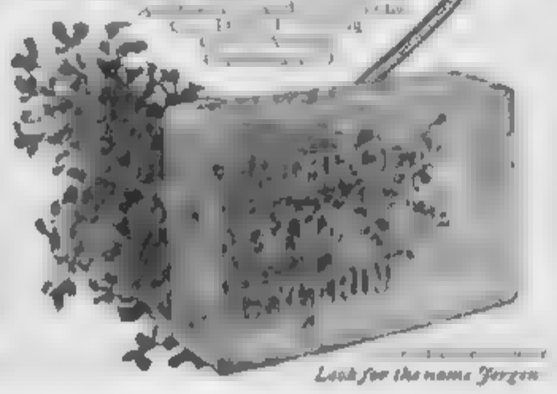

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Meanwhile Anthony T. Bunch was steering a straight two-hour course for the island of Capri. Arrived there, he hired the cleanest carriage he could find and wound up the steep and dusty road to the occasional residence of the Main Voice of the M. & C. Railroad. That gentleman he found at the end of a long grape arbor, in a pair of blue overalls, trimming the vines.

"Why, hello, Bunch!" hailed Jim Wheelan, laying down his pipe. "How did you find me?"

"By six hours of cabling from Milan," explained Anthony, throwing off his hat and coat and taking a comfortable rustic chair. "Jim, I have you by the short hair. Give me a million dollars."

"That sounds like home," approved Wheelan. "I'll give you some good native wine by way of a compromise," and he studied his visitor carefully.

"No Capri in its regular home," refused Bunch. "I'm feeling fine now, and I don't trust these doctors. Would the M. & C. like to connect its upper and lower lines across certain undeveloped coal fields? Would it like to save a détour of two hundred miles and deflect an absolutely priceless business from the N. Y. & P. C.?"

Jim Wheelan stuck his pruning knife neatly in a crack of the arbor. He drew up a chair, gave Bunch a cigar and lighted a match for him.

"Anthony, how much do you know?" he pleasantly asked.

"As much as I need to," laughed Bunch. "When you tried to buy that important slice of the William Bang estate from our old friend Persimmon Walker he hadn't imagination to know what you wanted with it."

"He's only a plain crook," mused Wheelan.

"Worse—he's a plain piker," corrected Bunch. "He snagged this land from young Bang, but didn't know what to do with it. I bought William's son's right to a settlement and went after poor old Persimmon's hide. It was as easy as trailing a skunk."

"So then you snagged the Bang land yourself?" suggested Wheelan. "What I don't see is how you got anything out of Walker."

"I showed him a picture of Sing-Sing," grinned Bunch. "Jimmy, I own the gateway to the M. & C.'s entire new system of extension!"

Jim Wheelan lit his pipe and smoked a while in silence.

"I think you'd better try some of that wine, Anthony," he suggested.

*VIII*

HONEY BUNCH came out of the exhibition car with most pensive features and entered the dining car, where Billy Bang was studying an automobile map of Switzerland.

"What's the matter, Honey?" he instantly wanted to know, having somehow divined that there was something wrong even before he looked up.

"The boys are going back to America," she somberly informed him. "They saw a homebound steamer in the harbor."

"I was afraid they might leave us," Billy admitted with equal somberness. "They're nice boys, Honey."

"They're dears!" she declared with wistful emphasis. "Billy, I'm tired," and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Honey!" he cried, smitten into a panic of self-reproach, and with the most natural impulse in the world he started to take her in his arms and comfort her. He had only proceeded so far as to slip his hands over her shoulders when their eyes happened to meet.

They looked at each other a long, long time, with their eyes gradually widening, and then Billy abruptly took his hands away.

"Excuse me, Honey," he remarked, and stalked out of the car.

Honey, puzzled, distracted and unhappy, watched him pacing up and down the station platform for fifteen minutes, a half hour, an hour; then her father came.

"Mr. Bunch," said Billy, "I'm going to resign."

Bunch had approached him with smiling satisfaction, but now he seemed very much concerned.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"I've finished the contract," evaded Billy. "The boys are sailing for America this evening, and on the same ship, by-the-way, as Mammy Sue. The boys were the last of your obstacles, and Honey's tired."

"I see," pondered Bunch heavily. "However, Billy, that don't need to separate us. I'm having a great time."


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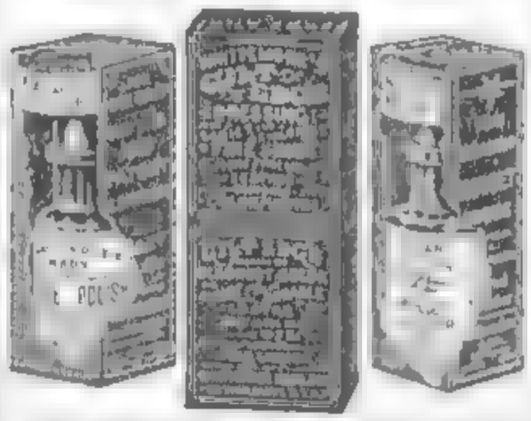

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**Wear a pair for a month. If you don't like them we will buy them back at the price you paid.**

Light and medium weights for dress and business wear. Extra lengths for tall men. Signed guarantee on each pair.

**Price 50 cents everywhere**

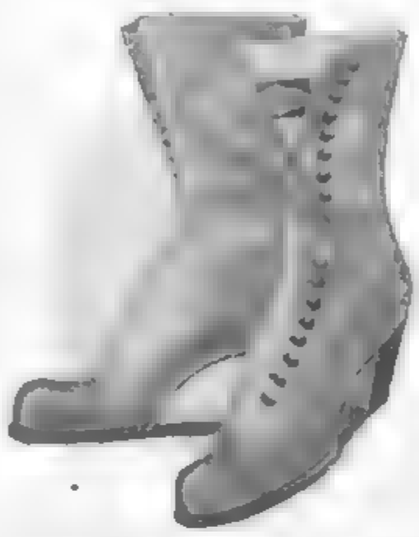
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY, MASS.

# LA FRANCE SHOE for WOMEN

Dear Clara
I've been on my feet all day. I declare when I go to these shows I feel as if I never want to go away.
From the foot comfort I have had, I feel as if the first pair should go to La France Shoes

Leaders of the smart set everywhere—women who realize the important part shoes play in the toilette—are wearing La France.

Distinctive in design, the beauty of La France is compelling. Perfect in fit, their comfort is grateful and appealing.



The La France fashions in Fall footwear are irresistible. For instance—Style 2327, a fashionable 18-button Gun Metal boot, is so chic and charming it well deserves the blue ribbon. See this prize winner.

You should not fail to write for the La France book of Fashionable Fall Footwear—mailed free.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO., 377 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

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fitting and most practical [illegible] in the world. Ideal for invalids.

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*The Magic Household Lighter*
No matches a bright flame. Thousands of lights without refilling. A truly remarkable opportunity for Agents to make money fast. Write today.
Every housewife will want one the minute she sees it. Send [illegible]
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and let us give you particulars of our wonderful new values. Monthly payments.
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# CIVIL SERVICE

positions are very desirable. Good salary, short hours, easy work, pleasant surroundings, [illegible] needed. Common school education sufficient. Full information about how to secure these positions and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.
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**Chewing Gum** Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Reimer Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

# 34 College Scholarships

Last month thirty-four young people entered colleges, musical conservatories or business colleges, all expenses prepaid, as a result of work done for THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in leisure hours during vacation. Over a thousand scholarships had been previously awarded.

A letter just received from a young girl winner of one of these scholarships reads: "My present fine position as organist, secured in competition with many other women, is the result of the course at the New England Conservatory of Music paid for by you."

We offer a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for work done in leisure hours. You select the institution. We pay the bills. You need not now select the place you want to attend unless you so desire. That decision can be made later. There is nothing competitive about the plan. You can take just as much time as you desire in which to accomplish the work. Start now. A postal card asking for information will bring full details.

*Educational Division* **The Curtis Publishing Company** *Philadelphia Pennsylvania*


"I'm not," stated Billy gloomily. "The work is too hard."

"I wish you'd come out with the facts" urged Bunch, his bluntness revealing his anxiety. "Did you and Honey have a fight?"

"No," hesitated Billy.

"Then come across with a watertight reason. I have a right to know," persisted Bunch.

"The reason is Honey," blurted Billy. "I made you a fool promise not to make love to her, and it's impossible."

"Hunh!" grunted Bunch, and climbed on the train, entering the car where he had seen the piquant nose of Honey Bunch pressed against the window.

She turned to him with woebegone eyes.

"What's the matter?" she breathlessly wanted to know.

"That's the thing I'd like to find out," he retorted. "Why, Honey, you've been crying!"

"I'm tired, Daddy Bunch!" she wailed, and leaned her head on his shoulder. "Daddy, my party's all broken up!"

"Did you scrap with Billy?" he abruptly wanted to know, holding her off to look at her.

"No," she hesitated.

"Then why has he resigned?"

"Resigned!" she exclaimed, stepping back from him. "Why, he—he can't do that! I don't want him to resign!"

"You don't?" and his eyes began to twinkle. "Honey, he must, from what he tells me."

"I won't have it!" she indignantly declared. "Why must he?"

"Well, I made him promise not to make love to you while he was in my employ."

She looked at him a minute in pink-cheeked consternation, and then, wiping her eyes, she laughed half hysterically.

"Daddy Bunch, you go right out and discharge Billy!" she ordered.

Daddy Bunch emerged on the station platform severely.

"I accept your resignation," he announced. "Honey wants to see you. By-the-way, Billy, here's a million dollars," and he handed Billy a little flat paper with the same carelessness he would have used in lending a match.

"Thanks," mechanically returned the astounded Billy. "I don't believe I see the point."

"It's a treasurer's warrant on the M. & C. Railroad in payment for the thousand acres of land Walker tried to steal from you."

"Well, what do you think of that!" commented Billy, examining the paper admiringly. "But you know, Mr. Bunch, I sold you my interest in this."

"Not outright," laughed Bunch. "Of course you never read the papers you signed. One of them was an agreement that anything I realized over ten thousand dollars belonged to you. I guess you owe me ten thousand by that count, but you'd better hand me half a million so I can make you some more money. You'll need it."

Steele McCann came bursting through the station in that condition of complete collapse only possible to a fat man in a sunny climate.

"I told you so, Billy!" he charged, shaking his finger at Anthony T. Bunch. "This man's a thief. That land he conned you into selling him is wanted by a big railroad system. I just got a cablegram. It says ——"

"Tell the real head of the family about it," Billy laughed. "I've resigned."

Mother Bunch crossed into the dining car presently and backed out, scared. She agitatedly motioned her husband to her.

"Tom!" she cried in a panic-stricken whisper. "Honey is crying in Billy's arms!"

Mother Bunch had trembled in anticipation of some vigorous action when they entered the car, and she was not surprised to see Daddy Bunch jam his hands in his pockets and scowl.

"Billy, I told you I had a million-dollar husband picked out for Honey," he announced.

Billy grinned, but Honey's head came up with a jerk.

"The joke's on you then, Daddy Bunch," she happily defied him. "I'm going to marry Billy!"

"Of course you are!" and he roared with laughter. "He's the million-dollar husband I picked!"

"You picked!" she scorned.

"Certainly," he laughed. "That's why I hired him!"

# His Work Done

WHEN the fireman's work is done then comes the adjustment of the damage and the call on the fire insurance company to pay for the loss.

The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** has in its hundred years and more of life, paid the enormous sum of 150 millions of dollars to make good losses by fire. This is the largest amount paid by any fire insurance company, but the **Hartford** is to-day stronger than at any time in its history. When you need fire insurance

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## New Torrey Honing Strop

You don't need any experience or any special skill — the new strop will do it all. The sharpening side is prepared with our newly discovered sharpening dressing. This is *our secret* and no other strop in the world has it. That is why the New Torrey Strop keeps your razor in so much better condition than any other strop. If your dealer cannot show you the New Torrey Honing Strop—write us for full information. Booklet, all about shaving, sent free on request.

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Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write us [illegible] for our special proposition.

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FACTORY TO YOU
For College, School, Society or Lodge

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MUNN & CO., 365 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

# Am I Too Particular?

*By R. E. Olds, Designer*

**Some men in this line call me an extremist. Some use the word "old-maidish."**

**They say that I waste $200 per car on features that men don't appreciate.**

**These are some of those features. Do you, as a car buyer, regard these things as wasteful?**

## Tires 34 x 4

My latest extreme—adopted Oct. 1—is 34 x 4-inch tires.

That means 22 per cent greater tire capacity than I used on this car before.

It means a vastly over-tired car, for its size and weight, according to usual standards.

But tire makers say that 22 per cent will add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage. Does it seem extravagant to add 22 per cent to save you 65?

## 190 Drop Forgings

Another extreme lies in costly drop forgings. In Reo the Fifth as made today I use 190.

But each one gives both lightness and strength to some important part. Together they give me these racy lines, with even more strength than heavy, cumbersome cars.

The cost comes back to you, over and over, in the saving on tires.

## Roller Bearings

Another useless expense, so some men say, lies in these roller bearings. What buyer sees the bearings?

But I have found that ball bearings do not stand the strain. So I have thrown them out. In Reo the Fifth I use 15 roller bearings—11 of them Timken, 4 Hyatt High Duty.

## Over-Capacity

Each driving part, by actual test, is made amply sufficient for 45 horsepower. That gives a big margin of safety.

My springs are made two inches wide, and of seven leaves of steel. The front springs are 38 inches long, the rear are 46. That means both strength and comfort.

In my cooling system I use a centrifugal pump, to give positive circulation. Some say a syphon will do.

My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water—to save the troubles due to low-grade gasoline.

I use a $75 magneto, to give a hot spark at low tension. You can start on this magneto.

I use 14-inch brake drums for safety. Also cable connections, not noisy rods.

## Extreme Tests

Each lot of steel is analyzed twice, before and after treating. So there's never a weakness here.

Each gear tooth must stand 75,000 pounds, and prove it in a crushing machine.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

The cars are built slowly and carefully. Parts are ground over and over—ground to utter exactness. Each car gets a thousand inspections.

I limit my output to 50 cars daily, so these things can all be done.

## Rare Finish

I use a special, costly body, because it saves you 50 pounds in weight. And it takes a wonderful finish. Each body is finished with 17 coats.

I use the best genuine leather and the best curled hair—also springs in both the backs and seats—to give you this comfortable upholstery.

Every detail shows the final touch. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

## Center Control

As for center control and left-side drive, you will note that the best cars for next year have come to them. But no control compares with mine, where all the gear shifting is done by moving a handle only three inches in each of four directions.

I operate both brakes by foot pedals, so the front of the car is kept entirely clear. Those are some of the features which I have contributed to the modern motor car.

## After 60,000 Cars

In 25 years I have built some 60,000 cars. I have created in that time 24 models, each better than the last.

I have watched these cars under every condition, and I've watched other makers' cars. I know pretty well, after 25 years, where cars fail to meet the test.

No builder can be over-cautious. One can't build cars too well. And petty skimping is what leads to trouble.

It is true I might save $200 per car. But in time I should lose that splendid faith which men now show in me.

And you would lose—two, three, maybe ten times over—all you saved on price.

So I offer you only the best car I can build. And I offer the car at an underprice, so my extremes cost you little.

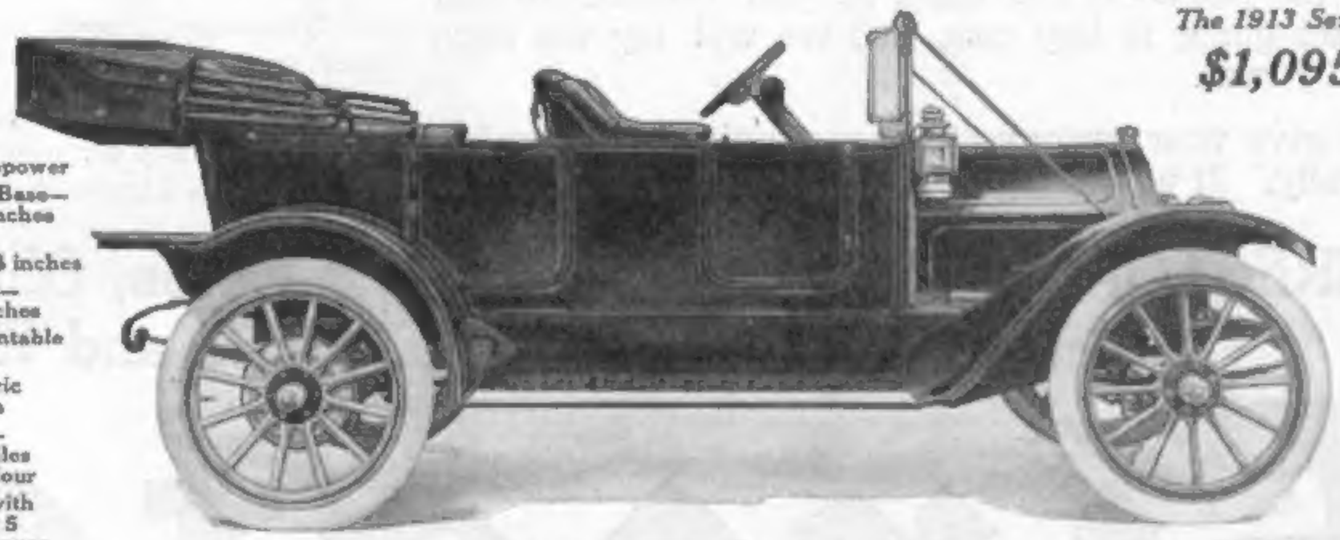
I know that enough men want cars like this to take all I can ever make.

**A thousand dealers now are ready to show the Fall model of Reo the Fifth. Write for our catalog, showing various bodies, and we'll direct you to the nearest Reo salesroom.**

***Reo the Fifth***

*The 1913 Series*

***$1,095***



30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 inches
Tires—34 x 4 inches
Wheels—34 inches
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2 and 5 Passenger Bodies

**Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer and self-starter—all for $100 extra.**

# R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

**Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.**

(121)

# Dealers—Let Us Help You Show Car Owners the Many Advantages of Non-Skid Tires—Firestones

Many car owners, as you know, still look upon our N-O-N—S-K-I-D type of tires only from the standpoint of accident insurance. Non-Skid, to them, simply means protection against slip and slide. You find that people do not fully appreciate the longer service, greater resiliency, added comfort, surer traction of the Firestone N-O-N—S-K-I-D.

Now is the time for us to bring home to car owners strongly that *they do not have to pay for security.*

Let us show the tire users and prospective car buyers of your locality that they get accident insurance as a "bonus," so to speak, with Firestone N-O-N—S-K-I-D Tires.

Knowing that the slight extra cost of the Firestone N-O-N—S-K-I-D tread is paid back over and over again in extra mileage alone, you want to place them on as many cars as possible, proving your judgment, building your reputation. So let us help you personally in the "educational" work.

Send us the names of tire users in your community and those who are going to buy cars, and we will lay the facts before them by mail.

This will give your customer the opportunity of comparing values carefully. It will avoid snap-judgment in the hurry of immediate need. It will vastly increase your sales of Firestone N-O-N—S-K-I-D Tires.

With the season of wet pavements, mud, slush, ice and snow approaching, the necessity for non-skid equipment is obvious. You will have your usual heavy demand for Firestone N-O-N—S-K-I-D Tires. Their *sharp* edges, *abrupt* angles and vacuum-creating hollows are known to make them non-skid in *fact* as well as in *name.*

**Surpassing**
**In**
**—Security**
**—Economy**
**—Comfort**

But there will be no "Non-skid season" when the *economy* of the Firestone tread is learned. The rear wheels, at least, will carry N-O-N—S-K-I-D Tires *all the year.*

The economy of extra mileage, due to the extra thick, built-up tread and rapid radiation of heat—

The economy of extra miles to a gallon of gasoline, due to sure road grip, maximum traction—

The economy of car repair, due to extra cushion, extra protection of car mechanism—

And the added comfort of greater resiliency—

These are the savings and satisfactions of the Firestone N-O-N—S-K-I-D user, over and above his absolute security against skidding.

Send us the names of those you want convinced *now.* We will also mail free to any car owner our latest booklet, "What's What In Tires"—by Mr. H. S. Firestone.

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**America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers**

# Firestone
## N-o-n—S-k-i-d Tires

# "Kick off" that old style underwear—

## you red-blooded men of vim and vigor!

"Line up" for the winter's work in "the active man's underwear" that has no drawers to slip and slide, no seat of missing buttons, no bunched-up, binding crotch — Superior, The Perfect Union Suit.

Out o' doors or in, at work or at play, Superior Union Suits will give you that snug-fitting comfort which makes the "touch-downs" easy. For

**Superior**
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

## *—can't gap in the seat*
## *—can't bind in the crotch*

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever all such union suit discomforts. The seat can't gap because it interlocks like a close front collar. It can't bind in the crotch because it has no buttons on the seat to prevent free movement. It stays snugly closed when you want it closed—opens when you want it opened—adjusts itself *instantly* to every position.

Go to the man who sells you your collars and shirts and ask to see Superior.

*All sizes, styles and fabrics $1 to $7. In Canada $1.50 to $10.00.*

Write for Style Book and fabric samples.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR COMPANY
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*The active man's underwear.*

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# Columbia

The Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" $50

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So we have this one message for you: "Hearing is believing." Call on the nearest Columbia dealer. It is part of his day's work and always his pleasure to play for you records of any class of music you are fond of, by any artist you are interested in, on any of the various instruments that may appeal to your taste or to your purse.

Columbias from $17.50 to $200.

Columbia Double-Disc Records (interchangeable on any machine) 65 cents to $7.50.

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